W. Godolphin

POEMS:

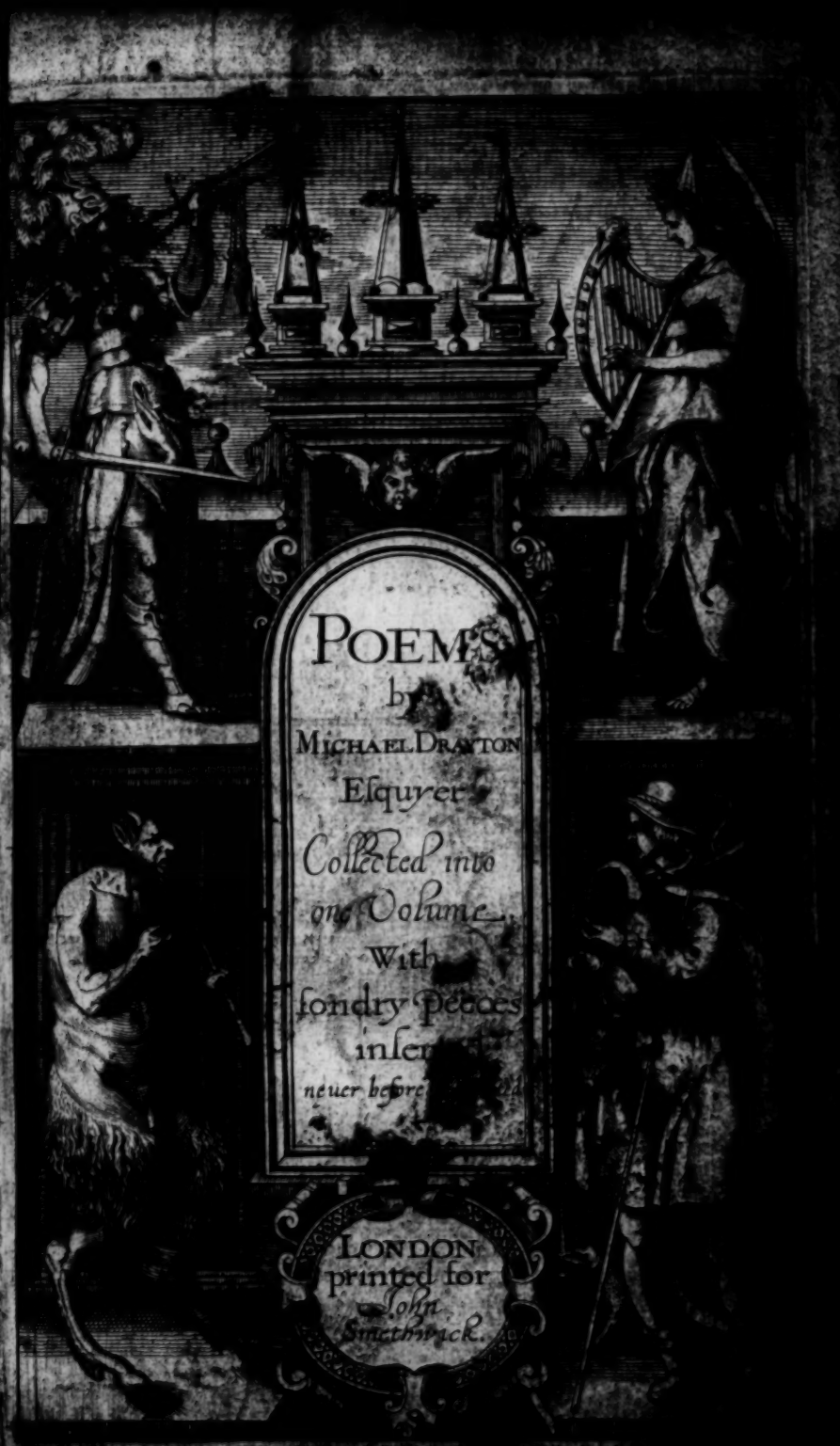
BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

ESQVIRE.

Viz.
- The Barons Warres,
- Englands Heroicall Epistles,
- Idea,
- Odes,
- The Legends
  - Of *Robert*, Duke of Normandie,
  - *Matilda*,
  - *Pierce Gaueston*,
  - And, Great *Cromwell*.
- The Owle,
- Pastorals, *Contayning*
  - Eglogues,
  - With the *Man* in the Moone.

LONDON,
Printed by W. STANSBY *for* IOHN SMETHVVICKE.


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by
MICHAEL DRAYTON
Esquyer.
Collected into
one Volume,
With
sondry Peeces
inser
neuer before
LONDON
printed for
John
Smethwick.

W. Godolphin

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Lux Hareshulla tibi (Warwicæ villa, tenebris,
Antè tuas Cunas, obsita) Prima fuit.
Arma, Viros, Veneres, Patriam modulamine dixti;
Te Patriæ resonant Arma, Viri, Veneres.

TO THE NOBLE
SIR WALTER ASTON:
KNIGHT OF THE HONORABLE
ORDER OF THE BATH;
BARONET:
And of his Maiesties Priuie Chamber.

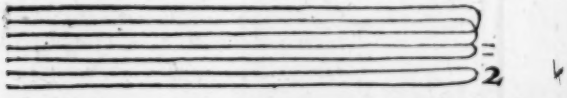
SIR, *These my few Poemes, the works of that Mayden Reigne, in the Spring of our Acquaintance, as it pleased you then to Patronize, as I singly set them forth: so now collected into this small Volume; I make the best Present, that my poore Abilitie is able to render you: howsoeuer they may appeare to these more prodigious Dayes, I know not: but thus much I will say, to mine owne disaduantage, (should they hap to be vnwelcome to these Times:) That they were the fruit of that Muse-nursing Season: before this frosty* Boreas *(I meane the worlds coldnesse) had nipt our flowery* Tempe; *that with his pestilenciall Fogs is like vtterly to poyson the* Pierean *Spring, doe not* Apollo *mightily protect it: before (I say) Hell had sent vp her black Furies, that in euery corner breathe their venome in the face of cleere Poesie: And, but that as shee is Diuine, her beauties be Immortall, or they had before this blasted her sweetnesse, and made her as vgly to the world, as they themselues are in the eyes of true Iudgement and Vertue. Worthy Sir, my wish is: that so long as these Poemes can liue, they may remayne as a Monument by me raysed to your Honour, whose continuance I wish, with as much happinesse to your Family, as can be desired.*

By your Deuoted,

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER OF THE BARONS WARRES.

THat at firſt I made choice of this Argument, I haue not as yet repented me; for if the Muſe haue not much abuſed me, it was moſt worthy to haue found a more worthy Pen then mine owne. For the *Barons Warres*, (omitting the qualitie of thoſe Armes whereof I haue not heere to ſpeake) where ſurely aſwell for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloud-ſhed, and multitude of horrid accidents, meete matter for Trumpet or Tragedie. Therefore as at firſt, the dignitie of the thing was the motiue of the doing, ſo the cauſe of this my ſecond greater labour was the inſufficient and careleſſe printing of many Impreſſions, not only of this Poeme of the Warres, but alſo of theſe other of mine, herewith ioyned in this Volume, which hath cauſed me to vndertake them, as you ſee: yet not ſo, as if I ſhould ſeeme now to haue excelled my ſelfe, and failing in my hopes, bee kept without excuſe. And whereas I was aduiſed to write it, and alſo began it in the Stanza of ſeuen lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this Figure appeareth:



The often Harmony thereof, ſoftned the verſe more then the Maieſtie of the ſubiect would permit, vnleſſe they had all beene Gemels, or Couplets. Therefore (but not without faſhioning the whole frame) I choſe this Stanza, of all other the moſt complete and beſt proportioned, conſiſting of eight lines, ſix interwouen, and a couplet in baſe.



For the Stanza of ſeuen firſt named, the Quadrin doth neuer double, or to vſe a word of Heraldry, neuer bringeth forth Gemels. The Quinzaine too ſoone. The Seſtin hath Twinnes in the baſe, but they detaine not the Muſike nor the Cloze (as Muſicians terme it) long inough for an Epicke Poeme. This of eight both holds the tune cleane thorow to the Baſe of the Columne, (which is the couplet, the foote or bottome) and cloſeth not but with a full ſatisfaction to the eare for ſo long detention.

Briefely, this ſort of Stanza hath in it, Maieſtie, Perfection, and Solidity, reſembling the Pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuſcan, whoſe Shaft is of ſix Diameters, and Baſes of two. The other reaſons this place will not beare, but generally, all Stanza's are in my opinion but Tyrants and Torturers, when they make inuention obey their number, which ſometime would otherwiſe ſcantle it ſelfe. A fault that great Maſters in this Arte ſtriue to auoyde. Concerning the diuiſion which I vſe in this Poeme, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath vſed to diſtinguiſh Workes into Books, and euery one to beare the number of their order. *Homers Iliads*, and *Vlyſſes* indeede, are diſtinguiſhed by ſeuerall letters of the Greeke Alphabet, as all the world knowes, and not by the numerall letters only, which to *Iôta* are digit, and afterward compound; the *Alpha* being our vnite, for the Greekes had no figures nor Ciphers in their Arithmeticke. *Virgils Aeneis*, *Statius Thebaies*, *Silius* worke of the Carthaginian warre, *Illyricus Argonauticks*, *Vida's Chriſteies* are all diuided into Bookes. The Italians vſe *Canto's*;

Canto's; and so our first late great Reformer, Master *Spenser*. That I assume another name for the section: in this volume, cannot bee disgracious nor vnnowable.

Lastly, if I haue not already exceeded the length of an Epistle, I am to intreate, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himselfe a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that *Spartan* Prince, who being found by certaine Ambassadors playing among his Children, requested them to forbeare to censure, till also they had some of their owne. To such I giue as ample power and priuiledge, as euer *Ius liberorum* could in *Rome*, craving backe againe at their hands by a re-grant, the like of that which I impart; for great reason there is, that they should vndergoe the licence which themselues challenge, and suffer that in their fames, which they would wrongly put vpon others, according to the most indifferent Law of the *Talio*. Fare you well.

To M. Michael Drayton.

What Ornaments might I deuise, to fit
Th'aspiring height of thy admired Spirit?
Or what faire Garland worthy is to sit
On thy blest Browes, that compasse in all Merit?
Thou shalt not crowned be with common Bayes,
Because for thee it is a Crowne too low,
Apollo's *Tree can yeeld thee simple praise,*
It is too dull a Vesture for thy Brow;
But with a Wreathe of Starres, shalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working Temples doe sustaine,
Will like the Spheares be euer moving round,
After the royall Musike of thy Braine:
Thy Skill doth equall Phœbvs, *not thy Birth:*
He to Heauen giues Musike, thou to Earth.

Thomas Greene.

To M. Michael Drayton.

Those painefull Wits, which Natures depth admire,
And view the causes of vnconstant strife,
Doe tremble, lest the Vniuerse expire,
Through lasting Iarres, the Enemies of life.
On earthly signes let not such Sages looke,
Nor on the cleere aspect of hopefull Starres,
But learne the Wo[illegible]tinuance from thy Booke,
Which frames past[illegible]s force eternall Warres;
Wherein the Muses shewing perfect glorie,
Adorne it so with gracefull Harmonie,
That all the acts of this lamented Storie,
Seeme not perform'd for Peoples liberty,
Nor through the awe of an imperious King:
But that thy Verses their deepe wounds might sing.

Iohn Beavmont.

To his Friend the Authour.

HAd I not lou'd Thee and thy Poeſie,
(Deare Friend) my Theame ſhould of thy prayſes bee:
But in weake Braynes it doth ſuſpition moue,
When, who is ſeene to prayſe, is knowne to loue.
For, though that firſt and Virgin birth of thine,
Be ſo articulate, ſo Maſculine,
So truely Lim'd, ſo ſinewie, ſo compact,
So ſweetly faire, ſo euery way exact,
As may indure the moſt iudicious touch,
And giue thy Friends iuſt reaſon to auouch
It, ſpight of Enuies teeth, a liuing birth:
Though Second, Third, Fourth, Fift, of equall worth:
Though all be good: yet ſince affection
In iudgement may, as ſhaddow and proiection
In Lantskip, make that which is low ſeeme high,
That's ſhallow deepe, ſmall great, and farre that's nigh,
So as it well may iuſt ſuſpicion moue,
When who is ſeene to praiſe, is knowne to loue.
Yet thus my cenſure, this my doome ſhall be:
I'le alwayes loue Thee, and thy Poeſie.

E. HEYWARD.

Vpon the Barons Warres, the Epiſtles *and Sonnets.*

To his worthy Friend MICHAEL DRAYTON.

IMuſt admire thee (but to praiſe were vaine,
What eu'ry taſting palat ſo approues)
Thy Martiall Pyrrhique, *and thy* Epique *ſtraine*
Digeſting Warres *with heart-vniting* Loues;
The two firſt Authors of what is compos'd
In this round Syſteme All; *it's ancient lore*
(All Arts in Diſcords *and* Concents *are clos'd.*
And when vnwinged ſoules the * *Fates reſtore*
To th'earth for reparation of their flights,
The firſt Muſicians, Schollers, Louers *make;*
The next ranke deſtinate to Mars *his Knights;*
The following rabble meaner titles take)
I ſee thy Temples crown'd with Phœbus *rites:*
Thy Bay's *to th' eye, with* Lilly *mixt and* Roſe,
As to the eare a Diapaſon *cloſe.*

I. SELDEN.

* According to that in *Plato's Phædrus*, where, vnder the names of *Louers of beauty*, (which comprehends all kind of faire Obiects, either in the mind or body) and of *Souldiers*, all ſuch as are eminent for true worth, are comprehended; the reſt of men being of a farre lower ranke.

THE BARONS WARRES.

In the Reigne of EDVVARD the SECOND.

The first CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

The grieuous Plagues, and the prodigious Signes,
That this great Warre and Slaughter doe fore-ſhow,
The cauſe which the proud Baronage combines,
The Queenes much wrong, whence many miſchiefs grow,
And how the Time to this great Change inclines,
As with what Armes each Countreymen doe goe,
What cauſe to yeeld, the MORTIMERS *pretend,*
And their Commitment, doth this Canto end.

1.

THe bloudie Factions and Rebellious pride
Of a ſtrong Nation, whoſe ill-manag'd might
The Prince and Peeres did many a day diuide;
With whom, wrong was no wrong, nor right no right,
Whoſe ſtrife, their Swords knew only to decide,
Spur'd to their high ſpeed, by their equall ſpight;
Me from ſoft Layes and tender Loues doth bring,
Of a farre worſe, then Ciuill Warre to ſing.

2.

What Helliſh Furie poys'ned their hot Bloud?
Or can we thinke 'twas in the power of Charmes,
With thoſe ſo poore hopes of the publike good,
To haue intic'd them to tumultuous Armes;
And from that Safetie, wherein late they ſtood,
Reft them ſo farre from feeling of their Harmes,
That *France* and *Belgia*, with affrighted eyes,
Stood both amazed at their Miſeries?

Hauing Relation to the firſt Barons Warres, in the raigne of Henry *the third, for the Great Charter.*

3.

Th'inueterate Malice in their Boſomes bred,
Who for their Charter wag'd a former Warre,
Their angrie Syres; in them that Venom fed,
As their true Heires of many a wide-mouth'd Skarre:
Or was't the Bloud they had in Conqueſt ſhed,
Hauing inlarg'd their Countries Bounds ſo farre,
That did themſelues againſt themſelues oppoſe,
With Blades of *Bilbo* changing *Engliſh* Blowes?

Hauing Relation to their Victories ouer the Welſh *and* Scots, *vnder* Edward *the firſt.*

A Citie of Spain, *from whence wee anciently had our beſt Swords.*

4.

O, Thou the Wiſe Director of my Muſe,
Vpon whoſe Bountie all my Powers depend,
Into my Breſt thy ſacred'ſt Fire infuſe;
Rauiſh my Spirit, this Great Worke to attend;
Let the ſtill Night my lab'red Lines peruſe;
That when my Poems gaine their wiſhed end,
Such, whoſe ſad eyes ſhall read this Tragique Storie,
In my weake Hand may ſee thy Might and Glorie.

Inuocation.

5.

What Care would plot, Diſſention ſtroue to croſſe,
Which like an Earthquake rent the tottering State;
In Warre abroad they ſuffered publique Loſſe,
And were at home deſpoyl'd by priuate hate:
Whil'ſt them thoſe ſtrange Calamities did toſſe,
(For there was none that nouriſht not Debate)
Confuſion did the common Peace confound;
No helpe at hand, yet mortall was their wound.

Narration.

6.

Thou Church, then ſwelling in thy Mightineſſe,
Which in thy Hand ſo ample Power didſt hold,
To ſtay thoſe Factions, ere their full exceſſe,
Which at thy pleaſure thou might'ſt haue control'd;
Why didſt not Thou thoſe Outrages ſuppreſſe,
Which to all Times, thy prayſe might haue enrol'd?
Thou ſhouldſt to them haue layd the Holy Word,
And not thy hand to the vnholyed Sword.

The Prelacie, moſt powerfull in thoſe times, did rather put on that Warre, then perſwade to Peace.

Bloud-

7.

Bloud-thirſtie Warre ariſing firſt from Hell,
And ſeizing on this chiefe part of the Ile,
Where it before neere fortie yeeres did dwell,
And with abhorr'd Pollution did defile,
In which ſo many a famous Souldier fell;
By EDWARD LONG-SHANKS baniſhed awhile,
Transfer'd to *Wales*, and to *Albania*, there
To ruine them, as it had rauin'd here.

The firſt Warres of the Barons beginning in the time of King Iohn, *and continuing long in the Raigne of* Henry *the third, his ſonne.*

Edward the firſt hauing peace at home, made Warres vpon the Welſh *and* Scots.

8.

Where houering long with inauſpicious wings,
About the Verge of theſe diſtempered Clymes,
By comming backe, new Miſchiefe hither brings,
To worke them vp to thoſe diſaſterous Crymes;
Weakeneth their Power by her diminiſhings,
And taking faſt hold on thoſe wicked Tymes,
So faire inforc'd their Furie, that at length
It crackt the Nerues which knit their ancient ſtrength.

9.

Whoſe frightfull Viſion, at the firſt approach,
With violent Madneſſe ſtrooke that deſperate Age,
And did not onely thoſe Rebéllions broach
Amongſt the Commons, but the diuelliſh Rage
Did on the beſt Nobilitie incroach,
And in their damn'd Conſpiracies, ingage
The Royall Bloud; them likewiſe downe to bring,
By vnnaturall Treaſons to their naturall King.

10.

When in the North (whilſt Horror yet was young)
Thoſe dangerous Seaſons ſwiftly comming on,
Whilſt o'er their heads portentuous Meteors hung,
And in the Skies ſterne Commets brightly ſhone,
Prodigious Births were intermix'd among,
Such as before to Times had beene vnknowne;
In bloudie Iſſues, forth the Earth doth breake,
Weeping for them, whoſe Woes it could not ſpeake.

The fearefull Signes in the North of this Land, that fore-ran this Bloudie Warre, expreſſed in this Stanza, *and the next following.*

11.

And by the rankeneſſe of contagious Ayre,
A mortall Plague inuadeth Man and Beaſt;
Which farre diſpers'd, and raging euery where,
In doubt the ſame too quickly ſhould haue ceaſt,
T'aſſure them of the Slaughter being neere,
Yet was by Famine cruelly increaſt;
As though the Heauens, in their remiſſull doome,
Tooke thoſe they lou'd, from worſer dayes to come.

12.

The entrance into the Relation of the Storie.

The leuell course that we intend to goe,
Now (to the end) that yee may cleerely see,
And that we euery circumstance may show,
The state of Things, and truly what they be,
And our Materialls how we doe bestow,
With each Occurrent right in his degree;
From these Portents we now diuert our view,
To bring to passe the Horrors that insue.

13.

The first, and the principall cause of Quarrell betweene the King *and the* Barons.

The calling backe of banish'd GAVESTON,
Gainst which, the Barons had to LONG-SHANKS (sworne;
The Signiories, and high Promotion,
Him in his Law-lesse Courses to suborne;
Th'abetting of that wanton Minion,
Who held the old Nobilitie in scorne;
Stir'd vp that hatefull and outragious Strife,
Which cost so many an *English-man* his life.

14.

Henry Lacy, *Earle of* Lincolne.

O much-lou'd LACY, hadst thou spar'd that breath,
Which shortly after Nature thee deny'd,
To LANCASTER deliuered at thy death,
To whom thy only Daughter was affy'd,
Taking for Pledge, his Knightly Oath and Faith,
Stiffely to sticke vpon the Barons side;
Thy Manors, Rents, and Titles of Renowne,
Had not so soone beene forfeit to the Crowne.

15.

Thomas Plantaginet *Earle of* Lancaster, *the sonne of* Edmond, *called* Crouch-back, *who was the second sonne of* Henry *the third.*

The two Spensers, *by the fauour of the* King, *bought the Lands of the Lord* Bruse *in the Marches of* Wales, *out of some of the* Barons *hands; for which, the* Barons *burnt the Towns there, belonging to the* Spensers; *and shortly, caused the* King *to banish them: A second and speciall cause of the* Warre.

The Lord Badlesmer, *Owner of* Leeds *Castle.*

Those Lordships, BRVSE to those two SPENSERS
Crossing the Barons vehement desire, (past,
As from IOVES Arme, that fearefull Lightning cast,
That fiftie Townes lay spent in hostile fire;
Alas, too vaine and prodigall a waste,
The strong effect of their conceiued Ire:
Vrging the weake King, by a violent Hand,
T'abiure those false Lords from the troubled Land.

16.

When as the faire Queene progressing in *Kent*,
Was there deny'd her entrance into *Leeds*
By BADLESMER, a Baron eminent,
Against the King, that in this Course proceeds,
Which further addeth to their discontent,
A speciall Spring, which this great Mischiefe feeds;
Wrong vpon wrong, by heaping more and more,
To thrust on that, which went too fast before.

Which

17.

Which more and more King EDWARDS hate increaſt,
Whoſe mind ran ſtill on GAVESTON degraded,
The thoughts of which, ſo ſettled in his Breſt,
That it had all his Faculties inuaded:
Which for the SPENSERS hap'ned out the beſt,
By whom, thereto he chiefely was perſwaded;
And by whoſe Counſels he e're long was led
To leaue his bright Queene, and to flye her Bed.

The pride of the Spenſers *made the breach betwixt the* King *and* Queene.

18.

That ſhee her ſelfe, who whilſt ſhee ſtood in grace,
Imploy'd her Powers theſe Diſcords to appeaſe,
When yet Confuſion had not fully place,
In Times not growne ſo dangerous as theſe,
A Partie made in their afflicted caſe,
Her willing Hand to his Deſtruction layes;
That Time, whoſe ſoft Palme heals the wound of Warre,
May cure the Sore, but neuer cloſe the Skarre.

19.

In all that Heat, then gloriouſly began,
The ſerious Subiect of my ſolid Vaine,
Braue MORTIMER, that ſome-what more then Man,
Of the old HEROES great and God-like Straine,
For whom, Inuention doing all it can,
His weight of Honour hardly ſhall ſuſtaine,
To beare his Name immortaliz'd, and hye,
When he in Earth vn-numbred yeeres ſhall lye.

The firſt appearing of Mortimer.

20.

Whoſe Vnckle then (whoſe Name his Nephew bare)
The only comfort of the wofull Queene,
Who from his Cradle held him as his care,
In whom ſo many early Hopes were ſeene,
For this yong Lord moſt wiſely doth prepare,
Whilſt yet her deepe heart-goring Wound was greene,
And on this faire aduantage firmely wrought,
To place him highly in her Princely thought.

Roger Mortimer *the Vnckle, and* Roger, *the Nephew.*

21.

This was the Man, at whoſe vnuſuall Birth
The Starres were ſaid, to Councell to retyre,
And in Aſpects of Happineſſe and Mirth,
Mark'd him a Spirit, to Greatneſſe to aſpire,
That had no mixture of the Droſſie Earth,
But all compact of perfect Heauenly fire;
So well made vp, that ſuch a one as He,
IOVE in a Man, like MORTIMER would be.

The Character *of* Mortimer, *in the* Stanza *and the next following.*

The

22.

The quick'ning Vertue of which Nobler part,
With ſo rare pureneſſe rectify'd his Bloud,
And to ſo high a Temper wrought his Heart,
That it could not be lock'd within a Floud,
That no Misfortune poſſibly could thwart;
Which from the Natiue Greatneſſe where it ſtood,
Shew'd at the firſt, the Pitch it was to flie,
Could not with leſſe be bounded, then the Skie.

Roger Mortimer *Grandfather to this* Roger.

23.

Worthy the Grand-child of ſo great a Lord;
Who, whilſt our LONG-SHANKS fortunatly raign'd,
Re-edify'd King ARTHVRS ancient Boord,
Which he at goodly *Kenelworth* ordain'd,
And to that former Glorie it reſtor'd,
To which a hundred gallant Knights retain'd,
With all the Pompe that might become a Court,
Or might giue Honour to that Martiall Sport.

24.

The Heart-ſwolne Lords, with Furie throughly fir'd,
Whom EDWARDS Wrongs to Vengeance ſtill prouoke,
With LANCASTER and HARFORD had conſpir'd,
No more to beare the SPENSERS ſeruile Yoke;
The time is come, that they a Change deſir'd;
That they (the Bonds of their Allegiance broke)
Reſolu'd with Bloud their Libertie to buy,
And in the Quarrell vow'd to liue and die.

Thomas *Earle of* Lancaſter, *and* Bohun *Earle of* Harford.

25.

What Priuiledge hath our Free-Birth, they ſay?
Or in our Bloud, what Vertue doth remaine?
To each laſciuious Minion made a prey,
That vs and our Nobilitie diſdaine,
Whilſt they in Triumph boaſt of our decay;
Either thoſe Spirits we neuer did retaine,
That were our Fathers, or by Fate we fall
Both from their Greatneſſe, Libertie, and all.

The Barons murmure to be ouer-topt by Minions.

26.

Our Honor, lifted from that Soueraigne State,
From whence at firſt it challenged the Being,
And proſtitute to Infamie and Hate,
As with it ſelfe in all things diſagreeing,
Quite out of order, diſ-proportionate,
From the right way prepoſterouſly flying;
Whilſt Others are themſelues, and only We
Are not held thoſe, We would but ſeeme to be.

Then

27.

Then to what end hath our great Conqueſt ſeru'd,
Thoſe Acts atchieued by the *Norman* Sword,
Our Charters, Patents, and our Deeds reſeru'd,
Our Offices and Titles to record,
The Creſts that on our Monuments are caru'd,
If they to vs no greater good afford?
Thus doe they murmure euery one apart,
With many a vex'd Soule, many a grieued Heart.

28.

This while the Queene into deepe ſorrow throwne,
Wherein ſhe waſtes her goodly Youth away,
Beyond beleefe, to all but Heauen vnknowne:
This Sparke, till now, that cloſely couered lay,
By the ſharpe breath of deſp'rate Faction blowne,
Conuerts her long Night to a wiſhed Day;
Her wofull Winter of Misfortune chearing,
As the darke World at the bright Sunnes appearing.

29.

The Queene is greatly perplexed, whilſt things ſort not out to her deſire.

Though much perplex'd amidſt theſe hard Extremes,
Whilſt Helps fall ſhort, that ſhould her Hopes preferre,
Nor clearely yet could ſhe diſcerne thoſe Beames,
To her deſires that elſe might lighten her,
Her Thoughts oft changing, like deceitfull Dreames,
In her ſad Breſt ſuch violent Paſſions ſtirre;
That (ſtriuing which each other ſhould controule)
Worke ſtrange confuſion in her troubled Soule.

30.

To be debarr'd of that Imperiall State,
Which to her Graces rightly did belong,
Baſely reiected, and repudiate,
A vertuous Lady, goodly, faire, and yong;
Theſe with ſuch feruour ſtill doe intimate
Her too-much ſettled and inueterate wrong;
That to the leaſt, all pardon ſhee denies,
With Arguments of her Indignities.

31.

Whilſt, to diſpatch, the angry Heauens purſue,
What there, vn-iudg'd, had many a day depended,
When all theſe Miſchiefes to full ripeneſſe grew,
And in their Harueſt haſting to be ended:
For all theſe Lines into one Centre drew,
Which way ſoe're they ſeem'd to be extended,
And all together, in proportion layd,
Although but ſmall, adde ſomewhat to her ayd.

Now

32.

Now comes the time, when MORTIMER doth enter,
Of great Imployment in this Tragique Act,
His Youth and Courage boldly bid him venter,
Prompting him ſtill, how ſtrongly he was backt,
Who at this time, euen as from Heauen was ſent her,
When the ſtraight Courſe to her Deſire was tract;
And ſhe vpon more certaintie doth ſtay,
In a direct, although a dangerous way.

33.

This dreadfull Comet drew her wond'ring Eye,
Which ſoone began his golden Head to reare,
Whoſe glorious Fixure in ſo cleere a Skie,
Strooke the Beholder with a horrid feare;
And in a Region eleuate ſo high,
And by the forme wherein it did appeare,
As the moſt skilfull wiſely did diuine,
Fore-ſhew'd the Kingdome ſhortly to decline.

34.

Yet ſtill recoyling at the SPENSERS power,
So often checkt with their intemp'rate pride,
Th'inconſtant Barons wauering euerie houre,
The fierce encounter of this boyſt'rous Tide,
That eas'ly might her liuelyhood deuoure,
Had ſhee not thoſe that skilfully could guide;
Shee from Suſpition cunningly retyres,
Careleſſe in ſhew, of what ſhe moſt deſires.

The great Policie of the moſt wiſe Queene.

35.

Diſſembling ſo, as one that knew not ill,
So can ſhee rule the greatneſſe of her mind,
As a moſt perfect Rect'reſſe of her will,
Aboue the vſuall weakeneſſe of her kind:
For all theſe ſtormes, immoueable and ſtill,
Her ſecret Drift, the wiſeſt miſſe to find;
Nor will ſhe know yet, what theſe Factions meant,
But with a pleas'd Eye ſoothes ſad Diſcontent.

36.

The leaſt Suſpition craftily to heale,
Still in her lookes Humilitie ſhe beares;
The ſafeſt way with Mightineſſe to deale,
So Policie, Religions habit weares;
Twas then no time her grieuance to reueale,
" Hee's mad, which takes a Lyon by the eares.
This knew the Queene, and this well know the wiſe:
This muſt they learne, that rightly temporize.

The

37.

The Biſhop TORLETON, learned'ſt of the Land,
Vpon a Text of Politiques to preach,
Which he long ſtudying, well did vnderſtand,
And by a Method could as aptly teach:
He was a Prelate of a potent hand,
Wiſe was the Man that went beyond his reach:
This ſubtill Tutor, ISABEL had taught
Points, into which King EDWARD neuer ſought.

Adam Torlton, *Biſhop of* Hereford, *a great Politician.*

38.

When Warre no longer can it ſelfe containe,
But breaketh forth into a generall flame,
And to be ſeene more viſibly and plaine,
Boldly it ſelfe dares publiquely proclaime,
And as a poore thing proudly doth diſdaine
To giue it ſelfe out by another Name,
Or take vpon it any ſtrange Diſguiſe,
But now with Legions furiouſly doth riſe.

39.

As *Seuerne* lately in her Ebbes that ſanke,
Vaſt and forſaken leaues th'vncouered Sands,
Fetching full Tides, luxurious, high, and ranke,
Seemes in her pride t'inuade the neighb'ring Lands,
Breaking her Limits, couering all her Banks,
Threat'neth the proud Hills with her wat'rie Hands;
As though ſhe meant her Empyrie to haue,
Where euen but lately ſhe beheld her Graue.

A Simile of the firſt riſing of the Barons.

40.

From euery place, when Souldiers farre and neere,
Flocke to the Field, as Fortune lots their ſide,
With th'ancient Weapons they had vs'd to beare;
Some, as they were directed by their Guide;
Others againe, as they affected were;
But the moſt part, as by their dutie tyde:
As each one finds the motion of his blood,
Let thoſe that lead them, make the Quarrell good.

41.

From *Norfolke*, and the Countries of the Eaſt,
That with the Pike moſt skilfully could fight;
Then thoſe of *Kent*, vnconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintaine their ancient Right;
For courage no whit ſecond to the beſt,
The *Corniſh* men moſt actiue, bold, and light;
Thoſe neere the * *Plaine*, the Pole-axe beſt that wield,
And clayme for theirs the Vaward of the Field.

Thoſe of Hampſhire, Wiltſhire, *and Borderers of the Plaine of* Salisbury, *clayme the Vaward of the* Engliſh *Battels.*

42.

The Noble *Welſh*, of th'ancient *Britiſh* Race;
From *Lancaſhire*, Men famous for their Bowes;
The Men of *Cheſ-ſhire*, chiefeſt for their place,
Of Bone ſo bigge, as onely made for Blowes,
Which for their faith are had in ſpeciall grace,
And haue beene euer fearefull to their Foes:
The *Northerne* then, in Feuds ſo deadly fell,
That for their Speare and Horſemanſhip excell.

43.

All that for vſe Experience could eſpie,
Such as in Fennes and Marſh-lands vſe to trade,
The doubtfull Foards and Paſſages to trie,
With Stilts and Lope-ſtaues, that doe aptlieſt wade,
Moſt fit for Scouts and Currers to deſcrie;
Thoſe from the Mynes, with Pick-axe and with Spade,
For Pioners beſt, that for intrenching are,
Men chiefely needfull in the vſe of Warre.

44.

O Noble Nation, furniſhed with Armes,
So full of Spirit, as almoſt match'd by none!
Had Heauen but bleſt thee, to foreſee thy Harmes,
And as thy valiant Nephewes did, haue gone
Paris, *Roan*, *Orleance*, ſhaking with Alarmes;
As the bright Sunne, thy glorie then had ſhone:
To other Realmes thou hadſt transfer'd this Chance;
Nor had your Sonnes been firſt that conquer'd *France*.

The Conqueſt of France *in the next raigne of* Edward *the third.*

45.

And thus on all hands ſetting vp their reſt,
And all make forward for this mightie Day,
Where euery one prepares to doe his beſt,
When at the ſtake their Liues and Fortunes lay,
No croſſe Euent their Purpoſes to wreſt,
Being now on, in ſo direct a Way;
Yet whilſt they play this ſtrange and doubtfull Game,
The Queene ſtands off, and ſecretly giues ayme.

46.

But MORTIMER his foot had ſcarcely ſet
Into the Road, where Fortune had to deale,
But ſhe diſpos'd his forward courſe to let;
Her lewd Condition quickly doth reueale,
Glory to her vaine Deitie to get
By him, whoſe ſtrange birth bare her ominous Seale;
Taking occaſion from that very Houre,
In him to proue and manifeſt her Power.

As

47.

As when we ſee the early riſing Sunne,
With his bright Beames to emulate our ſight;
But when his Courſe yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous Fogges depriue vs of his Light,
Till through the Clouds he his cleare Forehead runne,
Climbing the Noone-ſtead in his glorious height:
His cleare beginning, Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his Mid-day great and glorious.

A Similie of the firſt riſing of Mortimer.

48.

The King (diſcreetly) that conſidered
The ſpace of Earth, whereon the Barons ſtand,
As what the Powers to them contributed,
Then being himſelfe but Partner of his Land;
Of the ſmall Strength and Armie that he led
'Gainſt them which did ſo great a Power command,
Wiſely about him doth begin to looke:
Great was the Taske which now he vndertooke.

Good conſideration of the King.

49.

And warn'd by Danger to miſdoubt the worſt,
In equall Scales whilſt eithers Fortunes hung,
He muſt performe the vtmoſt that he durſt,
Or vndergoe intolerable Wrong:
As good to ſtirre, as after be enforc'd;
To ſtop the Sourſe whence all theſe Miſchiefes ſprung,
He with the *Marchers* thinkes beſt to begin,
Which firſt muſt loſe, ere he could hope to winne.

50.

The MORTIMERS being Men of greateſt Might,
Whoſe Name was dreadfull, and commanded farre,
Sturdie to manage, of a haughtie Spright,
Strongly ally'd, much followed, popular,
On whom, if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the Warre;
Which he intendeth ſpeedily to trie,
To quit that firſt, which moſt ſtood in his eye.

51.

For which, he expeditiouſly prouided,
That part of Land into his Power to get;
Which, if made good, might keepe his Foes diuided,
Their Combination cunningly to let;
Which ſhould they ioyne, would be ſo ſtrongly ſided,
Two mightie Hoaſts, together ſafely met,
The face of Warre would looke ſo ſterne and great,
As it might threat to heaue him from his Seat.

Two Armies on foot by the Barons, one in the Weſt, the other in the North.

52.

Wherefore the King from *London* ſetteth forth,
With a full Armie, furniſh'd of the beſt,
Accompany'd with men of ſpeciall worth,
Which to this Warre his Promiſes had preſt:
Great LANCASTER was Lord of all the North,
The MORTIMERS were Maſters of the Weſt;
He towards mid-*England* makes the way 'twixt either,
Which they muſt croſſe, ere they could come together.

53.

Strongly inueagled with delightfull Hope,
Stoutly t'affront and ſhoulder with Debate,
Knowing to meet with a reſolued Troupe,
That came prepar'd with Courage, and with Hate;
Whoſe ſtubborne Creſts if he inforc'd to ſtoupe,
It him behoues to tempt ſome powerfull Fate,
And through ſterne Guards of Swords and hoſtile Fire,
Make way to Peace, or ſhamefully retire.

54.

The Mortimers *ſo called, for their great power in the* Marches.

The Mortimers *intercepted on the ſudden.*

When now the *Marchers*, well vpon their way,
(Expecting thoſe, that them Supplyes ſhould bring,
Which had too long abus'd them by Delay)
Were ſuddenly incountred by the King;
They then perceiue, that dilatorie ſtay
To be the cauſer of their ruining,
When at their boſomes blacke Deſtruction ſtood,
With open Iawes prepared for their Blood.

55.

And by the ſhifting of th'vnconſtant Wind,
Seeing what Weather they were like to meet,
Which euen at firſt ſo awkwardly they find,
Before they could giue Sea-roomth to their Fleet,
Cleane from their Courſe, and caſt ſo farre behind,
And yet in perill euery houre to ſplit;
Some vnknowne Harbor ſuddenly muſt ſound,
Or runne their Fortunes deſp'rately on ground.

56.

The elder Peere, graue, politique, and wiſe,
Which had all dangers abſolutely ſcan'd,
Finding high time his Nephew to aduiſe,
Since now their ſtate ſtood on this deſp'rate hand,
And from this Miſchiefe, many more to riſe,
Which his Experience made him vnderſtand;
Nephew (ſayth he) 'tis but in vaine to ſtriue,
Counſell muſt helpe, our ſafetie to contriue.

The

57.

The downe-right Perill, preſent in our eye,
Not to be ſhun'd, we ſee what it aſſures;
Thinke then what weight vpon our Fall doth lye,
And what our Being, this Deſigne procures;
As to our Friends, what good may grow thereby,
Prooue, which the Teſt of Reaſon beſt endures;
" For who obſerues ſtrict Policies true Lawes,
" Shifts his Proceeding, to the varying Cauſe.

The Counſell of the elder Mortimer *to his Nephew.*

58.

To hazzard fight with the Imperiall Powers,
Will our ſmall Troupes vndoubtedly apall;
Then, this our Warre vs wilfully deuoures:
Yeelding our ſelues, yet thus we loſe not all,
We leaue our Friends this ſmaller Force of ours,
Reſeru'd for them, though hapleſly we fall;
" That Weakeneſſe euer hath a glorious Hand,
" That falls it ſelfe, to make the Cauſe to ſtand.

59.

'Twixt vnexpected, and ſo dangerous Ills,
That's ſaf'ſt, wherein we ſmalleſt Perill ſee,
Which, to make choiſe of, Reaſon iuſtly wills,
And it doth beſt with Policie agree:
The idle vulgar Breath, it nothing skills,
'Tis ſound Diſcretion muſt our Pilot be;
" He that doth ſtill the faireſt meanes preferre,
" Anſwers Opinion, howſoe're he erre.

60.

And to the Worlds eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
By our deſcending willingly from hence,
'Twill ſhew we were prouoked by our wrong,
Not hauing other ſiniſter Pretence:
This Force left off, that doth to vs belong,
Will in Opinion leſſen our Offence;
" Men are not euer incident to loſſe,
" When Fortune ſeemes them frowardly to croſſe.

61.

Nor giue we Enuie abſolute exceſſe,
To ſearch ſo farre, our Subtilties to find,
There's neerer meanes, this Miſchiefe to redreſſe,
And make ſucceſſefull what is yet behind:
Let's not our ſelues of all Hope diſ-poſſeſſe,
Fortune is euer variouſly inclin'd;
" A ſmall Aduantage in th'Affaires of Kings,
" Guides a ſlight Meanes, to compaſſe mighty Things.

This

62.

This ſpeech ſo caught his Nephewes plyant youth,
(Who his graue Eam did euer much reſpect)
Proceeding from Integritie and Truth;
Well could he counſell, well could he direct,
With ſtrong Perſwaſions, which he ſtill purſu'th;
Which in a ſhort time ſhew'd by the effect,
" A Wiſe mans Counſell, by a ſecret Fate,
" Seeming from Reaſon, yet proues fortunate.

63.

To which, the King they grauely doe inuite,
By the moſt ſtrict and ceremonious way;
No Circumſtance omitted, nor no Rite,
That might giue colour to their new Eſſay,
Or that Applauſe might publiquely excite:
To which, the King doth willingly obay:
Who like themſelues, in ſeeing Danger neere,
Rather accepts a Doubt, then certaine Feare.

The King accepteth the Mortimers ſubmiſſion.

64.

Which he receiues, in preſage of his good,
To his Succeſſe auſpiciouſly apply'd;
Which ſomewhat cool'd his much diſtemp'red Blood,
Ere he their force in doubtfull Armes had try'd:
And whilſt they thus in his Protection ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholly to abide,
He firſt, in ſafetie, doth diſmiſſe their Power,
Then ſends them both his Pris'ners to the *Tower*.

65.

O all-preparing Prouidence Diuine!
In thy large Booke, what Secrets are enrol'd?
What ſundry Helpes doth thy great Power aſſigne,
To prop that Courſe which thou intend'ſt to hold?
What mortall Senſe is able to define
Thy Myſteries, thy Counſels manifold?
It is thy Wiſdome, ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure Proceedings to apparant Ends.

66.

This was the meanes, by which the Fates diſpoſe,
More dreadfull Plagues vpon that Age to bring;
Vtter Confuſion on the heads of thoſe,
That were before the Barons ruining;
With the ſubuerſion of the Publiques Foes,
The Murther of the miſerable King;
And that which 'came Cataſtrophe to all,
Great MORTIMERS ineuitable fall.

This,

67.

This, to theſe Troubles lends a little Breath,
As the firſt Pawſe, to hearten this Affaire,
And for a while deferres oft-threatning Death,
Whilſt each their Breach by leyſure would repaire,
And as a Bound, their Furie limiteth;
But in this manner, whilſt things ſtrangely fare,
Horror beyond all wonted Bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Canto fearefully ſhall tell.

The end of the firſt Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The ſecond CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

At Burton *Bridge the puiſſant Powers are met,*
The Forme and Order of the doubtfull Fight,
Whereas the King the Victorie doth get,
And the prowd Barons are inforc'd to flight;
When they againe towards Borough *forward ſet,*
Where they by him were vanquiſhed out-right;
Laſtly, the Lawes doe execute their Power
On thoſe, which there the Sword did not deuoure.

1.

THis chance of Warre, that ſuddenly had ſwept
So large a ſhare from their ſelected ſtore,
Which for their helpe they carefully had kept,
That to their aid might ſtil haue added more;
By this ill-lucke into their Armie crept,
Made them much weaker then they were before;
So that the Barons reinforc'd their Bands,
Finding their Hearts to ſtand in need of Hands.

2.

For deadly Hate, ſo long and deepely rooted,
Could not abide to heare the name of Peace,
So that Diſcretion but a little booted
'Gainſt that; thereby which only did increaſe;
For the leaſt Griefe, by Malice was promoted,
Anger ſet on, beginning to ſurceaſe;
So that all Counſell much their eares offended,
But what to Spoyle and ſad Inuaſion tended.

All

3.

All vp in Action for the publique Cauſe,
Scarcely the mean'ſt, but he a partie ſtood,
Tax'd by the Letter of the cenſuring Lawes,
In his eſtate, if fayling in his Blood;
And who was free'ſt, intangled by ſome Clauſe,
Which to their Furie giues continuall food;
" For where Confuſion once hath gotten hold,
" Till all fall flat, it hardly is control'd.

4.

And now by Night, when as pale Leaden Sleepe
Vpon their eye-lids heauily did dwell,
And ſtep by ſtep, on euery Senſe did creepe,
Miſchiefe, that blacke inhabitant of Hell,
Which neuer failes continuall Watch to keepe,
Fearefull to thinke, a horrid thing to tell,
Entred the Place, whereas thoſe warlike Lords
Lay mayl'd in Armour, gyrt with irefull Swords.

5.

A deſcription of Miſchiefe.

She with a ſharpe ſight, and a meager looke,
Was alwayes prying where ſhe might doe ill,
In which, the Fiend continuall pleaſure tooke,
(Her ſtarued Bodie, Plentie could not fill)
Searching in euery Corner, euery Nooke,
With winged feet, too ſwift to worke her will;
Furniſh'd with deadly Inſtruments ſhe went,
Of euery ſort, to wound where ſo ſhe meant.

6.

A Riuer fained to be in Hell.

Hauing a Viall fill'd with banefull Wrath,
(Brought from *Cocytus* by that curſed Spright)
Which in her pale Hand purpoſely ſhe hath,
And drops the Poyſon vpon euery Wight;
For to each one ſhe knew the readie Path,
Though in the midſt and dead time of the Night;
Whoſe ſtrength too ſoone inuadeth euery Peere,
Not one eſcap'd her, that ſhe commeth neere.

7.

That, the next Morning, breaking in the Eaſt,
With a much-troubled and affrighted Mind,
Each, whom this Venome lately did infeſt,
The ſtrong effect in their ſwolne ſtomacks find;
Now doth the Poyſon boyle in euery Breſt,
To ſad Deſtruction euery one's inclin'd,
Rumors of Spoyle through euery eare doe flye,
And threat'ning Furie ſits in euery eye.

8.

This done, in haſte ſhee to King EDWARD hyes,
Who late growne proud vpon his good Succeſſe,
His time to Feaſts and Wantonneſſe applyes,
And with crown'd Cups his Sorrowes doth ſuppreſſe,
Vpon his Fortune wholly that relyes;
And in the Boſome of his Courtly Preſſe,
Vaunteth the hap of this victorious Day,
Whilſt the ſicke Land in Sorrow pines away.

9.

Thither ſhe comes, and in a Minions ſhape,
She getteth neere the Perſon of the King,
And as he taſt's the Liquor of the Grape,
Into the Cup her Poyſon ſhe doth wring:
Not the leaſt drop vntainted doth eſcape,
For to that purpoſe ſhe her ſtore did bring;
Whoſe ſtrong commixture (as the Sequell try'd)
Fill'd his hot Veines with Arrogance and Pride.

10.

That hauing both ſuch Courage, and ſuch Might,
As to ſo great a Buſ'neſſe did belong,
Neither yet thinke, by their vnnaturall Fight,
What the Republique ſuffred them among;
For myſtie Error ſo deludes their Sight,
(Which ſtill betwixt them and cleere Reaſon hung)
And their Opinions in ſuch ſort abus'd,
As that their Fault can neuer be excus'd.

11.

Now our MINERVA puts on dreadfull Armes,
Further to wade into this Bloudie Warre,
And from her ſlumber wak'ned with Alarmes,
Riſeth, to ſing of many a Maſſacre,
Of gloomie Magiques, and benumming Charmes,
Of many a deepe Wound, many a fearefull Skarre;
For that low Socke, wherein ſhe vs'd to tread,
Marching in Greaues, a Helmet on her Head.

The Socke, or ſoft Shoo, vſed in Comicke and light Poeſies, from which hee aſcendeth to this Tragique Poeme.

12.

Whilſt thus vaine Hope doth theſe falſe Lords delude,
Who hauing drawne their Forces to a Head,
They their full purpoſe ſeriouſly purſu'd,
By LANCASTER and valiant HARFORD led,
Their long Proceeding laſtly to conclude;
Whilſt now to meet, both Armies hotly ſped,
The Barons taking *Burton* in their way,
Till they could heare where EDWARDS Armie lay.

Burton vpon Trent in Staffordſhire.

To

13.

To which, Report too ſuddenly bewray'd
Their manner of encamping, and the Place,
Their preſent Strength, and their expected Ayd,
As what might moſt auayle them in this Caſe:
The ſpeedie March th'Imperiall Power had made,
Had brought them ſoone within a little ſpace;
For ſtill the King conducted had his Force,
Which way he heard the Barons bent their Courſe.

14.

Vpon the Eaſt, from Buſhie *Needwoods* ſide,
There riſeth vp an eaſie-climbing Hill,
At whoſe faire foot, the Siluer *Trent* doth ſlide,
And the ſlow Ayre, with her ſoft murmuring, fill;
Which, with the ſtore of liberall Brookes ſupplyde,
Th'inſatiate Meads continually doth ſwill;
Ouer whoſe Streame, a Bridge of wond'rous ſtrength
Leads on from *Burton*, to that Hill in length.

The Forreſt of Needwood *in* Staffordſhire.

The ſituation of Burton *vpon* Trent.

15.

Vpon the Mount, the King his Tentage fixt,
And in the Towne, the Barons lay in ſight,
When as the *Trent* was riſen ſo betwixt,
That for a while prolong'd th'vnnaturall fight,
With many Waters that it ſelfe had mixt,
To ſtay their Furie, doing all it might;
" Things which preſage both good and ill, there be,
" Which Heauen fore-ſhewes, but will not let vs ſee.

Tentage vſed in place, for the Tents generally carried along with the Armie.

16.

The Heauen (eu'n) mourning o'er our Heads doth ſit,
Greeuing to ſee the Times ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them, who neuer looke at it,
And in meere pittie, melteth with Remorſe;
Longer from Teares that could not ſtay a whit,
Whoſe influence on euery lower Sourſe,
From the ſwolne fluxure of the Clouds, doth ſhake
A ranke Impoſtume vpon euery Lake.

17.

O Warlike Nation, hold thy conqu'ring Hand,
Euen ſenſeleſſe Things do warne thee yet to pawſe;
Thy Mother Soyle, on whom thou arm'd do'ſt ſtand,
Which ſhould reſtraine thee by all naturall Lawes,
Canſt thou (vnkind) inuiolate that Band?
Nay, Heauen and Earth are angry with the Cauſe;
Yet ſtay thy foot, in Miſchiefes vgly Gate.
" Ill comes too ſoone, Repentance oft too late.

18.

O, can the Clouds weepe ouer thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughtie eyes!
See'ſt thou the Snare, and wilt not ſhun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed Miſeries?
'Tis yet but early in this diſmall Day,
Let late Experience learne thee to be wiſe;
" An Ill foreſeene, may eas'ly be preuented,
" But hap'd, vn-help'd, though ne'er inough lamented.

19.

Remembring the great ouerthrow they had receiued by the Scots *at* Banocksburne.

Cannot the *Scot* of your late Slaughter boaſt,
And are yee yet ſcarce healed of the Sore?
Is't not inough yee haue alreadie loſt,
But your owne Madneſſe muſt needs make it more?
Will yee ſeeke Safetie in ſome foraine Coaſt?
Your Wiues and Children pitied yee before:
But when your own Blouds your own Swords imbrue,
Who pitties them, who ſhould haue pittied you?

20.

The ſudden preparation of the Kings Armie, to paſſe the Riuer to the Barons.

The neighb'ring Groues are ſpoyled of their Trees,
For Boats, and Timber, to aſſay the Flood,
Where Men are lab'ring as 'twere Summer Bees,
Some hollowing Trunkes, ſome binding heapes of Wood,
Some on their Breſts, ſome working on their Knees,
To winne the Banke whereon the Barons ſtood;
Which, o'er the Current they by ſtrength muſt rew,
To ſhed that Bloud, which many an Age ſhall rew.

21.

Pieces of Armour well knowne to Souldiers.

Some ſharp their Swords, ſome right their Murrians ſet,
Their Greaues and Pouldrons others riuet faſt,
The Archers now their bearded Arrowes whet,
Whilſt euery where the clam'rous Drums are bras'd;
Some taking view, where they ſure ground might get,
Not one, but ſome aduantage doth fore-caſt;
With Ranks and Files, each Plaine & Medow ſwarmes,
As all the Land were clad in angry Armes.

22.

The Creſts and Badges of each Nobler Name,
Againſt their Owners rudely ſeeme to ſtand,
As angry for th'Atchieuements whence they came,
That to their Fathers gaue that generous Brand.
O yee vnworthie of your ancient Fame,
Againſt your ſelues to lift your conqu'ring Hand;
Since foraine Swords your Height could not abate,
By your owne Pride, your ſelues to ruinate!

Vpon

23.

Vpon his Surcote, valiant NEVIL bore
A Siluer Saltoyre, vpon Martiall Red;
A Ladies Sleeue, high-ſpirited HASTINGS wore;
FERRER his Taberd, with rich Verry ſpred,
Well knowne in many a Warlike Match before;
A Rauen ſat on CORBETS armed Head;
And CVLPEPPER, in Siluer Armes enrayl'd,
Bare thereupon a bloudie Bend engrayl'd.

Some ſhort Blazons of the Bearings of ſome of the Engliſh *Nobilitie, in this, and the next Stanza following, expreſſed in the termes of Heraldrie.*

24.

The Noble PERCY, in this dreadfull Day,
With a bright Creſſant in his Guidehome came,
In his white Cornet, VERDON doth diſplay
A fret of Gueles, priz'd in this mortall Game,
That had been ſeene in many a doubtfull Fray,
His Lances Penons ſtayned with the ſame;
The angry Horſe, chaf'd with the ſtubborne Bit,
With his hard Hooſe the Earth in furie ſmit.

25.

I could the ſumme of STAFFORDS arming ſhow,
What Colours, ROSSE and COVRTNEY did vnfold,
Great WARRENS Blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious Circumſtance haue told,
Nam'd euery Enſigne as they ſtood arow;
But O, deare Muſe, too ſoone thou art control'd!
For in remembrance of their euill ſpeed,
My Pen, for Inke, warme drops of Bloud doth ſheed.

26.

On the Kings part, th'Imperiall Standard's pitch'd,
With all the Hatchments of the *Engliſh* Crowne,
Great LANCASTER (with no leſſe Power enrich'd)
Sets the ſame Leopards in his Colours downe:
O, if yee be not frantique, or bewitch'd,
Yet doe but ſee, that on your ſelues you frowne:
A little note of diff'rence is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth fall?

27.

Behold the Eagles, Lyons, Talbots, Beares,
The Badges of your famous Anceſtries;
Shall thoſe braue Marks, by their inglorious Heires,
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their Families?
More ancient Armes no Chriſtian Nation beares,
Reliques vnworthy of their Progenies;
Thoſe Beaſts yee beare, doe in their kinds agree,
O, that then Beaſts, more ſauage Men ſhould be!

And

28.

And whilſt the King doth in ſad Councell ſit,
How he might beſt the other Banke recouer,
See how Misfortune ſtill her time can fit!
Such as were ſent, the Countrey to diſcouer,
(As vp and downe, from place to place they flit)
Had found a Foard, to paſſe their Forces ouer;
" Ill Newes hath Wings, and with the Wind doth goe,
" Comfort's a Cripple, and comes euer ſlow.

29.

Theſe Earles, on the Kings part, were Iohn Britan, *Earle of* Richmont, Iohn Warren, *Earle of* Surrey, *and* Aymer de Valence, *Earle of* Pembroke, *&* Edmond *of* Woodſtocke, *Earle of* Kent, *the Kings younger Brother.*

When EDWARD fearing LANCASTERS Supplyes,
Proud RICHMONT, SVRREY, & great PEMBROKE (ſent,
On whoſe Succeſſe, he mightily relyes,
Vnder whoſe Conduct, halfe his Armie went,
The neereſt way conducted by the Spyes;
And he himſelfe, and EDMOND, Earle of *Kent*,
Vpon the Hill, in ſight of *Burton* lay,
Watching to take aduantage of the Day.

30.

Stay, SVRREY, ſtay, thou may'ſt too ſoone be gone,
Pawſe till this Heat be ſomewhat outer-paſt,
Full little know'ſt thou whither thou do'ſt runne;
RICHMONT and PEMBROKE, neuer make ſuch haſte,
Yee doe but ſtriue to bring more Horror on:
" Neuer ſeeke Sorrow, for it comes too faſt;
Why ſtriue yee thus, to paſſe this fatall Floud,
To fetch but Wounds, and ſhed your neereſt Bloud?

31.

The ſonne of Crouchback, *and couſin German to the King, as is ſhewed in the Notes vpon the* 14. *Stanza of the firſt Canto.*

Great LANCASTER, yet ſheath thy angrie Sword,
On EDWARDS Armes, whoſe edge thou ſhould'ſt not ſet,
Thy naturall Kinſman, and thy Sou'raigne Lord,
Both from the Loynes of our PLANTAGINET,
Call yet to mind thy once engaged Word;
Canſt thou thy Oath to LONG-SHANKS thus forget?
" Men ſhould performe, before all other things,
" The ſerious Vowes they make, to God, and Kings.

32.

A deſcription of the Conflict at Burton, *in* 13. *Stanza's following.*

The Winds were huſh'd (no little Breath doth blow)
Which ſeemes ſat ſtill, as though they liſt'ning ſtood,
With trampling Crowds, the very Earth doth bow,
And through the Smoake, the Sunne appear'd like Blood;
What with the Showt, and with the dreadfull Show,
The Heards of Beaſts ran bellowing to the Wood;
When Drums and Trumpets to the Charge did ſound,
As they would ſhake the groſſe Clouds to the ground.

The

33.

The Earles then charging with their power of Horſe,
Taking a Signall when they ſhould begin,
Being in view of th' Imperiall force,
Which at that time aſſay'd the Bridge to win,
Which made the Barons change their former courſe,
T'auoid the preſent Danger they were in;
Which on the ſudden had they not fore-caſt,
Of their laſt Day, that Houre had beene the laſt.

34.

When frō the Hill the Kings maine Powers come downe,
Which had AQVARIVS to their valiant Guide,
Braue LANCASTER & HARFORD, from the Towne,
Doe iſſue forth vpon the other ſide,
Peere againſt Peere, the Crowne againſt the Crowne,
The King aſſayles, the Barons munify'd;
Englands Red Croſſe vpon both ſides doth flye,
S. GEORGE, the King, S. GEORGE, the Barons crye.

An expert Souldier of thoſe times.

Saint George, *Patron of the* Engliſh.

35.

Like as an Exhalation, hot and drie,
Amongſt the Ayre-bred moyſtie Vapours throwne,
Spetteth his Lightning forth outragiouſly,
Rending the thicke Clouds with the Thunder ſtone,
Whoſe fierie Splinters through the thinne Ayre flye,
That with the Horror, Heauen and Earth doth grone;
With the like Clamour, and confuſed O,
To the dread Shock the deſp'rate Armies goe.

A Simile of the encountring of the Armies.

36.

There might Men ſee the famous *Engliſh* Bowes,
Wherewith our Foes we wonted to ſubdue,
Shoot their ſharpe Arrowes in the face of thoſe,
Which oft before victorioufly them drew;
Yet ſhun their Ayme; and troubled in the Looſe,
Thoſe well-wing'd Weapons mourning as they flew,
Slip'd from the Bow-ſtring, impotent, and ſlacke,
As to the Archers they would faine turne backe.

37.

Behold the Remnant of *Troyes* ancient Stocke,
Laying on Blowes, as Smyths on Anuyls ſtrike,
Grappling together in the featefull Shocke,
Where ſtill the ſtrong encountreth with the like,
(And each as ruthleſſe as the hard'ned Rocke)
Wer't with the Speare, or Browne Bill, or the Pike,
Still as the Wings, or Battels came together,
Ere fortune gaue aduantage yet to either.

As they are ſuppoſed, to be deſcended from the Troians, *by the* Britans, *the firſt Inhabitants of this Iſland.*

From

38.

From batt'red Helmes, with eu'ry enuious Blow,
The ſcatt'red Plumes flye looſely here and there,
To the Beholder like to flakes of Snow,
That eu'ry light breath on its Wings doth beare,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our Woe:
And thus affrighted with the ſudden feare,
Now back, now forward, ſuch ſtrange windings make,
As though vncertaine which way they ſhould take.

39.

Slaughter alike inuadeth either Hoaſt,
Whilſt ſtill the Battell ſtrongly doth abide,
Which eu'ry where runnes raking through the Coaſt,
As't pleas'd outragious Furie it to guide,
Yet not ſuffic'd, where tyrannizing moſt;
So that their Wounds, like Mouthes, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for preſent Death,
Had they but Tongues, their deepneſſe giues thē breath.

40.

Here lyes a heape halfe ſlaine, and partly drown'd,
Gaſping for breath amongſt the ſlymie Segges,
And there a ſort layd in a deadly Swoun'd,
Trod with the Preaſe into the Mudde and Dregges;
Others lye bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the Bodies, maym'd of Armes and Leggs;
One ſticks his Foe, his Scalpe another cuts,
Ones feet intangled in anothers guts.

41.

One his aſſayling Enemie beguiles,
As from the Bridge he fearefully doth fall,
Cruſh'd with his weight vpon the Stakes and Pyles;
Some in their gore vpon the Pauement ſprall,
Our Natiue Bloud, our Natiue Earth defiles,
And dire Deſtruction ouerwhelmeth all;
Such hideous Shrikes the Bedlam Souldiers breath,
As the damn'd Sp'rits had howled from beneath.

42.

The Faction ſtill defying EDWARDS might,
EDMOND of *Wood-ſtock*, with the Men of *Kent*,
Charging afreſh, renues the doubtfull Fight
Vpon the Barons, languiſhing and ſpent,
Bringing new matter for a Tragique ſight;
Forth againſt whom, their skilfull Warriors went,
Brauely to end, what brauely did begin,
Their Nobleſt Sp'rits will quickly loſe, or win.

As

43.

As before *Troy*, bright THETIS God-like Sonne,
TALBOT himſelfe in this fierce Conflict bare,
MOWBRAY in fight him matchleſſe Honour wonne,
CLIFFORD for Life ſeem'd little but to care,
AWDLEY and ELMSBRIDGE Perill ſcorne to ſhunne,
GIFFORD ſeem'd Danger to her teeth to dare,
Nor BADLESMER gaue back to EDWARDS Power,
As though they ſtroue whō Death ſhould firſt deuoure.

A Catalogue of many of the Barons, that were with the Earles of Lancaſter *and* Harford, *in two Stanza's.*

44.

Ile not commend thee MOVNTFORT, nor thee TEIS,
Elſe your high Valour much might iuſtly merit;
Nor DENVYLE, dare I whiſper of thy prayſe;
Nor WILLINGTON, will I applaud thy Spirit;
Your Facts forbid, that I your Fame ſhould rayſe;
Nor DAMORY, thy due may'ſt thou inherit;
Your Bayes muſt be your well-deſerued blame,
For your ill actions quench my ſacred flame.

Bayes, for Prayſe or Commendations.

45.

O, had you faſhion'd your great Deeds by them,
Who ſummon'd * *Acon* with an *Engliſh* Drum;
Or theirs, before, that to * *Ieruſalem*
Went with the gen'rall Power of *Chriſtendome*;
Then had yee raught Fames richeſt Diadem,
As they who fought to free the Sauiours Tombe,
And like them, had immortaliz'd your Names,
Where now my Song can be but of your Shames.

* *Their Anceſtors, that went with* Richard Cœur de Lyon *to the Warres againſt the Pagans.*

* *Thoſe before them, that went with Duke* Robert, *the eldeſt ſon of the Conqueror, vnder the Conduct of* Godfrey *of* Bulloyne, *to the Holy Land.*

46.

O Age inglorious, Armes vntimely borne,
When that approued and victorious Shield
Muſt in this ciuill Maſſacre be torne,
Brus'd with the Blowes of many a foraine Field;
And more, in this ſad Ouerthrow be worne
By thoſe, in flight inforc'd it vp to yeeld;
For which, ſince then, the Stones for very dread,
Againſt rough ſtormes, cold drops for teares doe ſhead.

47.

When ſoone King EDWARDS faint & wau'ring friends,
Which had this while ſtood doubtfully to pawſe,
When they perceiue, that Deſtinie intends,
That his Succeſſe ſhall iuſtifie his Cauſe,
Each in himſelfe freſh Courage apprehends,
" (For Victorie both Feare and Friendſhip drawes)
And ſmile on him, on whom they late did frowne,
All lend their hands to hew the conqu'red downe.

48.

That ſcarce a Man, which EDWARD late did lacke,
Whilſt the proud Barons bare an vpright Face,
But (when they ſaw, that they had turn'd their backe)
Ioynes with the King, to proſecute their Chaſe,
The Baronage ſo headlong goes to wracke;
In the iuſt tryall of ſo neere a Caſe,
Inforc'd to proue the fortune of the Coaſt,
The Day at *Burton* that had cleerely loſt.

49.

And to the aid of the victorious King,
(Which more and more gaue vigour to his hope,
With good Succeſſe him ſtill encouraging,
And to his Actions lent an ampler Scope)
This Knight after created Earle of Carlel. Sir ANDREW HERCKLEY happily doth bring,
On their light Horſe a valiant Northerne Troupe,
Arm'd but too aptly, and with too much ſpeed,
Moſt to doe harme, when leaſt thereof was need.

50.

When ſtill the Barons making forth their way,
Through Places beſt for their Aduantage knowne,
Retaine their Armie, bodyed as they may,
By their Defeat, farre weaker that was growne;
In their beſt skill deuiſing day by day,
T'offend th'Aſſaylant, and defend their owne,
Of their Miſ-haps the vtmoſt to endure,
If nothing elſe their Safetie might aſſure.

51.

In their ſad flight, with Furie followed thus,
Tracing the *North* through many a tyreſome Strait,
And forc'd through many a Paſſage perillous,
To *Borough Bridge*, led by their luckleſſe Fate:
* *Their firſt defeat at* Burton *Bridge, the laſt at* Borough *Bridge.* Bridges * ſhould ſeeme to Barons ominous,
For there they laſtly were precipitate;
* *A very remarkable thing of that place, where the Barons were ouerthrowne.* Which * place, the marke of their Miſchance doth beare,
For ſince that time, Graſſe neuer proſp'red there.

52.

Where, for new Bloudſhed they new Battels rang'd,
And take new Breath, to make Deſtruction new:
Chang'd is their Ground, but yet their Fate vnchang'd,
Which too directly ſtill doth them purſue;
Nor are they, and their Miſeries eſtrang'd,
To their Eſtates though they meere ſtrangers grew;
The only hope whereon they doe depend,
With Courage is to conſummate their end.

Like

53.

Like as a Heard of ouer-heated Deere,
By hot-ſpur'd Hunters lab'red to be caught,
With Hues and Hounds recou'red eu'ry where,
When as they find their ſpeed auailes them naught,
Vpon the Toyles runne headlong, without feare,
With noyſe of Hounds, and Hollow's, as diſtraught;
Euen ſo the Barons, in this deſp'rate caſe,
Turne vpon thoſe which lately did them chaſe.

A Simile of the deſperate Miſerie of the Barons.

54.

Enſigne beards Enſigne, Sword 'gainſt Sword doth ſhake,
Drum brawles with Drum, as Ranke doth Ranke oppoſe,
Ther's not a Man that care of Life doth take,
But Death in earneſt to his Bus'neſſe goes,
A gen'rall Hauocke as of all to make,
And with Deſtruction doth them all incloſe,
Dealing it ſelfe impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, as foe by foe doth fall.

55.

Yet the braue Barons, whilſt they doe reſpire,
(In ſpight of Fortune, as they ſtood prepar'd)
With Courage charge, with Comelineſſe retyre,
Make good their Ground, and then relieue their Guard,
Withſtand the Ent'rer, then purſue the Flyer,
New-forme their Battell, ſhifting eu'ry Ward;
As your high Skill, were but your Quarrell good,
O Noble Spirits, how deare had beene your Blood!

56.

That well-arm'd Band, ambitious HERCKLEY led,
Of which, the Barons neuer dreamt before,
Then greatly ſtood King EDWARDS Power in ſtead,
And in the Fight aſſayl'd the Enemie ſore:
O Day moſt fatall, and moſt full of dread!
Neuer can Time thy ruinous Waſte reſtore;
Which with his ſtrength though he attempt to doo,
Well may he ſtriue for, and yet fayle of too.

57.

Pale Death beyond his wonted Bounds doth ſwell,
Caruing proud fleſh in Cantles out at large;
As Leaues in Autumne, ſo the Bodies fell,
Vnder ſharpe Steele, at eu'ry boyſt'rous Charge:
O, what ſad Pen can their Deſtruction tell!
Where Scalpes lay beaten like the batt'red Targe;
And euery one he claymeth as his right,
Whoſe lucke it was not to eſcape by flight.

58.

Thoſe Warlike Enſignes, wauing in the Field,
Which lately ſeem'd to braue th'imbattell'd Foe,
Longer not able their owne weight to wield,
Their loftie Tops to the baſe Duſt doe bow;
Here ſits a Helmet, and there lyes a Shield:
O, ill did Fate thoſe ancient Armes beſtow!
Which as a Quarry on the ſoyl'd Earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conqueſt, as a glorious Prey.

59.

Where Noble BOHVN, that moſt Princely Peere,
HARFORD, much honor'd, and of high deſert,
And to this Nation none as he ſo deare,
Paſſing the Bridge with a reſolued heart,
To ſtop his Souldiers, which retyring were,
The vnfortunate end of the Earle of Harford. Was 'twixt two Plankes ſlaine through his lower part;
But LANCASTER, not deſtin'd there to die,
Taken, reſeru'd to further Miſerie.

60.

Whoſe Tragique Scene, ſome Muſe vouchſafe to ſing:
His, of fiue Earledomes who then liu'd poſſeſt,
A Brother, Sonne, and Vnckle to a King,
With Fauour, Friends, and with Abundance bleſt:
What could Man thinke, or could deuiſe the thing,
That but ſeem'd wanting to his worldly Reſt?
" But on this Earth, what's free from Fortunes Power?
" What an Age got, is loſt in halfe an houre.

61.

Some few, themſelues in Sanctuaries hide;
Which, though they haue the mercie of the place,
Yet are their Bodies ſo vnſanctify'd,
As that their Soules can hardly hope for grace;
Where, they in Feare and Penurie abide
A poore dead Life, which length'neth but a ſpace;
Hate ſtands without, whilſt Horror ſtill within
Prolongs their ſhame, yet pard'neth not their ſinne.

62.

A vehement expreſſion of the enſuing Maſſacre of the Barons. Nor was Death then contented with the dead,
Of full Reuenge as though it were deny'd,
And till it might haue that accompliſhed,
It held it ſelfe in nothing ſatisfy'd;
And with delayes no longer to be fed,
An vnknowne Torment further doth prouide,
That dead Men ſhould in Miſerie remaine,
To make the Liuing die with greater paine.

Yee

63.

Yee Sou'raine Cities of this wofull Ile,
In Cypreſſe Wreaths, and your moſt ſad Attyre,
Prepare your ſelues to build the Funerall Pile,
Lay your pale Hands to this exequious Fire,
All Mirth and Comfort from your Streets exile,
Fill'd with the groanes of Men, when they expire;
The Nobleſt Bloud approching to be ſhed,
That euer dropt from any of your Dead.

64.

When THOMAS, Earle of *Lancaſter*, that late
Th'rebellious Barons trayt'rouſly retain'd,
As the chiefe Agent in this great Debate,
Was for the ſame (ere many dayes) arraign'd,
'Gainſt whom, at *Pomfret* they articulate,
(To whom thoſe Treaſons chiefely appertain'd;)
Whoſe Prooſes apparant, ſo well, nay, ill ſped,
As from his ſhoulders reft his reu'rend Head.

Thomas, *Earle of* Lancaſter, *beheaded at* Pomfret.

65.

Yet LANCASTER, it is not thy loſt breath,
That can aſſure the ſafetie of the Crowne,
Or that can make a Couenant with Death,
To warrant EDWARD, what he thinks his owne;
But he muſt pay the forfait of his Faith,
When they ſhall riſe, which he hath trodden downe;
" All's not a Mans that is from others rackt,
" And other Agents other wayes doe act.

His word forfaited to the Barons, for recalling Gaueſton, *and the* Spenſers.

66.

Nor was it long, but in that fatall place,
The way to Death where LANCASTER had led,
But many other in the ſelfe-ſame caſe,
Him in like manner ſadly followed.
London, would thou hadſt had thy former grace,
As thou art firſt, moſt Bloud that thou hadſt ſhed,
By other Cities not exceeded farre,
Whoſe Streets deuoure the Remnant of that Warre.

Few Cities, or great Townes of England, *wherein ſome of the Barons, or their Accomplices, were not executed.*

67.

O Parents ruthfull and heart-renting ſight!
To ſee that Sonne, that your ſoft Boſomes fed,
His Mothers Ioy, his Fathers ſole Delight,
That with much Coſt, yet with more Care was bred;
O Spectacle (euen) able to affright
A ſenſeleſſe Thing, and terrifie the Dead!
His deare, deare Bloud, vpon the cold Earth powr'd,
His quart'red Coarſe, of Crowes and Kytes deuour'd.

But

68.

But 'tis not you that here complaine alone,
Or to your ſelues this fearefull Portion ſhare;
Here's ſtrange and choiſe varietie of Moane,
Poore Orphans teares with Widowes mixed are,
With many Friends ſigh, many a Maidens Groane;
So innocent, ſo ſimply pure, and rare,
As Nature, which till then had ſilence kept,
Neere burſt with Sorrow, bitterly had wept.

69.

O Bloudie Age! had not theſe things beene done,
I had not now, in theſe more calmer Times,
Into the ſearch of thoſe paſt Troubles runne;
Nor had my Virgin vnpolluted Rimes
Alt'red the courſe wherein they firſt begun,
To ſing theſe horrid and vnnaturall Crimes;
My Layes had ſtill been of IDEAS Bowre,
Of my deare *Ancor*, or her loued *Stowre*.

The Subiect of my Sonets.
Two Riuers of Warwickſhire.

70.

Nor other Subiect then your Selfe, had choſe,
Your Birth, your Vertues, and your high Reſpects,
Whoſe Bounties oft haue nouriſh'd my Repoſe;
You, whom my Muſe ingenuouſly elects,
Denying Earth your braue Thoughts to incloſe,
Maugre the Momiſts, and Satyricke Sects;
That whilſt my Verſe to after-Times is ſung,
You may liue with me, and be honor'd long.

The Patron of his Poems.

71.

But greater things my Subiect hath in ſtore,
Still to her Taske my armed Muſe to keepe,
And offreth her Occaſion as before,
Whereon ſhe may in mournefull Verſes weepe;
And as a Ship being gotten neere the Shore,
By awkward Winds re-driuen to the Deepe,
So is the Muſe, from whence ſhe came of late,
Into the Buſineſſe of a troubled State.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The third CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

By ſleepie Potions that the Queene ordaynes,
Lord MORTIMER *eſcapes out of the* Tower;
And by falſe Sleights, and many ſubtill Traynes,
She gets to France, *to rayſe a foraine Power:*
The French *King leaues his Sister; Need conſtraynes*
The Queene to Henault, *in a happie Houre;*
EDWARD, *her Sonne, to* PHILIP *is affide;*
They for Inuaſion inſtantly prouide.

1.

SCarſe had theſe paſſed Miſeries an end,
But other Troubles inſtantly began;
As Miſchiefe doth new Matter apprehend,
By things that ſtill irregularly ran:
For further yet their Furie doth extend;
All was not yeelded, that King EDWARD wan;
And ſome there were, in Corners that did lye,
Which o'er his Actions had a watchfull eye.

2.

When as the King (whilſt things thus fairely went)
Who by this happie Victorie grew ſtrong,
Summon'd at *Yorke* a ſolemne Parlament,
T'vphold his Right, and helpe the SPENSERS wrong,
(In all Affaires t'eſtabliſh his Intent)
Whence more and more his Minions Greatneſſe ſprong;
Whoſe Counſels ſtill, in eu'ry Bus'neſſe croſt
Th'inraged Queene, in all Misfortunes toſt.

When

3.

Hugh Spenſer *the elder.*

When as the eld'ſt, a Man extremely hated,
(Whom, till that time, the King could not preferre,
Vntill he had the Barons Pride abated)
That Parlament made Earle of *Winchester*;
For his Seruice againſt the Barons, at Borough Bridge.
As HERCKLEY, Earle of *Carlel* he created;
And likewiſe, BALDOCK he made Chancelor;
One, whom the King had for his Purpoſe wraught,
A Man, as ſubtill, ſo corrupt and naught.

4.

When as Miſ-haps (that ſeldome come alone)
Thicke in the necks of one another fell;
The *Scot* began a new Inuaſion,
And *France* did thence the *Engliſh* Powers expell,
The *Iriſh* ſet the *Engliſh* Pale vpon,
At home, the Commons eu'ry day rebell;
Miſchiefe on Miſchiefe, Curſe doth follow Curſe,
One Ill ſcarce paſt, but after comes a worſe.

5.

For MORTIMER, that Wind moſt fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwiſe might ſee,
Whilſt the wiſe Queene, who all Aduantage knew,
Was cloſely caſting, how to ſet him free;
And did the Plot ſo ſeriouſly purſue,
Till ſhe had found the Meanes how it ſhould be,
Againſt Opinion, and Imperious Might,
To worke her owne Ends, through the Iawes of Spight.

6.

And to that purpoſe ſhe a Potion made,
In Operation of that poys'ning Power,
That it the Spirits could preſently inuade,
And quite diſ-ſenſe the Senſes in an houre,
With ſuch cold numneſſe, as it might perſwade
That very Death the Patient did deuoure,
For certaine Houres, and ſealed vp the eyes,
'Gainſt all that Art could poſſibly deuiſe.

7.

The Ingredients to the ſleepie Potion.

In which, ſhe Plantan and cold Lettuce had,
The Water-Lilly from the Mariſh ground,
With the wan Poppie, and the Nightſhade ſad,
And the ſhort Moſſe, that on the Trees is found,
The poys'ning Henbane, and the Mandrake drad,
With Cypreſſe flowers, that with the reſt were pown'd;
The braine of Cranes amongſt the reſt ſhee takes,
Mix'd with the Bloud of Dormice, and of Snakes.

Thus

8.

Thus, like MEDEA, ſat ſhee in her Cell,
Which ſhee had circled with her potent Charmes,
From thence all hind'rance cleerely to expell;
Then her with Magique Inſtruments ſhe Armes,
And to her Buſ'neſſe inſtantly ſhe fell;
A Veſtall Fire ſhe lights, wherewith ſhe warmes
The mixed Iuices, from thoſe Simples wrung,
To make the Med'cine wonderfully ſtrong.

A Fire lighted in an Angular Veſſell, by the contraction of the Sunbeames.

9.

The ſundry Feares that from her Fact might riſe,
Men may ſuppoſe, her trembling Hand might ſtay,
Had ſhee conſider'd of the Enterpriſe,
To thinke what Perill in th'Attempt there lay;
Knowing beſides, that there were ſecret Spyes
Set by her Foes, to watch her eu'ry way:
" But when that Sex leaue Vertue to eſteeme,
" Thoſe greatly erre, which think thē what they ſeeme.

10.

Their plighted Faith they at their pleaſure leaue,
Their Loue is cold, but hot as fire their Hate,
On whom they ſmile, they ſurely thoſe deceiue,
In their Deſires they be inſatiate:
Them of their Will there's nothing can bereaue,
Their Anger hath no bound, Reuenge no date;
They lay by Feare, when they at Ruine ayme,
They ſhun not Sinne, as little weigh they Shame.

A Character of meere Woman.

11.

The elder of the MORTIMERS, this while
That their ſure Friends ſo many ſundry wayes,
By Fight, by Execution, by Exile,
Had ſeene cut off; then finiſhed his dayes;
Which (though with griefe) doth ſomewhat reconcile
The youngers Thoughts, and lends his Cares ſome eaſe;
Which oft his Heart, oft troubled had his Head,
For the deare ſafetie of his Vnckle, dead.

The elder of the Mortimers, dieth in the Tower.

12.

But there was more did on his Death depend,
Then Heauen was pleas'd the fooliſh World ſhould know;
And why the Fates thus haſted on his end,
Thereby intending ſtranger Plagues to ſhow.
Braue Lord, in vaine thy breath thou didſt not ſpend,
From thy Corruption, greater Conflicts grow;
Which began ſoone, and fruitfully to ſpring,
New kinds of Vengeance on that Age to bring.

13.

As Heart could wiſh, when eu'ry thing was fit,
The Queene attends her Potions Power to proue;
Their ſtedfaſt Friends their beſt aſſiſting it,
Their truſtie Seruants ſeale vp all in loue:
And MORTIMER, his Valour and his Wit
Then muſt expreſſe, whom moſt it doth behoue;
Each place made ſure, where Guides and Horſes lay,
And where the Ship, that was for his Conuay.

14.

Mortimer, in the time of his Impriſonment, obſerued his Birth-day in the Tower.

When as his Birth-day he had yeerely kept,
And vs'd that day, thoſe of the *Tower* to feed;
And on the Warders, other Bounties heapt,
For his Aduantage, he that day decreed;
Which did Suſpition clearely intercept,
And much auayl'd him at that time of need;
When after Cates, their Thirſt at laſt to quench,
He mix'd their Liquor with that ſleepie Drench.

15.

Which ſoone each Senſe doth with dead coldneſſe ſeize;
When he which knew the Keepers of each Ward,
Out of their Pockets quickly tooke the Keyes,
His coarded Ladders readily prepar'd;
And ſtealing forth, through darke and ſecret wayes,
(Not then to learne his Compas by the Card)
To winne the Walls couragiouſly doth goe,
Which look'd as ſcorning to be maſt'red ſo.

16.

They ſoundly ſleepe, whilſt his quicke Spirits awake,
Expos'd to Perill in the high'ſt Extremes,
ALCYDES Labours as to vndertake, (Streames,
O'er Walls, o'er Gates, through Watches, and through
By which, his owne way he himſelfe muſt make:
And let them tell King EDWARD of their Dreames;
For ere they came out of their Braine-ſicke Trance,
He made no doubt to be arriu'd in *France*.

17.

The deſcription of a gloomie Night, after the going downe of the Moone, being in her Prime; in two Stanza's.

The ſullen Night had her blacke Curtaine ſpred,
Lowring that Day had tarried vp ſo long,
And that the Morrow might lye long a Bed,
She all the Heau'n with duskie Clouds had hung;
CYNTHIA pluck'd in her newly-horned Head,
Away to Weſt, and vnder Earth ſhe flung,
As ſhe had long'd to certifie the Sunne,
What, in his abſence, in our World was done.

The

18.

The leſſer Lights, like Sentinels in Warre,
Behind the Clouds ſtood priuily to prie,
As though vnſeene, they ſubt'ly ſtroue from farre,
Of his eſcape the manner to deſcrie;
Hid was each Wand'ring, as each fixed Starre,
As they had held a Councell in the Skie,
And had concluded with that preſent Night,
That not a Starre ſhould once giue any Light.

19.

In a ſlow ſilence, all the Shoares are huſht,
Only the Shreech-owle ſounded to th'Aſſault,
And Isis with a troubled Murmure ruſht, *Thames.*
As if conſenting, and would hide the Fault;
And as his Foot the Sand or Grauell cruſht,
There was a little whiſp'ring in the Vault,
Mou'd by his treading, ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay, it furth'red his intent.

20.

Whilſt that wiſe Queene, whom Care yet reſtleſſe kept, *The violent Paſſion of the Queene, whileſt Mortimer was making his Eſcape, in ſix Stanz's.*
For happie Speed, to Heau'n held vp her hands,
With worlds of Hopes, and Feares together heapt
In her full Boſome; liſt'ning as ſhe ſtands,
She ſigh'd and pray'd, and ſigh'd againe, and wept;
She ſees him how he Climbes, how Swims, how Lands,
Though abſent, preſent in Deſires they bee,
" Our Soule much farther then our Eyes can ſee.

21.

The ſmall Clouds iſſuing from his Lips, ſhe ſayth,
Lab'ring ſo faſt as he the Ladder clame,
Should purge the Ayre of Peſtilence and Death;
And as from Heau'n, that filch'd *Promethian* flame,
The ſweetneſſe ſo, and vertue of his Breath,
New Creatures in the Element ſhould frame;
And to what Part it had the hap to ſtray,
There ſhould it make another Milkie Way.

22.

Attayn'd the Top, whilſt ſpent, he paws'd to blow,
She ſaw, how Round he caſt his longing Eyes,
The Earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was fauored of the Skyes;
She ſaw him marke the Way he was to goe,
And tow'rds her Palace how he turn'd his Eyes;
From the Walls height, as when he downe did ſlide,
She heard him crie, Now Fortune be my Guide.

23.

As he deſcended, ſo did ſhe deſcend,
As ſhe would hold him, that he ſhould not fall,
On whom alone her Safetie did depend:
But when ſome Doubt did her deepe Thoughts appall,
Diſtractedly ſhe did her Hands extend
For ſpeedie Helpe, and earneſtly did call
Softly againe, if Death to him ſhould hap,
She beg'd of Heauen, his Graue might be her Lap.

24.

To ſhew him fauour, ſhe intreats the Ayre,
For him ſhe beg'd the mercie of the Wind,
For him ſhe kneel'd before the Night with Prayer,
For him, her ſelfe ſhe to the Earth inclin'd,
For him, his Tydes beſeeching *Thames* to ſpare,
And to command his Billowes to be kind;
And tells the Floud, if he her Loue would quit,
No Floud of her ſhould honor'd be, but it.

25.

But when ſhe thought ſhe ſaw him ſwim along,
Doubting the Streame was taken with his Loue,
She fear'd the Drops that on his Treſſes hung,
And that each Waue, which moſt ſhould woo him, ſtroue,
To his cleare Bodie that ſo cloſely clung,
Which when before him with his Breſt he droue,
Pallid with Griefe, ſhe turn'd away her Face,
Iealous, that he the Waters ſhould imbrace.

26.

That angry Lyon hauing ſlip'd his Chaine,
As in a Feuer, made King EDWARD quake;
Who knew, before he could be caught againe,
Deare was the Bloud, that his ſtrong Thirſt muſt ſlake;
He found, much labour had beene ſpent in vaine,
And muſt be forc'd a further Courſe to take,
Perceiuing Tempeſts riſing in the Wind,
Of which too late, too truly he diuin'd.

27.

By his Eſcape, that aduerſe Part growne prowd,
On each hand working for a ſecond Warre,
And in their Councels nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a Motiue to ſome Iarre;
And though their Plots were carried in a Clowd,
From the diſcerning of the Popular,
The Wiſer yet, whoſe Iudgements farther raught,
Eas'ly perceiue how things about were brought.

Thoſe

28.

Thoſe ſecret Fires, by enuious Faction blowne,
Brake out in *France*, which couer'd long had layne;
King CHARLES from EDWARD challenging his owne,
Firſt *Guyne*, next *Pontieu*, and then *Aquitayne*,
To each of which, he made his Title knowne,
Nor from their Seiſure longer would abſtaine;
The cauſe thereof, lay out of moſt Mens view,
Which though fooles found not, wiſe Men quickly knew.

29.

Their Proiects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their Purpoſe proſp'rouſly had thriu'd,
The Baſe whereon a mightie Frame muſt ſtand,
By all their Cunnings that had beene contriu'd;
Finding their Actions were ſo throughly man'd,
Their fainting Hopes were wond'rouſly reuiu'd,
They made no doubt, to ſee in little time,
The full of that, which then was in the prime.

30.

The King much troubled with the *French* Affayre,
Which as a ſhapeleſſe and vnweldie Maſſe,
Wholly imploy'd the vtmoſt of his care,
To CHARLES of *France* his Embaſſie to paſſe,
For which, it much behou'd him to prepare,
Before the Warre too deepely ſettled was;
Which when they found, they likewiſe caſt about,
As they would goe, to make him ſend them out.

The great Policie of the Queenes Faction.

31.

Which, when they came in Councell to debate,
And to the depth had ſeriouſly diſcuſt,
Finding how neerely it concern'd the State,
To ſtay a Warre, both dang'rous and vniuſt;
That weightie Bus'neſſe to negotiate,
They muſt find One of ſpeciall worth and truſt;
Where eu'ry Lord his Cenſure freely paſt,
Of whom he lik'd, the Biſhop was the laſt.

32.

TORLTON, whoſe Tongue Mens Eares in chaines could
And like IOVES fearfull Thunderbolt could pierce, (tye,
In which there more Authoritie did lye,
Then in thoſe words the SIBYLS did rehearſe,
Whoſe Sentence was ſo abſolute and hye,
As had the power a Iudgement to reuerſe,
For the wiſe Queene, with all his might did ſtand,
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

Adam Torlton, *Biſhop of* Hereford, *a Man of high eloquence.*

Vrging

33.

Vrging what credit ſhe the Cauſe might bring,
Impartiall, 'twixt a Husband, and a Brother,
A Queene in Perſon, betwixt King and King;
And more then that, to ſhew her ſelfe a Mother,
There for her Sonne, his Right eſtabliſhing,
Which did as much concerne them as the other;
Which Colour ſerv'd to worke in this Extreame,
That, of which then, the King did neuer dreame.

34.

TORLTON, was this thy Spirituall Pretence?
Would God thy Thoughts had beene Spirituall,
Or leſſe perſwaſiue thy great Eloquence:
But O, thy Actions were too Temporall,
Thy Knowledge had too much Preheminence,
Thy Reaſon ſubtill, and Sophiſticall;
" But all's not true, that Suppoſition ſayth,
" Nor haue the Mightieſt Arguments moſt Fayth.

35.

Nor did the Biſhop thoſe his Learned lacke,
As well of Power, as Policie and Wit,
That were prepar'd his great Deſigne to backe,
And could amend where ought he did omit:
A Metaphor taken from Card-play. For with ſuch Cunning they had made their Packe,
That it went hard, if that they ſhould not hit;
That the faire Queene to *France* with ſpeed muſt go,
Hard had he ply'd, that had perſwaded ſo.

36.

When ſhe, well fitted both of Wind and Tyde,
And ſaw the Coaſt was eu'ry way ſo cleere,
As a wiſe Woman ſhe her Buſ'neſſe plyde,
Whilſt things went currant, and well carried were,
Her ſelfe, and hers, to get aboord ſhe hyde,
As one, whoſe Fortune made her ſtill to feare;
Knowing thoſe Times ſo variouſly inclin'd,
And eu'ry Toy ſoone alt'ring EDWARDS Mind.

37.

Her Followers ſuch, as meerely Friendleſſe ſtood,
Sunke, and deiected by the SPENSERS Pride,
Such, whoſe Bloud and Lands were attainted, in thoſe late Rebellions. Who bore the Taynts of Treaſon in their Blood,
And for Reuenge, would leaue no wayes vntryde,
Whoſe Meanes were bad, but yet their Minds were good,
When now at hand they had their Helpe deſcryde;
Nor were they wanting, Miſchiefe to inuent,
To worke their Wills, and further her Intent.

Whilſt

38.

Whilſt MORTIMER (that all this while hath layne,
From our faire Courſe) by Fortune ſtrangely croſt,
In *France* was ſtruggling how he might regayne,
That which before in *England* he had loſt,
And all good Meanes doth gladly entertaine,
No iot diſmay'd, in all thoſe Tempeſts toſt,
Nor his great Mind could ſo be ouerthrowne,
All Men his Friends, all Countries were his owne.

Returning from matters of State, to the fortunes of Mortimer, *in his exile.*

39.

Then Muſe (tranſported by thy former zeale,
Led in thy Progreſſe, where his Fortune lyes)
To thy ſure aid, I ſeriouſly appeale:
To ſhew him fully, without fain'd Diſguiſe,
The ancient HEROES then I ſhall reueale,
And in their Patterns I ſhall be preciſe;
When in my Verſe, tranſparent, neat, and cleare,
They, ſhall in his pure Character appeare.

40.

He was a Man (then boldly dare to ſay)
In whoſe rich Soule the Vertues well did ſute,
In whom, ſo mix'd, the Elements all lay,
That none to one could Sou'raigntie impute,
As all did gouerne, yet all did obay;
He of a temper was ſo abſolute,
As that it ſeem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to ſhew all, that might be in Man.

In the perſon of Mortimer, *the patterne of an excellent Man; in two Stanz'a.*

41.

So throughly ſeaſon'd, and ſo tightly ſet,
That in the Leuell of the cleareſt Eye,
Time neuer toucht him with deforming Fret,
Nor had the power to warpe him but awry;
Whom, in his Courſe, no Croſſe could euer let,
His Eleuation fixed was ſo hye;
That thoſe rough Stormes, whoſe rage the World doth proue,
Neuer raught him, who ſat them farre aboue.

A Metaphor from Timber.

42.

Which the Queene ſaw, who had a ſeeing Spirit,
For ſhe had mark'd the largeneſſe of his Mind,
And with much Iudgement look'd into his Merit,
Aboue the vſuall compaſſe of her kind,
His Grandſires Greatneſſe rightly to inherit;
When as the Ages in their Courſe inclin'd,
And the World weake, with Time began to bow
To that poore Baſeneſſe that it reſts at now.

Looke to the 23. Stanza of the firſt Canto.

He

43.

Wigmore, *in* Herefordshire, *the ancient Seat of the* Mortimers.

He weighs not Wealth, nor yet his *Wigmore* left,
Let needlesse Heapes, as things of nothing stand;
That was not his, that Man could take by Theft,
He was a Lord, if he had Sea, or Land,
And thought him rich, of those who was not reft;
" Man, of all Creatures, hath an vpright hand,
" And by the Starres is only taught to know,
" That as they progresse Heau'n, he Earth should doe.

The Noble Resolution of a braue Mind.

44.

Wherefore wise Nature, from this face of Ground,
Into the Deepe taught Man to find the way,
That in the Floods her Treasure might be found,
To make him search, for what she there did lay;
And that her Secrets he might throughly sound,
She gaue him Courage, as her only Kay,
That of all Creatures, as the worthiest, hee
Her glorie there and wond'rous works should see.

45.

Let wretched Worldlings sweat for Mud and Earth,
Whose groueling Bosomes licke the recreant Stones,
Such Pesants carke for Plentie, and for Dearth,
Fame neuer lookes vpon those prostrate Drones;
The braue Mind is allotted in the Birth,
To manage Empires from the state of Thrones,
Frighting coy Fortune, when she stern'st appeares,
Which scorneth Sighes, and iecreth at our Teares.

46.

But when Report, (as with a trembling Wing)
Tickled the entrance of his listning Eare,
With newes of Ships, sent out the Queene to bring,
For her at *Sandwich* which then wayting were;
He surely thought he heard the Angels sing,
And the whole Frame of Heau'n make vp the Quire,
That his full Soule was smoth'red with exceesse,
Her ample Ioyes vnable to expresse.

The amorous Passion of Mortimer, *hearing of the comming of the Queene.*

47.

Quoth he, slide Billowes smoothly for her sake,
Whose sight can make your aged NEREVS yong,
For her faire Passage euen Allyes make,
And as the soft Winds waft her Sayles along,
Slecke eu'ry little Dimple of the Lake:
Sweet *Syrens*, and be readie with your Song;
Though 'tis not VENVS that doth passe that way,
Yet is as faire as she borne on the Sea.

Fained by the Poets to be a God of the Sea.

Yee

48.

Yee Scalie Creatures, gaze vpon her Eye,
And neuer after, with your kind make Warre;
O ſteale the Accents, from her Lippes that flye,
Which like the Tunes of the Celeſtials are,
And them to your ſicke amorous Thoughts apply,
Compar'd with which, ARIONS did but iarre;
Wrap them in ayre, and when blacke Tempeſts rage,
Vſe them as Charmes, the rough Seas to aſſwage.

¶ *Fayned to make Fiſhes attend him, with the Muſike of his Harpe.*

49.

France, ſend t'attend her with full Sholes of Oares,
With which her Fleet may eu'ry way be plyde;
And when ſhe landeth on thy bleſſed Shoares,
And the vaſt Nauie doth at Anchor ryde,
For her departure, when the wild Sea roares,
Ship mount to Heauen, and there be ſtellifyde;
Next IASONS *Argo*, on the burniſh'd Throne,
Aſſume thy ſelfe a Conſtellation.

¶ *An Aſteriſme giuen to the Ship, that carried* Iaſon *to* Colchos.

50.

Queene ISABEL then landing with delight,
Had what rich *France* could lend her for her eaſe;
And as ſhe paſſ'd, no Towne but did inuite
Her with ſome Shew, her Appetite to pleaſe:
But MORTIMER once comming in her ſight,
His ſhape and features did her Fancie ſeize;
When ſhe, that knew how her fit time to take,
Thus ſhe her moſt-lou'd MORTIMER beſpake:

51.

O MORTIMER, ſweet MORTIMER, quoth ſhe,
What angry Power did firſt the meanes deuiſe,
To ſeparate Queene ISABEL, and thee,
Whom (to deſpight) Loue yet, together tyes?
But if thou think'ſt the Fault was made by me,
For a iuſt Penance to my longing Eyes,
Though guiltleſſe they, this be to them aſſign'd,
To gaze vpon thee, till they leaue me blind.

¶ *The Queenes ſpeech to* Mortimer, *at their firſt Interview.*

52.

My deare, deare heart, thought I to ſee thee thus,
When firſt in Court thou didſt my Fauor weare,
When we haue watch'd, leſt any noted vs,
Whilſt our Lookes vs'd Loues Meſſages to beare,
And we by ſignes ſent many a ſecret Buſſe;
An Exile then, thought I to ſee thee here?
But what couldſt thou be then, but now thou art?
Though baniſh'd *England*, yet not from my heart.

53.

That Fate which did thy Franchiſement inforce,
And from the depth of Danger ſet thee free,
Still Regular, and conſtant in that Courſe,
Made me this ſtraight and euen Path to thee,
Of our Affections as it tooke remorſe,
Our Birth-fix'd Starres ſo luckily agree,
Whoſe Reuolution ſeriouſly directs
Our like Proceedings, to the like effects.

54.

Onely wiſe Counſell hath contriu'd this thing,
For which we wiſh'd ſo many a wofull day,
Of which, the cleare and perfect managing,
Is that ſtrong Prop, whereon our Hopes may ſtay;
Which in it ſelfe th'Authoritie doth bring,
That weake Opinion hath not Power to ſway,
Confuting thoſe, whoſe ſightleſſe Iudgements ſit
In the thicke Ranke, with eu'ry common Wit.

55.

Then ſince th'aſſay our good ſucceſſe aſſiures,
And we her Fau'rites leane on Fortunes Breſt,
That eu'ry houre new Comforts vs procures,
Of theſe her Bleſſings let vs chuſe the beſt,
And whilſt the day of our good Hap endures,
Let's take the bounteous Benefits of Reſt;
Let's feare no Storme, before we feele a Showre,
My Sonne a King, two Kingdomes helpe my Dowre.

Of the Lands belonging to the Crowne of England, *both in* England *and* France.

56.

Of wanton EDWARD when I firſt was woo'd,
Why cam'ſt thou not into the Court of *France?*
Before thy King, thou in my grace hadſt ſtood:
O MORTIMER, how good had beene thy Chance!
My Loue attempted in that youthfull Mood,
I might haue beene thine owne Inheritance;
Where entring now by Force, thou holdſt by Might,
And art Diſſeiſor of anothers Right.

A word borrowed from the Law.

57.

Thou Idoll, Honour, which we Fooles adore,
(How many Plagues doe reſt in thee, to grieue vs?)
Which when we haue, we find there is much more,
Then that which onely is a Name, can giue vs;
Of reall Comforts thou do'ſt leaue vs poore,
And of thoſe Ioyes thou often do'ſt depriue vs,
That with our ſelues doth ſet vs at debate,
And makes vs Beggers in our greateſt ſtate.

With

58.

With ſuch braue Raptures from her words that riſe,
She made a breach in his impreſſiue Breſt,
And all his Pow'rs ſo fully did ſurprize,
As ſeem'd to rocke his Senſes to their reſt,
So that his Wit could not that thing deuiſe,
Of which he thought his Soule was not poſſeſt;
Whoſe great abundance, like a ſwelling Flood
After a Showre, ran through his rauiſh'd Blood.

59.

A Simile of the mutuall Affections of Mortimer *and the Queene.*

Like as a Lute, that's touch'd with curious skill,
Each ſtring ſtretch'd vp, his right Tone to retayne,
Muſikes true Language that doth ſpeake at will,
The Baſe and Treble married by the Meane,
Whoſe Sounds each Note with Harmonie doe fill,
Whether it be in Deſcant, or on Playne;
So their Affections, ſet in Keyes alike,
In true Concent meet, as their Humors ſtrike.

60.

As the plaine Path to their Deſigne appeares,
Of whoſe wiſh'd ſight, they had been long debar'd,
By the diſſoluing of thoſe threat'ning Feares,
That many a Purpoſe, many a Plot had mar'd;
Their Hope at full, ſo heartily them cheares,
And their Protection by a ſtronger Guard,
Lends them that leyſure, the euents to caſt
Of things to come, by thoſe alreadie paſt.

61.

The cleanly Carriage of the French *Buſineſſe, by the Queene and her Fallion.*

For this great Bus'neſſe eas'ly ſetting out,
By due proportion, meaſuring eu'ry pace,
T'auoid the cumbrance of each hind'ring Doubt;
And not to fayle of Comelineſſe and Grace,
They came with euery Circumſtance about,
Obſerue the Perſon, as the Time, and Place;
Nor leaue they ought, that in Diſcretions Lawes,
They could but thinke might beautifie the Cauſe.

62.

Their Embaſſie deliu'ring in that height,
As of the ſame, the Dignitie might fit,
Apparelling a matter of that Weight,
In Ceremonie, well beſeeming it;
And that it ſhould goe ſteadily, and right,
They at their Audience no one Point omit,
As to the full each Tittle to effect,
That in ſuch Caſes Wiſdome ſhould reſpect.

63.

Nor to negotiate, neuer doe they ceaſe,
Till they againe that ancient League combine;
Yet ſo, that EDWARD ſhould his Right releaſe,
And to his Sonne the Prouinces reſigne:
With whom, King CHARLES cõcludes the happy Peace,
Hauing the homage due to him for *Guyne*;
And that both Realmes ſhould ratifie their Deed,
They for both Kings an Enterview decreed.

64.

Colours of State many times deceiuable, and (in truth) meere iuggling.

Yet in this thing, which all Men thought ſo plaine,
And to haue been accompliſh'd with ſuch care,
Their inward Falſehood hidden did remaine,
Quite from the Colour that the Out-ſide bare:
For onely they this Enterview did gaine,
T'intrap the King ſo trayned to their Snare;
For which, they knew that he muſt paſſe the Seas,
Or elſe the Prince, which better would them pleaſe.

65.

Which by the SPENSERS was approued; who
(As in his Councels they did chiefely guide)
With him their Sou'raigne, nor to *France* durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence, durſt at home abide;
Whilſt the weake King ſtood doubtfull what to doe,
His liſt'ning Eares they with Perſwaſions plyde,
That he to ſtay, was abſolutely wonne,
And for that Bus'neſſe, to diſpatch his Sonne.

66.

The Biſhop of Hereford, ſo oft before mentioned.

Thus is the King incompaſſ'd by their skill,
And made to act what TORLTON did deuiſe,
Who thruſt him on, to draw them vp the Hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get Power to riſe,
For they in all things were before him ſtill;
That perfect Steerſ-man in all Policies,
Had caſt to walke, where EDWARD bare the Light,
And by his Ayme, he leuelled their Sight.

67.

Thus hauing made, what EDWARD moſt did will
For his Aduantage, further their Intent,
With ſeeming Good ſo varniſhing their Ill,
That it went currant by the faire Euent,
And of their Hopes the vtmoſt to fulfill;
Things in their courſe came in ſo true Concent,
To bring their Bus'neſſe to that happie end,
That they the ſame might publiquely defend.

The

68.

The precious Time no longer they protract,
Nor in ſuſpence their Friends at home doe hold,
Being abroad ſo abſolutely backt,
They quickly waxed confident and bold,
In their proceeding publiſhing their Act;
Nor did they feare to whom Report it told,
But with an armed and erected hand,
To abet their owne, did abſolutely ſtand.

69.

And that baſe Biſhop then of *Exceſter*,
A Man experienc'd in their Counſels long,
(Thinking perhaps his Falſehood might preferre
Him, or elſe moued with King EDWARDS Wrong;
Or whether that his Frayletie made him erre,
Or other fatall Accident among:)
But he from *France*, and them, to *England* flew,
And knowing all, diſcouer'd all he knew.

Walter Stapleton, *then Biſhop of* Exceſter.

70.

Their Treaſons long in hatching, thus diſclos'd,
And TORLTONS Drift by Circumſtances found;
With what Conueyance things had beene diſpos'd,
The Cunning vs'd in caſting of their ground,
The Frame as fit in euery Point compos'd,
When better Counſell coldly came to ſound,
Awak'd the King, to ſee his weake eſtate,
When the preuention came a day too late.

71.

Yet her departing whilſt ſhe doth adiorne,
CHARLES, as a Brother, by perſwaſion deales,
EDWARD with Threats would force her to returne;
Pope IOHN, her with his dreadfull Curſe aſſayles:
But all in vaine againſt her Will they ſpurne,
Perſwaſion, Threat, nor Curſe with her preuayles; (worſt,
CHARLES, EDWARD, IOHN, ſtriue all to doe your
The Queene fares beſt, when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

72.

Which to the SPENSERS ſpeedily made ſeene,
With what cleane ſleight things had been brought about,
And that thoſe here, which well might rul'd haue beene,
Quickly had found, that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their Wit, their Power, and Spleene,
Of their owne Safeties much began to doubt,
And therefore muſt ſome preſent Meanes inuent,
T'auoid a Danger, elſe moſt eminent.

When

73.

When they, who had the *Frenchmens* Humors felt,
And knew the Bayt wherewith they might be caught,
By promiſe of large Penſions, with them dealt,
If that King CHARLES might from her Aid be wrought:
" What Mind ſo hard, that Money cannot melt?
Which they to paſſe in little time had brought;
That ISABEL, too eas'ly ouer-way'd
By their great Summes, was fruſtrate of her Aid.

The inuincible Courage of Queene Iſabel.

74.

Yet could not this amaze that mightie Queene,
(Whom ſad Affliction neuer had control'd,
Neuer ſuch Courage in that Sex was ſeene,
She was not caſt in other Womens Mold)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high Spleene,
Who could endure Warre, Trauell, Want, and Cold,
Struggling with Fortune, ne're by her oppreſt,
Moſt chearefull ſtill, when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt.

75.

But then reſolu'd to leaue ingratefull *France*,
And in the World her better Fate to trye,
Changing the Ayre, hopes Time may alter Chance,
Vnder her Burthen ſcorning ſo to lye,
Her weak'ned ſtate ſtill ſtriuing to aduance,
Her mightie Mind flew in a Pitch ſo hye;
Yet ere ſhe went, her vex'd Heart that did ake,
Somewhat to eaſe, thus to the King ſhe ſpake:

The Speech of the Queene, to the King her Brother, at her departing out of France.

76.

Is this a Kings, a Brothers part (quoth ſhee?)
And to this end, did I my Griefe vnfold?
Came I to heale my wounded Heart to thee,
Where ſlaine out-right, I now the ſame behold?
Be theſe thy Vowes, thy Promiſes to me?
In all this Heat, art thou become ſo Cold?
To leaue me thus forſaken at the worſt,
My ſtate at laſt, more wretched then at firſt.

77.

Thy Wiſdome weighing what my Wants require,
To thy deare Mercie might my Teares haue ty'd,
Our Blouds receiuing Heat both from one Fire;
And we by Fortune as by Birth ally'd,
My Sute ſupported by my iuſt Deſire,
Were Arguments not to haue been deny'd;
The grieuous Wrongs that in my Boſome bee,
Should be as neere thy Care, as I to thee.

Both vexed by the King of England.

Nature

78.

Nature too eas'ly working on my Sex,
Thus at thy pleaſure my poore Fortune leaues,
Which being intic'd with hopes of due reſpects
From thee, my Truſt diſhoneſtly deceiues,
Who me and mine vnnaturally neglects,
And of all Comfort laſtly vs bereaues;
What 'twixt thy Baſeneſſe, and thy beaſtly Will,
T'expoſe thy Siſter to the worſt of Ill.

79.

But for my Farwell, thus I prophecie,
That from my Wombe hee's ſprung, or he ſhall ſpring,
Who ſhall ſubdue thy next Poſteritie,
And lead a Captiue thy ſucceeding King,
The iuſt Reuenge of thy vile Iniurie;
To fatall *France*, I as a SIBYL ſing
Her Cities Sacke, the ſlaughter of her Men,
Of whom, one *Engliſhman* ſhall conquer ten.

Her Prophecie was fulfilled by Edward *the third, her Sonne, in his Conqueſt thereof; whoſe Sonne,* Edward, *the Blacke Prince, tooke King* Iohn *of* France *at the Battell at* Poyctiers, *who died a Priſoner in* England.

80.

The Earle of *Henault*, in that Seaſon great,
The wealthie Lord of many a Warlike Tower,
Who, for his Friendſhip, Princes did intreat,
As fearing both his Policie, and Power,
Hauing a Brother wond'rouſly compleat,
Cal'd IOHN of *Beamount* (in a happie Houre,
As it for the diſtreſſed Queene did chance)
That time abiding in the Court of *France*.

The Earle of Henault *a Man of great Power.*

Iohn *of* Henault, *Lord* Beamount.

81.

He, there the while, this ſhuffling that had ſeene,
Who to her partie ISABEL had wonne,
To paſſe for *Henault*, humbly prayes the Queene,
Prompting her ſtill, what good might there be done,
To eaſe the anguiſh of her tumorous Spleene,
Offring his faire Neece to the Prince her Sonne,
The only way to winne his Brothers Might,
Againſt the King to backe her in her Right.

82.

Who had an Eare, not fil'd with his Report,
To whom the Souldiers of that Time did throng,
The Patterne to all other of his ſort,
Well learn'd in what to Honour did belong,
With that braue Queene long trayned vp in Court,
And conſtantly confirmed in her Wrong;
Beſides all this, croſſ'd by the aduerſe Part,
In things that ſat too neere to his great Heart.

Iohn *of* Henault, *the moſt eminent Spirit of thoſe Times.*

Sufficient

83.

Sufficient Motiues to inuite Diſtreſſe,
To apprehend ſo excellent a Meane,
(Againſt thoſe Ills that did ſo ſtrongly preſſe)
Whereon the Queene her weake eſtate might leane,
And at that Seaſon, though it were the leſſe,
Yet for a while it might her Want ſuſtaine;
Vntill th'approching of more proſp'rous dayes,
Her drouping Hopes to their firſt height might rayſe.

84.

When they at large had leyſure to debate,
Where Welcome look'd with a well-pleaſed face,
From thoſe Diſ-honors ſhe receiued late,
For there ſhe wanted no obſequious grace,
Vnder the guidance of a gentler Fate,
All bounteous Offers freely they imbrace;
And to conclude, all Ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affyes faire PHILIP at the laſt.

Prince Edward, *after* Edward *the third*, *married* Philip, *the Earle of* Henaults *Daughter.*

85.

All Couenants betwixt them ſurely ſeal'd,
Each to the other laſtingly to bind,
Nothing but done with Equitie and Zeale,
And ſuting well with HENAVLTS mightie Mind,
Which, to them all did much Content reueale;
The Eaſe the Queene was like thereby to find,
The Comfort comming to the louely Bride,
Prince EDWARD pleas'd, and Ioy on euery ſide.

The end of the third Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The fourth CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Queene in Henault *mightie Friends doth win,*
In Harwitch *Hauen ſafely is arriu'd,*
Garboyles in England *more and more begin,*
King EDWARD *of his Safetie is depriu'd,*
Flyeth to Wales, *at* Neath *receiued in,*
Whilſt many Plots againſt him are contriu'd;
Laſtly betray'd, the SPENSERS *and his friends*
Are put to Death: with which, this Canto ends.

1.

NOw ſeuen times *Phœbus* had his welked Waine,
Vpon the top of *Cancers* Tropicke ſet,
And ſeuen times, in his deſcent againe,
His fierie Wheeles had with the Fiſhes wet,
In the Occurrents of King EDWARDS raigne,
Since Miſchiefe did theſe Miſeries beget;
Which through more ſtrange Varieties had runne,
Then he that while Celeſtiall Signes had done.

A Periphraſis of ſeuen yeeres.

2.

Whilſt our ill-thriuing in thoſe *Scottiſh* Broyles,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly did aduance,
In a ſmall time made wealthie by our Spoyles;
And we, much weak'ned by our Warres in *France*,
Were well-neere quite diſ-heart'ned by our Foyles:
But at theſe things the Muſe muſt only glance,
And HERCKLEYS Treaſons haſte to bring to view,
Her ſerious ſubiect ſooner to purſue.

3.

Robert, *King of* Scots.

When ROBERT BRVSE, with his braue *Scottish* Band,
By other In-rodes on the Borders made,
Had well-neere wasted all *Northumberland*,
Whose Townes he leuell with the Earth had layd;
And finding none his Power there to withstand,
On the North part of spacious *Yorkeshire* prey'd;
Bearing away with Pride his Pillage got,
As Fate to him did our last Fall allot.

4.

For which, that HERCKLEY, by his Sou'raigne sent,
T'intreat a needfull, though dis-honor'd Peace;
Vnder the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the Warre, in a faire way to cease,
And with King ROBERT did a Course inuent,
His Homage due to EDWARD, to release:
Besides, their Faith they each to other plight,
In Peace and Warre to ioyne with all their Might.

The Homage which the former Edward *had, by his Conquest, imposed vpon the Crowne of* Scotland.

5.

Yet more, King ROBERT (things being carried so)
His Sister to that trech'rous Earle affyde;
Which made too playne and euident a show,
Of what before his Trust did closely hyde: (grow,
But the Cause found, from whence this League should
By such as (neere) into their Actions pryde,
Discouer'd Treasons, which not quickly croft,
Had shed more Bloud, then all the Warres had cost.

6.

Whether the Kings weake Councels causes are,
That eu'ry thing so badly falleth out,
Or that the Earle did of our state despayre,
When nothing prosper'd, that was gone about,
And therefore careleſse how the *English* fare;
Ile not dispute, but leaue it as a doubt:
Or some vaine Title his Ambition lackt;
But some thing hatch'd this Treasonable Act.

7.

Which once reuealed to the iealous King;
Th'apprehension of that Trayt'rous Peere
He left to the Lord LVCYES managing,
(One whose prou'd Faith he had held euer deare)
By whose braue carriage in so hard a thing,
He did well worthie of his Trust appeare;
Who, in his Castle, carelesly defended,
That craftie CARLEL closely apprehended.

The Lord Lucy *a Man of high Valour.*

Herckley *apprehended.*

For

8.

For which, ere long, to his iuſt Tryall led,
In all the Robes befitting his Degree,
Where SCROOPE, chiefe Iuſtice in that dang'rous ſtead,
Commiſſion had, his lawfull Iudge to be;
And on the proofes of his Indictment read,
His Treaſons, all ſo eaſily might ſee;
Which ſoone themſelues ſo plainely did expreſſe,
As might aſſure them of his ill ſucceſſe.

9.

His Style and Titles to the King reſtor'd, *The degrading of an Earle.*
Noted with Names of Infamie, and Scorne,
And next, diſarmed of his Knightly Sword,
On which (before) his Fealtie was ſworne,
Then, by a Varlet of his Spurres diſ-ſpur'd,
His Coat of Armes (before him) ras'd and torne;
And to the Hurdle laſtly he was ſent,
To a trayt'rous death, that trayt'rouſly had meant.

10.

Whereon the King a Parlament procur'd,
To fixe ſome things, whoſe Fall he elſe might feare;
Whereby he hop'd, the Queene to haue abiur'd,
His Sonne, and ſuch as their Adiutors were:
But thoſe, of whom himſelfe he moſt aſſur'd,
What they had ſeem'd, the ſame did not appeare;
When he ſoone found, he had his Purpoſe miſt,
For there were thoſe, that durſt his Power reſiſt.

11.

For HEREFORD, in Parlament accus'd *Adam Torlton, Biſhop of Hereford, ſo oft before mentioned.*
Of ſundry Treaſons, wherein he was caught,
By ſuch his Courſes ſtrictly as perus'd,
Whereby ſubuerſion of the Realme was ſought,
His holy Habit and his Truſt abus'd;
Who, to his Anſwer when he ſhould be brought,
Was by the Clergie (in the Kings deſpight) *The powerfulneſſe of the clergie of theſe Times.*
Seiz'd, vnder colour of the Churches Right.

12.

When ſome, the fauorers of this fatall Warre,
Whom this Example did more ſharpely whet,
Thoſe for the Cauſe that then impris'ned were,
Boldly attempt, at libertie to ſet;
Whoſe Purpoſe fruſtrate, by their Enemies care,
New Garboyles doth continually beget,
Bidding the King, with care to looke about,
Thoſe ſecret Fires ſo howrely breaking out.

13.

And th'Earle of *Kent*, who was by EDWARD plac'd
As the great Gen'rall of his Force in *Guyne*,
Was in his abſence, here at home diſgrac'd,
And fruſtrated both of Supplyes and Coyne,
By ſuch lewd perſons, to maintaine their Waſte,
As from his Treaſures ceas'd not to purloyne;
Nor could the King be mou'd, ſo careleſſe ſtill
Both of his owne loſſe, and his Brothers ill.

14.

Whoſe Diſcontent too quickly being found,
By ſuch as all Aduantages did wait,
Who ſtill apply'd ſtrong Cor'ſiues to the wound,
And by their Tricks, and intricate Deceit,
Hind'red thoſe Meanes that hap'ly might redound,
That faſt ariſing Miſchiefe to defeat;
Til EDMVNDS wrongs were to that ripeneſſe growne,
That they had made him abſolute their owne;

Edmund, *Earle of* Kent, *the Kings Brother.*

15.

With all his faithfull Followers in thoſe Warres,
Men well experienc'd, and of worthieſt parts,
Who for their pay receiued only Scarres,
Whilſt the Inglorious had their due deſerts;
And Minions hate of other hope debarres,
Which vex'd them deepely, to the very hearts,
That to their Gen'rall for Reuenge they cry,
Ioyning with BEAMOVNT, giuing him ſupply.

Edmund, *Earle of* Kent, *ioyneth with the Queene, and* Henault.

16.

A Catalogue of the Captaines and Commaunders that came in with the Queene.

Theſe great Commanders, and with them combyne
The Lord POCELLES, SARES, and BOYSEERS,
DAMBRETTICOVRT, the young and valiant HEIN,
ESTOTIVYLE, COMINES, and VILLEERS,
The valiant Knights, Sir MICHAEL DE LA LYNE,
Sir ROBERT BALIOL, BOSWIT, and SEMEERS;
Men of great skill, whom Spoyle and Glory warmes,
Such as (indeed) were dedicate to Armes.

17.

Leading three thouſand muſt'red Men, in pay,
Of *French*, *Scots*, *Alman*, *Swiſſer*, and the *Dutch*;
Of Natiue *Engliſh*, fled beyond the Sea,
Whoſe number neere amounted to as much,
Which long had look'd, nay, wayted for that day,
Whom their Reuenge did but too neerely touch;
Beſides, Friends readie to receiue them in:
And new Commotions eu'ry day begin.

Whilſt

18.

Whilſt the wiſe Queene, from *England* day by day,
Of all thoſe Doings that had certaine word,
Whoſe Friends much blam'd her ouer-long delay,
When as the time ſuch fitneſſe did afford;
Doth for her Paſſage preſently purueay,
Bearing Prouiſion eu'ry howre aboord,
Ships of all Burthens rig'd and manned are,
Fit for Inuaſion, to tranſport a Warre.

19.

When ſhe for *England* fairely ſetting forth,
Spreading her proud Sayles on the Wat'ric Playne,
Steereth her Courſe directly to the North,
With her young EDWARD, Duke of *Aquitaine*,
With other three, of ſpeciall name and worth,
(The deſtin'd Scourges of King EDWARDS traigne)
Her Souldier BEAMOVNT, and the Earle of *Kent*,
With MORTIMER, that mightie Malecontent.

One of Prince Edwards Titles.

20.

For *Harwitch* Road, a fore-wind finely blowes,
But blew too faſt, to kindle ſuch a fire,
Whilſt with full Sayle, and the ſtiffe Tyde, ſhe goes;
It ſhould haue turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The Fleet it droue, was fraughted with our Woes:
But Seas and Winds doe EDWARDS wracke conſpire;
" For when iuſt Heauen, to chaſtiſe vs is bent,
" All things conuert to our due puniſhment.

21.

The Coaſts were kept with a continuall Ward,
The Beacons watch'd, her comming to deſcrie;
Had but the loue of Subiects been His Guard,
'Thad been t'effect, that he did fortifie:
But whilſt he ſtood againſt his Foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by his home Enemie;
Small helpe by this he was but like to win,
Shutting Warre out, he lockt Deſtruction in.

22.

When HENRY, Brother to that luckleſſe Prince,
The firſt great Mouer of that ciuill ſtrife,
THOMAS, whom Law but lately did conuince,
That had at *Pomfret* left his wretched life;
That HENRY, in whoſe Boſome euer ſince
Reuenge lay couered, watching for reliefe,
Like fire in ſome fat Myn'rall of the Earth,
Finding a fit Vent, giues her Furie birth.

Henry findeth time to be reuenged of his Brothers death.

And

23.

Henry, *Earle of* Lancaſter, *Lord high Marſhall of* England.

And being Earle Marſhall, great vpon that Coaſt,
With Bells and Bone-fires welcomes Her aſhore;
And by his Office gath'ring vp an Hoaſt,
Shew'd the great Spleene that he to EDWARD bore,
Nor of the ſame, abaſh'd at all to boaſt;
The Clergies Power in readineſſe before,
And on their Friends a Tax as freely layd,
To rayſe Munition, for their preſent Ayd.

24.

And to Confuſion all their Powers expoſe,
On the rent Boſome of the Land, which long
Warre, like the Sea, on each ſide did incloſe,
A Warre, from our owne home Diſſentions ſprong,
In little time which to that greatneſſe roſe,
As made vs loath'd our neighb'ring States among:
But this Inuaſion, that they hither brought,
More Miſchiefe farre then all the former wrought.

25.

Beſides, this Innouation in the State
Lent their great Action ſuch a violent Hand,
When it ſo boldly durſt inſinuate
On the cold faintneſſe of th'infeebled Land;
That being arm'd with all the power of Fate,
Finding a way ſo openly to ſtand,
To their intend'ment, might, if followed well,
Regayne that Height, from whence they lately fell.

26.

Their Strengths together in this meane time met,
All Helpes, and Hurts, by Warres beſt Councels way'd,
As what might further, what their Courſe might let,
As their Reliefes conueniently they layd,
As where they hop'd Securitie to get,
Whereon, at worſt, their Fortunes might be ſtay'd;
So fully furniſh'd, as themſelues deſir'd,
Of what the Action needfully requir'd.

27.

The Rendezvous of the Queenes Forces.

When at Saint EDMVNDS they a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelues, and their Sea-beaten Force,
Better to learne the manner of their Foes,
To th'end not idly to direct their Courſe,
And ſeeing dayly how their Armie growes,
To take a full view of their Foot and Horſe;
With much diſcretion managing the Warre,
To let the World know what to doe, they dare.

When

28.

When as the King of their Proceedings heard,
And of the Routs that dayly to them runne;
But little Strength at *London* then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd moſt fauour to haue wonne;
He left the Citie to the watchfull guard
Of his approu'd, moſt truſted * STAPLETON;
To IOHN of *Eltham*, his deare Sonne, the *Tower*,
And goes himſelfe tow'rds *Wales*, to rayſe him Power.

* Walter Stapleton, *Biſhop of* Exceſter, *mentioned in the 69. Stanza of the third Booke.*

29.

Yet whilſt his Name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaym'd, in paine of Goods and Life,
Or who would haue a Subiects benefit,
Should bend themſelues againſt his Sonne and Wife,
And doth all Slaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the mouers of this Strife;
As who could bring in MORTIMERS proud Head,
Should freely take th' Reuenues of the dead.

* *A younger Sonne of the Kings, ſo called, of his being borne there.*

30.

Which was encountred by the Queenes Edict,
By publiſhing the Iuſtneſſe of her Cauſe;
That ſhe proceeded in a Courſe ſo ſtrict,
T'vphold their ancient Liberties and Lawes:
And that on EDWARD ſhe did nought inflict,
For priuate Hate, or Popular Applauſe;
Only the SPENSERS to Account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the King.

Proclamation againſt Proclamation.

31.

Which ballaſted the Multitude, that ſtood
As a Barke, beaten betwixt Wind and Tide,
By Winds expos'd, oppoſed by the Flood,
Nought therein left, to Land the ſame to guide;
Thus floated they in their vnconſtant Mood,
Till that the weakeneſſe of King EDWARDS ſide
Suffred a Seiſure of it ſelfe at laſt,
Which to the Queene a free Aduantage caſt.

32.

Thus EDWARD left his *England* to his Foes,
Whom Danger did to recreant Flight debaſe,
As farre from Hope, as he was neere his Woes,
Depriu'd of Princely Sou'raignetie and Grace,
Yet ſtill grew leſſe, the farther that he goes,
His Safetie ſoone ſuſpecting eu'ry Place;
No Helpe at Home, nor Succour ſeene Abroad,
His Mind wants Reſt, his Bodie ſafe Aboad.

The King flyeth.

One

33.

One ſcarce to him his ſad Diſcourſe hath done,
Of HENAVLTS Power, and what the Queene intends;
But whilſt he ſpeakes, another hath begun;
A third then takes it, where the ſecond ends,
And tells what Rumors through the Countries run,
Of thoſe new Foes, of thoſe reuolted Friends;
Straight came a fourth, in poſte that thither ſped,
With newes of Foes come in, of Friends out-fled.

34.

What Plagues did EDWARD for himſelfe prepare?
Forſaken King, O whither didſt thou flye!
Changing the Clyme, thou couldſt not change thy Care,
Thou fledſt thy Foes, but followedſt Miſerie:
Thoſe euill Lucks, in numbers many are,
That to thy Foot-ſteps doe themſelues apply;
And ſtill thy Conſcience, corroſiu'd with greefe,
Thou but purſu'ſt thy ſelfe, both rob'd, and Theefe.

35.

Who ſeeking Succour, offred next at hand,
At laſt, for *Wales* he takes him to the Seas,
And ſeeing *Lundy*, that ſo faire did ſtand,
Thither would ſteere, to giue his Sorrowes eaſe;
That little Modell of his greater Land,
As in a Dreame, his Fancie ſeem'd to pleaſe;
For faine he would be King (yet) of an Ile,
Although his Empire bounded in a Mile.

A noted Iſland in the Seuerne Sea.

36.

But when he thought to ſtrike his proſp'rous Sayle,
As vnder Lee, paſt danger of the Flood,
A ſudden Storme of mixed Sleet and Hayle,
Not ſuffreth him to rule that piece of Wood:
" What doth his Labor, what his Toyle auayle,
" That is by the Celeſtiall Powers withſtood?
And all his Hopes him vainely doe delude,
By God, and Men, inceſſantly purſu'd.

37.

In that blacke Tempeſt, long turmoyl'd and toſt,
Quite from his Courſe, and well he knew not where,
'Mongſt Rocks and Sands, in danger to be loſt,
Not in more Perill, then he was in Feare;
At length perceiuing he was neere ſome Coaſt,
And that the Weather ſomewhat 'gan to cleare,
He found 'twas *Wales*; and by the Mountaines tall,
That part thereof, which we *Glamorgan* call.

The King in his flight in great danger at Sea.

In

38.

In NEATH, a Caſtle next at hand, and ſtrong,
Where he commandeth Entrance, with his Crue,
The Earle of *Gloſter*, worker of much Wrong,
His Chancelor BALDOCK, which much Euill knew,
READING his Marſhall, other Friends among;
Where cloſely hid (though not from Enuies view)
The Muſe a little leaueth them to dwell,
And of great Slaughter ſhapes her ſelfe to tell.

Men of moſt note, that fled into Wales with the King.

39.

Now, lighter Humor, leaue me, and be gone,
Your Paſſion poore, yeelds Matter much too ſlight:
To write thoſe Plagues that then were comming on,
Doth aske a Pen of *Ebon*, and the Night;
If there be Ghoſts, their Murthers that bemoane,
Let them approch me, and in pittious plight
Howle, and about me with blacke Tapers ſtand,
To lend a ſad Light to my ſadder Hand.

40.

Each Line ſhall lead to ſome one weeping Woe,
And eu'ry Cadence as a tort'red Cry,
Till they force Teares in ſuch exceſſe to flow,
That they ſurround the Circle of each Eye:
Then whilſt theſe ſad Calamities I ſhow,
All looſe Affections, ſtand yee idly by,
Deſtin'd againe to dip my Pen in gore,
For the ſad'ſt Tale that Time did e'er deplore.

41.

New ſorts of Plagues were threat'ned to the Earth,
The raging Ocean paſt his Bounds did riſe,
Strange Apparitions, and prodigious Birth,
Vnheard of Sickneſſe, and Calamities,
More vnaccuſtom'd and vnlook'd for Dearth,
New ſorts of Meteors gazing from the Skies;
As what before, had ſmall or nothing bin,
And only then their Plagues did but begin.

Ominous Signes fore-running this ſecond Bloudſhed.

42.

And whilſt the Queene did in this Courſe proceed,
The Land lay open to all offred Ill;
The Lawleſſe Exile did returne with ſpeed,
Not to defend his Countrey, but to kill;
Then were the Priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both Field and Towne with Wretchedneſſe to fill:
London, as thou waſt Author of ſuch ſhame,
Euen ſo waſt thou moſt plagued with the ſame.

The miſerable eſtate of the Kingdome, at the Queenes entrance.

The inſolencie of the Londoners, an ill example to other Cities.

43.

Whoſe giddie Commons, mercileſſe and rude,
Let looſe to Miſchiefe on that diſmall Day,
Their hands in bloud of EDWARDS Friends imbru'd;
Which in their Madneſſe hauing made away,
Th'implacable, the monſtrous Multitude,
On his Lieutenant STAPLETON did prey;
Who drag'd by them o'er many a lothſome Heape,
Beheaded was before the *Croſſe* in *Cheape*.

The Biſhop of Exceſter, as hee was the firſt that fled from the Queene in France, ſo he was the firſt (of note) that taſted of her Vengeance, at her comming in.

44.

Here firſt ſhee red, vpon her ruin'd Wall,
Her ſad Deſtruction, which was but too nye,
Vpon her Gates was charact'red her Fall,
In mangled Bodies, her Anatomie,
Which for her Errors did that Reck'ning call,
As might haue wraught Teares from her ruthleſſe Eye;
And if the thicke Ayre dim'd her hatefull ſight,
Her Buildings were on fire, to giue her light.

45.

Her Chanels ſeru'd for Inke, her Paper, Stones,
Whereon to write her Murther, Inceſt, Rape;
And for her Penn's, a heape of dead Mens Bones,
To make each Letter in ſome monſtrous ſhape;
And for her Accents, ſad departing Grones:
And that to Time no deſp'rate Act ſhould ſcape,
If ſhe with Pride againe ſhould be o'ergone,
To take that Booke, and ſadly looke thereon.

46.

The tender Gyrle, ſpoyl'd of her Virgin ſhame,
Yet for that Sinne, no Rauiſher was ſhent:
Blacke is my Inke, more blacke was her Defame,
None to reuenge, ſcarce any to lament;
Nought could be done, to remedie the ſame;
It was too late thoſe Miſchiefes to preuent;
Againſt thoſe Horrors ſhe did idly ſtriue,
But ſaw her ſelfe to be deuour'd aliue.

47.

She wants redreſſe, and Rauiſhment remorſe,
None would be found, to whom ſhe could complayne,
And crying out againſt th'Adult'rers force,
Her Plaints vntimely did returne in vayne;
The more ſhe grieu'd, her Miſerie the worſe,
Onely to her this Helpe there did remayne,
She ſpoyl'd of Fame, was prodigall of Breath,
And made her Life cleere, by her reſolute Death.

Then

48.

Then, of that World Men did the want complayne,
When they might haue been buried when they dyde,
Young Children ſafely in their Cradles layne,
The Man new marryed haue enioy'd his Bryde,
When in ſome Bounds Ill could it ſelfe contayne;
The Sonne kneel'd by his Fathers Death-bed ſide,
The Liuing wrong'd, the Dead no right could haue,
The Father ſaw his Sonne to want a Graue.

49.

But 'twas too late thoſe Courſes to recall,
None haue externall nor internall Feare,
Thoſe deadly Sounds, by their continuall Fall,
Settle Confuſion in each deaf'ned Eare;
Of our ill Times, this was the worſt of all,
Onely of Gaſboyles that did loue to heare,
Armes our Attyre, and Wounds were all our Good,
Branded the moſt with Rapine and with Blood.

50.

Inglorious Age, of whom it ſhould be ſayd,
That all theſe Miſchiefes ſhould abound in thee,
That all theſe Sinnes ſhould to thy charge be layd,
From no calumnious nor vile Action free!
O let not Time, vs with thoſe Ills vpbrayd,
Leſt feare what hath been, argue what may be,
And faſhioning ſo a Habit in the Mind,
Make vs alone the Haters of our Kind!

51.

O pow'rfull Heauen, in whoſe moſt Sou'raigne Raigne,
All thy pure Bodies moue in Harmonie,
By thee, in an inviolable Chayne,
Together link'd; ſo ty'd in vnitie,
That they therein continually remayne,
Sway'd in one certaine Courſe eternally;
Why, his true Motion keepeth eu'ry Starre,
Yet what they gouerne, ſo irregular.

52.

But in the Courſe of this vnnaturall Warre,
Muſe, ſay from whence this height of Miſchiefe grew,
That in ſo ſhort time ſpred it ſelfe ſo farre,
From whence ſo ſundry Bloudſheds did enſue,
The Cauſe, I pray thee, faithfully declare:
What, Men Religious, was the Fault in you?
Which reſtie growne, with your much Power, withdraw
Your ſtiff'ned Necks from th'yoke of Ciuill Awe.

The immeaſurable pride of the Clergie, the cauſe of much trouble in thoſe Times.

53.

No wonder though the People grew prophane,
When Church-mens liues gaue Lay-men leaue to fall,
And did their former Humbleneſſe diſdaine;
The Shirt of Hayre turn'd Coat of coſtly Pall,
The holy Ephod made a Cloake for Gayne;
What done with Cunning, was Canonicall,
And blind Promotion ſhun'd that dang'rous Rode,
Which the old Prophets diligently trode.

54.

Hence 'twas, that God ſo ſlightly was ador'd,
That Rocke remou'd, whereon our Faith was grounded,
Conſcience eſteem'd but as an idle word,
And being weake, by vaine Opinions wounded:
Profeſſors liues did little Fruit afford,
And in her Sects, Religion lay confounded;
Moſt ſacred things were Merchandiſe become,
None talk'd of Texts, but Prophecying dumbe.

55.

The Church then rich, and with ſuch Pride poſſeſt,
Was like the poyſon of infectious Ayre,
That hauing found a way into the Breſt,
Is not preſcrib'd, nor long time ſtayes it there,
But through the Organs ſeizeth on the reſt,
The ranke Contagion ſpreading eu'ry where;
So, from that Euill by the Church begun,
The Common-wealth was laſtly ouer-run.

56.

When Craft crept in, to cancell wholeſome Lawes,
Which faſt'ning once on the defectiue Weale,
Where Doubts ſhould ceaſe, they roſe in eu'ry Clauſe,
And made them hurt, which firſt were made to heale;
" One Euill ſtill another forward drawes:
" For when Diſorder doth ſo farre preuayle,
" That Conſcience is caſt off, as out of vſe,
" Right is the Cloake of Wrong, and all Abuſe.

57.

Meane while, the King thus keeping in his Hold,
(In that his poore impriſoned Libertie,
Liuing a Death, in Hunger, Want, and Cold,
Almoſt beyond imagin'd Miſerie)
By hatefull Treaſon ſecretly was ſold,
Through Keyes deliuer'd to the Enemie;
" For when th'oppreſſ'd is once vp to the Chin,
" Quite ouer head, all helpe to thruſt him in.

The

58.

The dyre Diſaſter of that captiu'd King,
So ſurely ſeiz'd on by the aduerſe part,
(To his few Friends ſad matter menacing)
Strucke with pale Terror eu'ry willing heart,
Their expectation cleane diſcouraging,
Him no euaſion left, whereby to ſtart;
And the blacke Cloud which greatlieſt did them feare,
Roſe, where their Hopes once brighteſt did appeare.

59.

For firſt, their Enuie with vnuſuall Force,
Fell on the SPENSERS, from whoſe onely Hate
The Warre firſt ſprung; who found, their lawleſſe Courſe
Drew to an end, confined by their Fate;
Of whom, there was not any tooke remorſe:
But as pernitious Cankers of the State,
The Father firſt to *Briſtow* being led,
Was drawne to Death, then hang'd and quartered.

The miſerable Fall of the Kings Friends.

60.

When as the Heire to WINCHESTER then dead,
The Lot, ere long to his Sonne GLOSTER fell;
READING the Marſhall, the like way was led,
And after him, the Earle of ARVNDEL,
To pay the forfait of a reuerend Head:
Then MVCHELDEN, and with him DANIEL;
Theſe following him in his laſciuious wayes,
Then went before him, to his fatall dayes.

61.

Like ſome large Pillar, of a Lordly height,
On whoſe proud Top ſome huge Frame doth depend,
By Time diſabled to vphold the weight,
And that with Age his backe begins to bend,
Shrinkes to his firſt Seat, and in pittious plight,
The leſſer Props with his ſad Load doth ſpend;
So far'd it with King EDWARD, cruſhing all
That had ſtood neere him, in his violent Fall.

62.

The State whereon theſe Princes proudly leane,
Whoſe high aſcent, Men trembling ſtill behold,
From whence oft times, with inſolent diſdaine,
The kneeling Subiect heares himſelfe control'd,
Their earthly Weakeneſſe truly doth explane,
Promoting whom they pleaſe, not whom they ſhould;
When as their Fall ſhewes how they foulely er'd,
Procur'd by thoſe, whom fondly they prefer'd.

For

63.

For when that Men of Merit goe vngrac'd,
And by her Fautors, Ignorance held in,
And Paraſites in good Mens Roomes are plac'd,
Onely to ſooth the Higheſt in their ſinne,
From thoſe whoſe skill and knowledge is debas'd,
There many ſtrange Enormities begin;
" For great Wits forged into factious Tooles,
" Proue great Men (oft) to be the greateſt Fooles.

64.

But why, ſo vainely Time doe I beſtow,
The baſe abuſe of this vile World to chide?
Whoſe blinded Iudgement eu'ry houre doth ſhow,
What Folly weake Mortalitie doth guide.
Wiſe was that Man which laugh'd at humane Woe;
My Subiect ſtill more Sorrow doth prouide,
And theſe Deſignes more matter ſtill doe breed,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceed.

A Philoſopher, who alwayes laughed at Mens Vanitie.

The end of the fourth Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The fifth CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

Th'impriſoned King his Scepter doth forſake,
To quit himſelfe of what he was accus'd;
His Foes, him from the Earle of Leſter *take,*
Who their Commiſſion faine would haue refus'd;
His Torturers a Mock'rie of him make;
And baſely and reprochfully abus'd,
By ſecret wayes to Berckley *he is led,*
And there in Priſon laſtly murthered.

1.

THe wretched King vnnaturally betray'd,
By too much truſting to his * Natiue Land,
From *Neath* in *Wales* to* *Kenelworth* conuay'd,
By th'Earle of * *Leſter*, with a mightie Band;
Some few his Fauorers, quickly ouer-wayd:
When ſtraight there went a Parlament in hand,
To ratifie the generall intent,
For reſignation of his Gouernment.

2.

Falne, through his Frayletie, and intemp'rate Will,
That with his Fortune it ſo weakely far'd,
To vndergoe that vnexpected Ill,
For his deſerued Puniſhment prepar'd;
Paſt meaſure, as thoſe Miſeries to fill
To him allotted, as his iuſt reward;
All arm'd with Malice, either leſſe, or more,
To ſtrike at Him, who ſtrucke at all before.

* Edward, *borne at* Carnaruon *in* Wales.
* Kenelworth, *a famous Caſtle in* Warwickeſhire.
* Henry, *Earle of* Leiceſter, *of the blood Royall, a Man of much Power and Truſt.*

It

3.

It being a thing the Commons ſtill did craue,
By the Barons, meant the whole Nobilitie. The Barons thereto reſolutely bent,
Such happie Helpes on eu'ry ſide to haue,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect ſpeed to their great Action gaue,
Eſtabliſh'd by the generall conſent;
On EDWARD that ſuch Miſeries did bring,
As neuer were inflicted vpon King.

4.

Earles, Biſhops, Barons, and the Abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their ſtate,
By Heralds placed in the Caſtle Hall;
The Burgeſſes for Places Corporate,
(Whom the great Buſineſſe at that time did call)
For the Cinque Ports, the Barons conuocate
With the Shire Knights, for the whole Body ſent,
The two Diuiſions of England. Both for the South, and for the North of *Trent*.

5.

When EDWARD, cloathed mournefully in blacke,
Was forth before the great Aſſembly brought,
A dolefull Hearſe vpon a dead Mans backe,
Whoſe heauie Lookes expreſſ'd his heauie Thought,
In which there did no part of Sorrow lacke,
"True Griefe needs not fayn'd Action to be taught;
His Funerall ſolemniz'd in his Cheere,
His Eyes the Mourners, and his Legs the Beere.

6.

Torlton *deſtined to be the vtter ouerthrow of the King.* TORLTON, as one ſelect to that intent,
The beſt experienc'd in that great Affayre,
A Man graue, ſubtill, ſtout, and eloquent,
Firſt, with faire ſpeech th'Aſſembly doth prepare;
Then, with a grace, auſtere and eminent,
Doth his Abuſe effectually declare,
Winning each ſad Eye to a reuerend Feare,
To due Attention drawing euery Eare.

7.

The moſt eſpeciall matters vrged againſt the King. Vrging th'Exactions rayſed by the King,
With whoſe full Plentie he his Mynions fed,
Him and his Subiects ſtill impoueriſhing;
And the much Bloud he lauiſhly had ſhed,
A deſolation on the Land to bring:
As vnder him, how ill all Buſ'neſſe ſped;
The loſſe in Warre, ſuſtayned through his Blame,
A laſting Scandall to the *Engliſh* Name.

Withall,

8.

Withall, proceeding with the future good,
That they thereby did happily intend,
And with what vpright Policie it ſtood,
No other Hopes their Fortunes to amend;
The Reſignation to his proper Blood,
That might the Action lawfully defend;
The preſent Want, that will'd it to be ſo,
Whoſe Impoſition they might not foreſlow.

The chiefeſt Colour they had for their Proceedings.

9.

Much more he ſpake; but faine would I be ſhort,
To this intent a Speech deliuering;
Nor may I be too curious to report,
What toucheth the depoſing of a King:
Wherefore I warne thee Muſe, not to exhort
The after-Times to this forbidden thing,
By Reaſons for it, by the Biſhop layd,
Or from my feeling what he might haue ſayd.

10.

The graue deliuerie of whoſe vehement Speech,
Grac'd with a dauntleſſe, vncontracted Brow,
Th'Aſſembly with Seueritie did teach,
Each word of his Authentike to allow,
That in the Buſ'neſſe there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar Vow;
Which they in publique gen'rally proteſt,
Calling the King to conſummate the reſt.

11.

Whoſe faire cheekes, couer'd with pale ſheets of ſhame,
Neere in a Swound, he his firſt Scene began,
Wherein his Paſſions did ſuch Poſtures frame,
As eu'ry Senſe playd the Tragedian,
Truly to ſhew from whence his Sorrowes came,
Farre from the compaſſe of a common Man;
As Nature to herſelfe had added Art,
To teach Deſpayre to act a Kingly Part.

The extreme Paſſion of the King, at the giuing vp his Crowne.

12.

O Pitie! didſt thou liue, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by ſuch ſights haue to Stone beene turn'd)
Or what Men haue been, had their Seed forgot?
Or that for One, another neuer mourn'd?
In what, ſo ſtrangely were yee ouer-ſhot,
Againſt your ſelues, that your owne Frayletie ſpurn'd?
Or had Teares then abandon'd Humane Eyes,
That there was none to pitie Miſeries?

13.

His Paſſion calm'd, his Crowne he taketh to him,
With a ſlight view, as though he thought not on it,
As he were ſenſeleſſe that it ſhould forgoe him;
And then he caſts a ſcornefull Eye vpon it,
As he would leaue it, yet would haue it woo him:
Then ſnatching at it, loth to haue forgone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not ſo,
He faine would keepe, what faine he would forgoe.

14.

In this confuſed Conflict in his Mind,
Teares drowning ſighes, and ſighes repelling Teares:
But when in neyther, that he eaſe could find,
And to his Wrong no Remedie appeares,
Perceiuing none to Pittie there inclin'd,
Beſides, the time to him prefixed, weares;
As then his Sorrow ſomewhat 'gan to ſlake,
From his full Boſome, thus he them beſpake:

King Edwards Speech at the Reſignation of his Crowne, and Gouernment: in the nine Stanza's following.

15.

If firſt my Title ſtedfaſtly were planted
Vpon a true indubitate Succeſſion,
Confirm'd by Nations, as by Nature granted,
Which lawfully deliuer'd me Poſſeſſion;
You muſt thinke Heauen ſufficiencie hath wanted,
And ſo denie it Power; by your oppreſſion,
That into queſtion dare thus boldly bring
The awfull Right of an anoynted King.

16.

That hallowed Vnction, by a ſacred Hand,
Which once was powr'd vpon this crowned Head,
And of this Kingdome gaue me the Command,
When it, about me, the rich Verdure ſpred,
Either my Right in greater ſtead ſhould ſtand,
Or wherefore then was it ſo vainely ſhed?
Whoſe prophanation, and vnreu'rend touch,
Iuſt Heauen hath often puniſh'd, alwayes much.

17.

As from the Sunne, when from our Sou'raigne due,
Whoſe vertuall influence, as the Sourſe of Right,
Lends ſafetie of your liuelyhood to you,
As from our Fulneſſe taking borrow'd Light;
Which to the Subiect being euer true,
Why thus oppugne you, by prepoſt'rous Might?
But what Heauen lent me, wiſely to haue vſed,
It giues to him, that vainely I abuſed.

Then

18.

Then here I doe reſigne it to your King;
Pawſing thereat, as though his Tongue offended,
With griping Throwes ſeem'd forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full Point, as he there had ended.
O, how that ſound his grieued Heart did wring!
Which he recalling, gladly would haue mended.
" Things of ſmall Moment we can ſcarcely hold,
" But Griefes that touch the Heart, are hardly told.

19.

Which ſayd, his Eyes ſeem'd to diſſolue to Teares,
After ſome great Storme, like a ſhow'r of Rayne,
As his Tongue ſtroue to keepe it from his Eares,
Or he had ſpoke it with exceeding payne;
O, in his Lips how vile that word appeares,
Wiſhing it were within his Breſt againe!
Yet ſayth he, Say ſo to the Man you beare it,
And thus ſay to him, that you meane ſhall weare it.

20.

" Let him account his Bondage from that day,
" That he is with a Diadem inueſted;
" (A glitt'ring Crowne hath made this Hayre ſo gray)
" Within whoſe Circle he is but arreſted,
" To true Content, this is no certaine way,
" With ſweeter Cates the meane eſtate is feaſted;
" For when his proud Feet ſcorne to touch the Mold,
" His Head's a Priſoner in a Gaole of Gold.

21.

" In numbring Subiects, he but numbers Care;
" And when with Shouts the People doe begin,
" Let him ſuppoſe, th'Applauſe but Prayers are,
" That he may ſcape the Danger he is in,
" Wherein t'aduenture, he ſo boldly dare;
" The Multitude hath multitudes of Sinne,
" And he that firſt doth cry, God ſaue the King,
" Is the firſt Man him euill Newes doth bring.

22.

" Loſt in his owne, miſ-led in others Wayes,
" Sooth'd with Deceits, and fed with Flatteries,
" Himſelfe diſpleaſing, wicked Men to pleaſe,
" Obey'd no more then he ſhall tyrannize,
" The leaſt in ſafetie, being moſt at eaſe,
" With one Friend winning many Enemies;
" And when he ſitteth in his greateſt State,
" They that behold him moſt, beare him moſt hate.

23.

A King was he but now, that now is none,
Diſarm'd of Power, and here deiected is;
By whoſe depoſing, he enioyes a Throne,
Who were he naturall, ſhould not haue done this:
I muſt confeſſe, th'Inheritance his owne;
But whilſt I liue, it ſhould be none of his:
But the Sonne climbes, and thruſts the Father downe,
And thus the Crowned, goes without a Crowne.

24.

Thus hauing play'd his hard conſtrayned Part,
His Speech, his Reigne, the Day, together ended,
His Breſt ſhot through with Sorrowes deadlyeſt Dart,
Car'd for of none, not look'd on, vnattended,
Sadly returning, with a heauie Heart,
To his ſtrait Lodging ſtrictly recommended,
Left to bemoane his miſerable plight,
To the deafe Walls, and to the darkeſome Night.

25.

Whilſt Things were thus diſaſt'rouſly decreed,
Seditious Libels eu'ry day were ſpred,
(By ſuch as lik'd not of the violent Deed)
That he by force ſhould be deliuered:
Whether his Wrong, Remorſe in ſome did breed,
That him (alas) vntimely pitied;
Who knew: or, whether but deuis'd by ſome,
To cloake his Murther, afterward to come.

26.

The Earle of Leiceſter *neere to the King in Bloud.*

And Hate at hand, which heark'ning ſtill did lurke,
And ſtill ſuſpitious, EDWARD was not ſure,
Fearing, that Bloud with LEICESTER might worke,
Or, that him Friends his Name might yet procure,
Which the Queenes Faction mightily did irke;
At *Kenelworth*, that no way could endure
His longer ſtay; but caſt to haue him layd,
Where his Friends leaſt might hope to lend him Ayd.

27.

A Caſtle in Glocesterſhire, *vpon the Banke of* Seuerne; *the ancient Houſe of the Baron of that Name.*

Of which, when as they had debated long,
Of *Berckley* Caſtle they themſelues bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous ſtrong,
And yet farre ſtronger eas'ly might be wrought;
Beſides, it ſtood their chiefeſt Friends among,
And where he was vnlikelyeſt to be ſought;
And for their Men, to worke what they deſyr'd,
They knew where Villaines were, that might be hyr'd.

28.

For though the Great, to couer their Intent,
Seeme not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a Diuelliſh Inſtrument,
Which they haue readie euer at their will;
Such Men theſe had, to Miſchiefe wholly bent,
In Villanie, notorious for their skill,
Diſhoneſt, deſp'rate, mercileſſe, and rude,
That dar'd into Damnation to intrude.

Great Diuels haue the leſſe at command.

29.

Vile GVRNEY and MATRAVERS were the Men,
Of this blacke Scene, the Actors choſe to be,
Whoſe hatefull Deed pollutes my Maiden Pen:
But, I beſeech you, be not grieu'd with me,
Which haue theſe Names now (that were famous then)
Some Boughes grow crooked from the ſtraighteſt Tree;
Yee are no way partakers of their Shame,
The Fault is in their Fact, not in their Name.

No Name ſo Noble, but there is a Villaine of the ſame.

30.

To *Kenelworth* they ſpeedily diſpatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could deſire,
At ſuch a time, as few their comming watch'd,
When of their Buſ'neſſe none was to enquire:
Well were the Men and their Commiſſion match'd;
For they had their Authoritie entire,
To take the King, his Guardian to acquit,
And to beſtow him where they thought it fit.

31.

This Crue of Ribalds, villanous and nought,
With their Co-agents in this damned thing,
To Noble LESTER their Commiſſion brought,
Commanding the deliu'rie of the King,
Which (with much griefe) they laſtly from him wrought;
About the Caſtle cloſely houering,
Watching a time, till Silence, and the Night,
Could with conuenience priuiledge their Flight.

The Earle of Leiceſter *much grieued, to leaue his King and Kinſman to the mercie of his Enemies.*

32.

With ſhamefull Scoffes, and barbarous Diſgrace,
Him on a leane ill-fauor'd Iade they ſet,
In a vile Garment, beggerly, and baſe,
Which, it ſhould ſeeme, they purpoſely did get;
So carrying him in a moſt wretched caſe,
Benum'd, and beaten with the Cold and Wet,
Depriu'd of all Repoſe, and naturall Reſt,
With Thirſt and Hunger grieuouſly oppreſt.

The vnmercifull and moſt baſe vſage of the King, by theſe Villains, in his way from Kenelworth *to* Berckley.

Yet

33.

Yet ſtill ſuſpitious that he ſhould be knowne,
From Beard and Head they ſhau'd away the Hayre,
Which was the laſt that he could call his owne:
Neuer left Fortune any Wight ſo bare,
Such Tyrannie on King was neuer ſhowne,
And till that time, with Mortals had beene rare;
His Comfort then did vtterly deceiue him,
But to his Death, his Sorrowes did not leaue him.

34.

For when they had him farre from all reſort,
They tooke him downe from his poore wearie Beaſt,
And on a Mole-hill (for a State in Court)
With Puddle Water him they lewdly dreſt,
Then with his wofull Miſeries made Sport;
And for his Baſon, fitting with the reſt,
A ruſtie Iron Skull: O wretched ſight!
Was euer Man ſo miſerably dight?

35.

His Teares increas'd the Water, with their fall,
Like a Poole, riſing with a ſudden Rayne,
Which wreſtled with the Puddle, and withall,
A troubled Circle made it to retayne;
His endleſſe Griefe which to his Mind did call,
His Sighes made Billowes like a little Maine;
Water and Teares contending, whether ſhould
The Maſt'rie haue, the hot ones, or the cold.

36.

Vile Traytors, hold off your vnhallowed Hands,
His Brow, vpon it, Maieſtie ſtill beares;
Dare yee thus keepe your Sou'raigne Lord in Bands?
And can your Eyes behold th'Anoynted's Teares?
Or if your Sight all Pittie thus withſtands,
Are not your Hearts yet pierced through your Eares?
" The Mind is free, what ere afflict the Man,
" A King's a King, doe Fortune what ſhe can.

37.

" Dare Man take that which God himſelfe hath giuen?
" Or Mortall ſpill the Spirit by him infus'd,
" Whoſe pow'r is ſubiect to the Pow'r of Heauen?
" Wrongs paſſe not vnreueng'd, although excus'd.
The Engliſh Prouerbe. Except that thou ſet all at ſix and ſeuen,
Riſe Maieſtie, when thou art thus abus'd;
Or for thy Refuge, which way wilt thou take,
When in this ſort thou do'ſt thy ſelfe forſake?

When

38.

When in Deſpight, and Mock'rie of a Crowne,
A Wreath of Graſſe they for his Temples make:
Which when he felt, then comming from a ſwowne,
And that his Spirits a little gan to wake;
Fortune (quoth he) thou do'ſt not alwayes frowne,
I ſee thou giu'ſt, as well as thou do'ſt take,
That wanting naturall couert for my Braine,
For that defect, thou lend'ſt me this againe.

39.

To whom, iuſt Heauen, ſhould I my Griefe complayne,
Since it is onely Thou, that worke'ſt all?
How can this Bodie naturall ſtrength retayne,
To ſuffer things ſo much vnnaturall?
My Cogitations labour but in vaine,
'Tis from thy Iuſtice that I haue my Fall,
That when ſo many Miſeries doe meet,
The change of Sorrow makes my Torment ſweet.

40.

Thus they to *Berckley* brought the wretched King,
Which, for their purpoſe, was the Place fore-thought.
Yee Heauenly Pow'rs, doe yee behold this thing,
And let this Deed of Horror to be wrought,
That might the Nation into queſtion bring!
But O, your Wayes with Iuſtice ſtill are fraught!
But he is hap'd into his Earthly Hell,
From whence he bad the wicked World farwell.

41.

A deſcription of the Kings Lodging, in Berckley Caſtle.

They lodg'd him in a melancholy Roome,
Where, through ſtrait Windows, the dull Light came farre,
(In which, the Sunne did at no Seaſon come)
Which ſtrength'ned were with many an Iron Barre,
Like to a Vault vnder ſome mightie Tombe,
Where Night and Day wag'd a continuall Warre;
Vnder whoſe Floore, the common Sewer paſt
Vp to the ſame, a loathſome ſtench that caſt.

42.

Signes of euill Luck, and obſerued to foretell Death.

The ominous Rauen often he doth heare,
Whoſe croking, him of following Horror tells,
Begetting ſtrange imaginarie Feare,
With heauie Ecchoes, like to paſſing Bells;
The howling Dogge a dolefull Part doth beare,
As though they chym'd his laſt ſad burying Knells;
Vnder his Eaue, the buzzing Shreech-Owle ſings,
Beating the Windowes with her fatall Wings.

By

His fearefull and moſt ominous Dreames, with the terrors of the Night: in this and the following Stanza.

43.

By Night affrighted, in his fearefull Dreames,
Of raging Fiends and Goblins that he meets,
Of falling downe from ſteepe Rocks into Streames,
Of Deaths, of Buryals, and of Wynding Sheets,
Of Wand'ring Helpeleſſe, in farre forraine Realmes,
Of ſtrong Temptations by ſeducing Sprights;
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow Voyce doth make himſelfe afraid.

44.

Then came the Viſion of his bloudie Raigne,
Marching along with LANCASTERS ſterne Ghoſt,
Twentie eight Barons, either hang'd, or ſlaine,
Attended with the rufull mangled Hoaſt,
That vnreueng'd did all that while remayne,
At *Burton* Bridge, and fatall *Borough* loſt;
Threat'ning with Frownes, and quaking eu'ry Lim,
As though that piece-meale they would torture him.

45.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled Skyes,
The leaſt ſmall Starre through any Chinke gaue light,
Straightwayes on heapes the thronging Clouds did riſe,
As though that Heauen were angry with the Night,
That it ſhould lend that comfort to his Eyes;
Deformed Shaddowes glimpſing in his ſight,
As Darkeneſſe, that it might more vgly bee,
Through the leaſt Cranny would not let him ſee.

46.

When all th'affliction that they could impoſe
Vpon him, to the vtmoſt of their Hate,
Aboue his Torments, yet his ſtrength ſo roſe,
As though that Nature had conſpir'd with Fate;
When as his watchfull and too warie Foes,
That ceas'd not ſtill his Woes to aggrauate,
His further Helpes ſuſpected, to preuent,
To take away his Life, to *Berckley* ſent.

Edwardum occidere nolite: timere bonum eſt.
Edwardum occidere, nolite timere: bonum eſt.

47.

And to that end a Letter faſhioning,
Which in the words a double ſenſe did beare;
Which ſeem'd to bid them, not to kill the King,
Shewing withall, how vile a thing it were;
But by the Pointing, was another thing,
And to diſpatch him, bids them not to feare;
Which taught to find, the Murth'rers need no more,
Being thereto, too readie long before.

When

48.

When EDWARD hap'd a Chronicle to find,
Of those nine Kings, which did him here precede,
Which some, there lodg'd, forgotten had behind,
On which to passe the Howrs, he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his Mind;
But in his Brest, That did sore Conflicts breed:
" For when true Sorrow once the Fansie seizeth,
" What ere we see, our Miserie increaseth.

49.

And to that *Norman*, entring on this Ile,
Cal'd WILLIAM CONQVEROR, first his time he plyes,
The Fields of HASTINGS how he did defile
With *Saxon* Bloud, and HAROLD did surprize,
And those, which he so could not reconcile,
How ouer them he long did tyrannize;
Where he read, how the Strong o'ercame the Strong,
As God oft-times makes Wrong to punish Wrong.

As Harold, *the sonne of Earle* Godwyn, *had vsurped the Crowne from young* Edgar, *called the Sonne of the Out-law; so Duke* William *tooke it from him by Conquest, hauing as little Right to it as he.*

50.

How ROBERT then, his eldest Sonne, abroad,
RVFVS, his second, seiz'd on his Estate,
His Fathers steps apparantly that trode,
Depressing those who had beene conquer'd late:
But as on them he layd a heauie Load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartiall Fate;
For whilst Mens Roomes for Beasts he did intend,
He in that Forrest had a beastly end.

Duke Robert, *the eldest sonne of the Conqueror, was at his fathers death with* Godfrey *of* Bulloyne, *in the Holy Warres.*

New Forrest in Hampshire; *in which he was slaine, with an Arrow out of a Crosse-bow, by Sir* Walter Tirrell.

51.

HENRY, his youngest, his Brother WILLIAM dead,
Taketh the Crowne from his vsurping Hand,
Due to the eldest, good Duke ROBERT's Head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land;
Whose Power was there so much diminished,
That he his Foe not able to withstand,
Was ta'en in Battell, and his Eyes out-done;
For which, the * Seas left HENRY not a Sonne.

Henry, *for his learning named* Beau-clerke, *the fourth and youngest sonne of the Conqueror.*

* *King* Henries *sonnes drowned, as they were comming by Sea out of* France *into* England, *to keepe the Feast of* Christmas *with their Father.*

52.

To * MAVD the Empresse he the Scepter leaues,
His onely Daughter, whom (through false Pretext)
STEPHEN *, Earle of *Bulloyn*, from the Kingdome heaues:
The Conquerors Nephew, in Succession next,
By which, the Land a stranger Warre receiues,
Wherewith it long was miserably vext;
Till STEPHEN fayling, and his Issue gone,
The Heire of MAVD steps vp into the Throne.

* Maud, *Daughter to* Henry *the first, was first married to* Henry *the Emperour.*

* Stephen, *the sonne of* Stephen, *Earle of* Blois, *by* Constance, William Conquerors *Sister.*

53.

HENRY the ſecond, MAVD the Empreſſe Sonne,
Of th'*Engliſh* Kings, PLANTAGINET the firſt,
By STEPHENS end, a glorious Reigne begun;
But yet his Greatneſſe ſtrangely was accurſt,
By his Sonne HENRIES Coronation:
Which to his Age much Woe and Sorrow nurſt;
When His, whom he had labor'd to make Great,
Abroad his Townes, at home vſurp'd his Seat.

Henry, *the ſonne of* Maud *the Empreſſe, by her ſecond Husband* Geffrey Plantaginet, *Earle of* Anion.

The Sonne being crowned by his Father in his life, ſought after to depoſe his kind Parent.

54.

RICHARD, his Sonne, him worthily ſucceeds;
Who not content with what was ſafely Ours,
(A Man, whoſe Mind ſought after glorious Deeds)
Into the Eaſt tranſports the *Engliſh* Powers;
Where, with his Sword whilſt many a Pagan bleeds,
Relentleſſe Fate doth haſte on his laſt Houres,
By one, whoſe Syre he iuſtly there had ſlaine,
With a ſharpe Arrow ſhot into the Braine.

Richard, *ſurnamed* Cœur de Lyon.

In the Warres againſt the Saracens.

Slaine by Peter Bazeel.

55.

Next followed him his faithleſſe Brother IOHN,
By ARTHVRS Murther (compaſſ'd by his Might)
His Brother GEFFREY, th'Earle of *Britaines* Sonne;
But he by Poyſon was repay'd his Spight:
For whilſt he ſtroue to haue made all his owne,
(For what he got by Wrong, he held his Right)
And on the Clergie tyrannouſly fed,
Was by a Monke of *Swinſted* poyſoned.

Oft rebelling againſt his Brother Richard, *who much loued him.*

Arthur, *the ſonne of* Geffrey, *the ſecond ſonne of* Henry *the ſecond, who in the right of* Conſtance, *Daughter and Heire of* Conan, *Earle of* Little Britaine *in* France, *was Earle of the ſame.*

Crowned at 9. yeres old.

The Barons ſent in for Lewes, *the ſonne of* Philip, *King of France, thinking to haue made him King.*

56.

HENRY his Sonne; then crowned very young,
For hate the *Engliſh* to the Father bare,
The Sonne's here raigning was in queſtion long,
Who thought, on *France* t'haue caſt the Kingdomes care:
With whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the old * Charter in Commotion were;
Which his * long Raigne did with much Care moleſt,
Yet with much Peace went laſtly to his Reſt.

* *About the Statutes made at* Oxford.

* *He reigned 56. yeres, and a moneth.*

57.

Of him deſcends a Prince, ſtout, iuſt, and ſage,
(In all things happie, but in him, his Sonne)
In whom, wiſe Nature did herſelfe ingage,
More then in Man, in EDWARD to haue done;
Whoſe happie Raigne recur'd the former Rage,
By the large Bounds he to his Empire wonne:
O God (quoth he) had he my Patterne bin,
Heau'n had not powr'd theſe Plagues vpon my ſinne.

Edward *the firſt, named* Long-ſhankes, *a moſt fortunate and victorious Prince.*

The Happineſſe of his Reigne, recouered the loſſe of the Warres that the Barons held againſt his father. He conquered Wales, *& made* Scotland *do him Homage.*

Tur-

58.

Turning the Leafe, he found as vnawares,
What day young EDWARD, Prince of *Wales*, was borne;
Which Letters look'd, like coniuring Characters,
Or to deſpight him, they were ſet in ſcorne,
Blotting the Paper like diſfiguring skarres:
O, let that Name (quoth he) from Bookes be torne,
Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed Earth
Doe loath it ſelfe, as ſlandered with my Birth.

Edward *the ſecond was the firſt Prince of* Wales, *called of* Carnaruon, *the place of his Birth.*

59.

Be thence hereafter Humane Birth exil'd,
Sunke to a Lake, or ſwallow'd by the Sea;
And future Ages asking for that Child,
Say 'twas abortiue, or 'twas ſtolne away:
And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy vn-numbred Houres deuoure that Day;
Let all be done, that Pow'r can bring to paſſe,
To make forgot, that ſuch a one there was.

60.

The troubled Teares then ſtanding in his Eyes,
Through which, he did vpon the Letters looke,
Made them to ſeeme like Roundlets, that ariſe
By a Stone caſt into a ſtanding Brooke,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions tooke,
As like deluding Goblins did affright,
And with their foule ſhapes terrifie his ſight.

61.

And on his Death-bed ſits him downe at laſt,
His fainting Spirits fore-ſhewing Danger nie,
When the Doores forth a fearefull howling caſt,
To let thoſe in, by whom he was to die:
At whoſe approach, whilſt there he lay agaſt,
Thoſe ruthleſſe Villaines did vpon him flie;
Who ſeeing none, to whom to call for ayd,
Thus to theſe cruell Regicydes he ſayd:

62.

O be not Authors of ſo vile an Act,
My Bloud on your Poſteritie to bring,
Which after-Time with Horror ſhall diſtract,
When Fame ſhall tell it, how you kil'd a King;
And yet more, by the manner of the Fact,
Mortalitie ſo much aſtoniſhing,
That they ſhall count their Wickedneſſe ſcarſe ſinne,
Compar'd to that, which done by you hath bin.

The ſpeech of the King to his Torturers, at the inſtant of his Death.

63.

And ſince you deadly hate me, let me liue;
Yee thus aduantage angry Heauen hath left,
Which, except Life, hath ta'en what it did giue,
But that Reuenge ſhould not from you be reft,
Me yet with greater Miſerie to grieue,
Hath ſtill reſeru'd this from its former Theft;
That this, which might of all theſe Plagues preuent me,
Were I depriu'd it, laſteth to torment me.

64.

The miſerable and moſt fearfull end of Edward *the ſecond, in this and the next Stanza following.*

Thus ſpake this wofull and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his Breath found Paſſage to and fro,
With many a ſhort Pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore Groane, many a grieuous Throw,
Whilſt him his Spirit could any ſtrength afford
To his laſt gaſpe, to moue them with his Woe;
Till ouer-maſt'red by their too much ſtrength,
His ſickly Heart ſubmitted at the length.

65.

When 'twixt two Beds they clos'd his wearied Coarſe,
Baſely vncouering his moſt ſecret Part,
And without Humane Pittie, or Remorſe,
With a hot Spit they thruſt him to the Heart.
O that my Pen had in it but that force,
T'expreſſe the Paine! but that ſurpaſſeth Art;
And that, the Soule muſt euen with trembling doe,
For words want weight, nor can they reach thereto.

66.

When thoſe (i'th' depth and dead time of the Night)
Poore ſimple People, that then dwelled neare,
Whom that ſtrange Noyſe did wond'rouſly affright,
That his laſt Shreeke did in his parting heare,
As pittying that moſt miſerable Wight,
(Betwixt Compaſſion and obedient Feare)
Turn'd vp their Eyes, with Heauineſſe oppreſt,
Praying to Heauen, to giue the Soule good Reſt.

67.

A Commination of the Place of the Kings Murther, to the end of the Canto.

Berckley, whoſe faire Seat hath bin famous long,
Let thy ſad Ecchoes ſhreeke a deadly ſound,
To the vaſt Ayre complayne his grieuous Wrong,
And keepe the Bloud that iſſued from his Wound,
The Teares that drop'd from his dead Eyes among,
In their blacke foot-ſteps printed on the ground,
Thereby that all the Ages that ſucceed,
May call to mind the foulneſſe of their Deed.

Let

68.

Let thy large Buildings ſtill retayne his Grones,
His ſad Complaints by learning to repeat,
And let the dull Walls, and the ſenſeleſſe Stones,
By the impreſſion of his Torment ſweat,
And for not able to expreſſe his Mones,
Therefore with Paine and Agonie repleat,
That all may thither come, that ſhall be told it,
As in a Mirror clearely to behold it.

69.

And let the *Genius* of that wofull Place
Become the Guide to his more frightfull Ghoſt,
With Hayre diſheuel'd, and a gaſtly Face,
And haunt the Priſon where his Life was loſt,
And as the Den of Horror, and Diſgrace,
Let it be fearefull ouer all the Coaſt;
That thoſe hereafter, that doe trauell neare,
Neuer may view it, but with heauie cheare.

The end of the fifth Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The sixt CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

Lord MORTIMER, *made Earle of* March; *how he*
And the bright Queene rule all things by their Might;
The State wherein at Nottingham *they be,*
The Coſt wherewith their pompous Court is dight,
Enuy'd by thoſe, their hatefull Pride that ſee:
The King attempts the dreadfull Caue by Night;
Entring the Caſtle, taketh him from thence,
And MARCH *at* London *dyes for his Offence.*

1.

NOw, whilſt of ſundry Accidents we ſing,
Some, of much Sadneſſe, others, of Delight,
In our Conceit, ſtrange Obiects faſhioning;
We our free Numbers tenderly inuite,
Somewhat to ſlacke this Melancholy String;
For we too ſoone of Death come to endite,
When things of Moment, in the courſe we hold,
Fall in their order fitly to be told.

2.

Whilſt they, the Houres doe carefully redeeme,
Their fraudfull Courſes finely to contriue,
How foule ſoe'r, to make them fayre to ſeeme,
For which, they all did diligently ſtriue,
To tempt Men ſtill, ſo of them to eſteeme,
That all might wiſh their Purpoſes to thriue;
For it was Cunning, mixed with their Might,
That had, and ſtill muſt, make their Wrong ſeeme Right.

The

3.

The Pompous Synod of thoſe Earthly Gods,
Was then aſſign'd to *Saliſburie*, to bring
Things to be euen, that had been at ods,
To the faire entrance of the new-crown'd King,
And thereby ſo to ſettle their Abodes,
That Peace from their firſt Parlament might ſpring;
Wiſely to end what well they had begun,
For many thought, that ſtrange things had been done.

A Parlament at Saliſburie.

4.

Whilſt MORTIMER (ſo Lord of his deſire,
That none preuayl'd, his Purpoſe to defeat)
His ſtile of Baron, heau'd an Earledome higher,
T'extend the Honour of his auncient Seat,
That his Command might be the more entire;
Who only then, but th'Earle of *March*, was great?
Who knew, the Land into her Lap was throwne,
Which hauing all, would neuer ſtarue her owne.

Mortimer, *created Earle of* March, *firſt of the Family, which had that Title.*

5.

And firme they ſtood, as thoſe two ſtedfaſt Poles,
'Twixt which, this *All* doth on the Axtree moue,
Whoſe Strength the Frame of Gouernment vpholds,
Which to thoſe Times, their Wiſdomes did approue:
Strong muſt that Fate be, which their Will controules,
Or had the Power, them from their Seats to ſhoue;
For well they found, that that which they could feele,
Muſt of force make the Realme it ſelfe to reele.

The whole Frame of Heauen, moving betwixt the two Pole-Starres, North and South.

6.

When EDWARDS Nonage, that of Peace had need,
The *Scot* incourag'd to renew the Warre,
Of which, it much behoou'd them to take heed,
Matters ſo ſtrangely manag'd as they were,
Which ſhould they ſuffer (by neglect) to breed,
Nothing they yet had made, but it might marre,
Which for their good (reſeruing their Eſtate)
They proue to purchaſe at the deareſt rate.

7.

Nor leſſe then RAGMAN the rough *Scot* ſuffic'd,
Of all our Writings, of the moſt renowne,
By which, the Kings of *Scotland* had diſmis'd,
Their yeerely Homage to the *Engliſh* Crowne,
With other Reliques (that were highly priz'd)
But that which made the patient'ſt Men to frowne,
Was the *Blacke Croſſe* of *Scotland*, ominous deem'd,
Before all other, anciently eſteem'd.

Of ſome called, the Ragman Role.

The Inſtrument, by which the Fealtie was acknowledged.

A Iewell of great price, anciently belonging to the Crowne of Scotland.

To

8.

Ioan, the third Child of Edward the ſecond, by Queene Iſabel, married to Prince Dauid, Heire Apparant to Robert Bruce, King of Scots.

To colour which, and to confirme the Peace,
They made a Marriage betweene them and vs,
And for a ſtrong Pretext to that Releaſe,
Which to the wiſeſt ſeem'd moſt dangerous;
Whilſt ROBERT reign'd, and after his deceaſe,
That it might laſt, it was concluded thus,
DAVID their Prince, our Princeſſe IOAN ſhould take,
Betwixt the Realmes a laſting League to make.

9.

Edmund, Earle of Kent, Brother to the depoſed King, mentioned in the former Canto's.

When th'Earle of *Kent*, that had been long of thoſe,
Which in their Actions had a pow'rfull Hand,
Perceiuing them of Matters to diſpoſe,
Tending to the ſubuerſion of the Land,
And further Danger dayly did diſcloſe,
If that the Kingdome they ſhould ſtill command;
Whilſt he their Fall did cunningly fore-caſt,
Did but his owne too violently haſte.

10.

The Earle of Kent put to death.

For giuing out, his Brother to ſuruiue,
(Of all Men called the deceaſed King)
Into the Peoples Heads ſuch Doubts did driue,
As into queſtion EDWARDS Right did bring.
Ill this Report was rays'd, and worſe did thriue,
Being ſo foule and dangerous a thing;
That as a Mouer of inteſtine Strife,
He for the Treaſon forfeited his Life.

11.

Whilſt EDWARD takes but what they onely giue,
Whoſe Nonage crau'd their carefulleſt Protection,
Who knew to rule, and he but learn'd to liue,
From their Experience taking his Direction:
Hard was the thing, that they could not contriue,
When he that reign'd, was crown'd by their Election;
And that the Right which did to him belong,
And muſt vphold him, chiefely made them ſtrong.

12.

Falſe dealing had need of faire colours.

Prouiding for the Councell of the King
Thoſe of moſt Power, the Nobleſt of the Peeres,
Experienc'd well, complete in eu'ry thing,
Whoſe Iudgements had been rip'ned with their Yeeres;
With Comelineſſe their Actions managing:
Yet whilſt they rowe, 'tis MORTIMER that ſteeres;
"Well might we thinke, the Man were more then blind,
"That wanted Sea-roomth, and could rule the Wind.

Keeping

13.

Keeping their Course, that it still clearely shone,
By the most curious Cunning to be scan'd,
And made that which was EDWARDS then, their owne,
Being receiued from his Sou'raigne Hand,
Into their Bosomes absolutely throwne;
Both for his good, and safetie of his Land,
All their Proceedings coloured with that care,
To the Worlds Eye so faire an Out-side bare.

14.

And they which could the Complements of State,
To Greatnesse gaue each Ceremonious Rite,
To their Designes to giue the longer date,
The like againe in others to excite;
In entertaining Loue, they welcom'd Hate,
And to one Banquet freely both inuite;
" A Princes Wealth, by spending still doth spred,
" Like to a Brooke, by many Fountaines fed.

15.

To *Nottingham*, the North's Imperious Eye,
Which as a * *Pharus* doth suruey the Soyle,
Armed by Nature, Danger to defie;
MARCH to repose him, after all his Toyle,
(Where Treason least Aduantage might espie)
Closely conuey'd his past-price valued Spoyle;
That there residing from the publique sight,
He might with pleasure rellish his Delight.

16.

Nine-score in Check belonging to their Court,
By honor'd Knight-hood knit in mutuall Bands,
Men most select, of speciall worth and sort;
Much might they doe, that had so many Hands:
MARCH and the Queene maintaine one equall Port
In that proud Castle, which so farre commands;
From whence they seem'd, as they like those would rise,
Who once threw Rocks at the Imperiall Skies.

17.

As Fortune meant, her Power on MARCH to show,
And in her Armes to beare him through the Skye,
By him to daunt whos'euer sat below,
Hauing aboue them mounted him so hye:
Who, at his beck was he that did not bow,
If at his feet he did not humbly lye?
" All things concurre with more then happy Chance,
" To rayse the Man, whom Fortune will aduance.

* *Being vpon the North side of* Trent; *and for the ample Prospect it hath to the South, not vnproperly called, The Eye of the North.*

* *The* Pharus *is a Tower, placed vpon some Promontorie, or loftie Ground, with light in the top, to direct Men at Sea; to which, hee likeneth* Nottingham, *for the finely situation.*

The great Retinue of the Queene and Mortimer.

18.

A Poeticall description of Trent, *as it runneth thorow the Medowes, vnder* Nottingham.

Here all along, the Flower-beſilled Vales,
On her cleere Sands the Siluer *Trent* doth ſlide,
And to the Medowes telling wanton Tales,
Her Cryſtall Limbes laſciuiouſly, in pride,
(As rauiſhed with the inamor'd Gales)
With often Turnings caſts from ſide to ſide;
As ſhe were loth the faire ſight to forſake,
And runne her ſelfe into the *German* Lake.

Running into Humber, *and ſo into the* German *Ocean.*

19.

Nottingham *ſeated vpon a high Rocke, betweene the goodly Forreſt of* Sherwood *and the* Trent.

And North from thence, rude *Sherwood* as ſhe rouſes,
Caſts many a long Looke at theſe loftie Tow'rs,
And with the thickneſſe of her well-growne Groues,
Shelters the Towne from ſtormie Winters Show'rs,
In pleaſant Summer, and to ſhew her loues,
Bids it againe to ſee her ſhadie Bow'rs;
Courting the Caſtle, which as turning to her,
Smiles to behold th'inamor'd Wood-Nymph woo her.

20.

MARCH and the Queene ſo planted in that place,
Thither, in Perſon, Princely EDWARD drawes,
Who ſeem'd, their Friendſhips friendly to imbrace,
And vpon eu'ry little offred cauſe,
Readie to doe them ceremonious Grace;
Whom they obſerue (of Court that knew the Lawes:)
Whilſt in the Towne King EDWARD tooke his Seat,
The Queenes great confluence made the Caſtle ſweat.

The exceſſiue pride of the Queene, and her Fauourite Mortimer.

21.

Where, when they pleas'd in Councell to debate,
Or they the King at any Pleaſure met,
They came with ſuch Magnificence of State,
As did all Eyes vpon their Greatneſſe ſet,
Prizing their Preſence at that coſtly rate,
As to the fame due Reu'rence might beget;
Which, in moſt People Admiration wrought,
And much amazed many a wand'ring Thought.

22.

O, could Ambition apprehend a Stay,
The giddie Courſe it wand'reth in, to guide!
And giue it Safetie in that ſlipp'rie Way,
Where the moſt worldly prouident doe ſlide;
It not ſo ſoone ſhould ſee it owne Decay:
But it ſo much beſotted is with Pride,
That it ne'r thinketh of that Pit at all,
Wherein, through Boldneſſe, it doth blindly fall.

But

23.

But neuer doth it ſurfet with Exceſſe,
Each Diſh ſo ſauorie, ſeaſon'd with Delight,
Nor nothing can the Gluttonie ſuppreſſe,
But ſtill it longs, ſo liquoriſh is the ſight,
Nor hauing all, is in deſire the leſſe,
Till it ſo much be tempted, paſt the Might,
That the full ſtomacke more then well ſuffic'd,
Vomits, what late it vilely gourmandiz'd.

The true nature of Ambition.

24.

Like to ſome low Brooke, from a loftier ground,
By waſte of Waters that is ouer-flow'd,
Is fated, till it ſhouldreth downe the Mound,
And the old courſe quite of it ſelfe vnload,
That where it was, it after is not found,
But from the ſtrait Bankes layes it ſelfe abroad,
Leading the Fountaine that doth feed it, by,
So leaues the Channell deſolate and drie.

A Simile of the end of Ambition.

25.

When as thoſe few, that many Teares had ſpent,
By gazing long on murth'red EDWARDS Graue,
Mutt'red in corners, grieu'd, and diſcontent;
And finding thoſe, them willing Eare that gaue,
Still, as they durſt, diſcouered what they meant,
Tending their Pride and Greatneſſe to depraue;
Vrging withall, what ſome might iuſtly doe,
If things ſo borne, were rightly look'd into.

26.

And ſome gaue out, that MORTIMER, to riſe,
Had cut off KENT, that next was to ſucceed,
Whoſe Treaſons they auow'd, MARCH to ſurmiſe,
As a meere Colour to that lawleſſe deed;
Which his Ambition onely did deuiſe,
Quite out the Royall Family to weed,
And made account, if EDWARD once were gone,
He, o'r the reſt, might ſtep into the Throne.

27.

As thoſe his Fauorers, in thoſe former Times,
Then credulous, that Honour was his end,
And for the hate they bare to others Crimes,
Did not his Faults ſo carefully attend;
Perceiuing he ſo diſſolutely clymes,
Hauing then brought his purpoſe to an end,
With a ſeuere Eye did more ſtrictly looke
Into the courſe which his Ambition tooke.

His greateſt Fauourers wearie of his ambitious Courſes.

28.

A Simile of Mortimers *ouer-greatneſſe.*

All fence the Tree, that ſerueth for a ſhade,
Whoſe big-growne Bodie doth beare off the Wind,
Till that his waſtfull Branches doe inuade
The new-ſprung Plants, and them in Priſon bind;
When as a Tyrant to his weaker made,
And as a vile deuourer of his kind,
All lend their Hands, at his large Root to hew,
Whoſe Greatneſſe hind'reth others that would grow.

29.

So, at his eaſe ſecurely whilſt he ſate,
And as he would, ſo all things ſettled were,
Vnder the guidance of a gracious Fate,
Neuer more free from Iealouſie and Feare;
So great his Mind, ſo mightie his Eſtate,
As they admit not Danger to be neere;
But ſtill we ſee, before a ſudden Showre,
The Sunne vpon vs hath the greateſt power.

30.

A deſcription of Mortimers *Chamber, and the ſtate thereof: in foureteene Stanza's.*

Within the Caſtle had the Queene deuis'd,
(Long about which, ſhe buſied had her Thought)
A Chamber, wherein ſhe imparadiz'd
What ſhapes for her could any where be ſought;
Which in the ſame were curiouſly compriz'd,
By skilfull Painters excellently wrought:
And in the place of greateſt Safetie there,
Which ſhe had nam'd the Tower of MORTIMER.

Mortimers *Tower.*

31.

Little Pillars, as we ſee in many Buildings of State, which be about greater.

A Roome prepar'd with Pilaſters, ſhe choſe,
That to the Rooſe their ſlender Poynts did reare,
Arching the Top, whereas they all did cloſe,
Which from below ſhew'd like an Hemiſphere;
In whoſe Concauitie, ſhe did compoſe
The Conſtellations, that to vs appeare,
In their corporeall ſhapes, with Starres inchaſed,
As by th'old Poets they on Heauen were placed.

32.

By Architects called the Corniſh.

About which Lodging, tow'rds the vpper Face,
Ran a fine Border, circularly led,

A word borrowed from Aſtronomie, to expreſſe the higheſt Point.

As equall 'twixt the Zenith and the Baſe,
Which as a Zone the Waſte ingirdled,
That lent the Sight a breathing, by the ſpace
'Twixt things neere hand, and thoſe farre ouer head;
Vpon the plaine Wall of which lower Part,
Painting expreſſ'd the vtmoſt of her Art.

There

33.

There PHŒBVS clipping HIACYNTHVS, ſtood,
Whoſe Lifes laſt drops did the Gods Breſt imbrew,
His Teares ſo mixed with the young Boyes Blood,
That whether was the more, no Eye could view;
And though together loſt as in a Flood,
Yet here and there th'one from th'other drew;
The prettie Wood-Nymphes chafing him with Balme,
Prouing to wake him from his deadly qualme.

Phœbus louing a daintie Boy, called Hiacynthus, *by chance ſlew him with a Sledge which he threw; who, after his death, he metamorphoſed into a flower of that name; the manner of which, is expreſſed in the ſuppoſed Painting.*

34.

APOLLO'S Quiuer, and farre-killing Bow,
His Gold-frindg'd Mantle on the Graſſe-full Ground,
T'expreſſe whoſe Act, Art (eu'n) her beſt did ſhow,
The Sledge ſo ſhadow'd ſtill, as to rebound,
As it had ſcarce done giuing of the Blow,
Lending a laſting freſhneſſe to the Wound;
The purple flower from the Boyes Bloud begun,
That ſince ne'r ſpreads, but to the riſing Sunne.

Phœbus and Apollo *both one.*

35.

Neere that, was Iö, in a Heyfers ſhape,
Viewing her new-ta'n Figure in a Brooke,
In which, her ſhadow ſeem'd on her to gape,
As on the ſame ſhe greedily did looke,
To ſee how IOVE could cloud his wanton ſcape:
So done, that the Beholders oft miſtooke
Themſelues; to ſome, that one way did allow
A Womans likeneſſe, th'other way, a Cow.

Iö the Daughter of Inachus, *kept by* Iupiter, *who, to hide her from* Iuno, *transformed her into a Cow.*

36.

There MERCVRIE was like a Shepheards Boy,
Sporting with HEBE, by a Fountaine brim,
With many a ſweet Glance, many an am'rous Toy;
He ſprinkling Drops at her, and ſhe at him:
Wherein the Painter ſo explain'd their Ioy,
As he had meant the very Life to limne;
For on their Browes he made the Drops ſo cleare,
That through each Drop, their faire Skins did appeare.

Mercurie *fayned oft to court* Hebe, *a Nymph, who ſerued the Cup to* Iupiter.

37.

By them, in Landskip, Rockie *Cynthus* rear'd,
With the Clouds leaning on his loftie Crowne,
On his ſides ſhewing many a ſtraggling Heard,
And from his Top, the cleare Springs creeping downe
By the old Rocks, each with a hoarie Beard,
With Moſſe and climbing Iuie ouer-growne;
So done, that the Beholders, with the Skill,
Neuer ynough their longing Eyes could fill.

A high Mountayne in the Ile of Delos, *where* Apollo *and* Diana *were borne, deſcribed in this and the following* Stanza.

Skill meant here for excellency.

The

38.

The halfe-nak'd Nymphs, ſome climbing, ſome deſcen-
The ſundry Flowers at one another flung, (ding,
In Poſtures ſtrange, their limber Bodies bending;
Some cropping Branches, that ſeem'd lately ſprung,
Vpon the Brakes, their coloured Mantles rending,
Which on the Mount grew here and there among;
Combing their Hayre ſome, ſome made Garlands by;
So ſtroue the Painter to content the Eye.

39.

Phaeton fayned to obtayne of Phœbus, his father, for one day to guide the Chariot of the Sunne, by which, he fired the World.

In one part, PHAETON caſt amongſt the Clouds
By PHŒBVS Palfreyes, that their Reynes had broke,
His Chariot tumbling from the welked Shrowds,
And the fierce Steeds flew madding from their yoke,
The Elements confuſedly in Crowds,
And Heauen and Earth were nought but flame & ſmoke:
A Piece ſo done, that many did deſire
To warme themſelues, ſome frighted with the Fire.

40.

Ioue fearing to haue his Throne burnt by Phaeton, *threw him into the Riuer* Padus.

Phaethuſa, Lampetia *and* Lampethuſa, *the ſiſters of* Phaeton, *called* Heliades, *which dying with the ſorrow for their Brother, were turned into Trees.*

And into *Padus* falling, as he burn'd,
Thereinto throwne by IOVE, out of the Skyes;
His weeping Siſters, there to Trees were turn'd,
Yet ſo of Women did retayne the guiſe,
That none could cenſure, whether (as they mourn'd)
Drops from their Boughes, or Teares fell from their Eyes:
Done for the laſt, with ſuch exceeding Life,
As Art therein with Nature ſeem'd at ſtrife.

41.

A ſteady and pure Light giueth much grace to Painting.

And for the Light to this braue Lodging lent,
The Workeman, who as wiſely could direct,
Did for the ſame the Windowes ſo inuent,
That they ſhould artificially reflect
The Day alike on eu'ry Liniament,
To their Proportion, and had ſuch reſpect,
As that the Beames, condenſated and graue,
To eu'ry Figure a ſure Colour gaue.

42.

A deſcription of the Bed.

In part of which, vnder a golden Vine,
Which held a curious Canopie through all,
Stood a rich Bed, quite couer'd with the Twyne,
Shadowing the ſame, in the redoubling fall,
Whoſe Cluſters drew the Branches to decline,
'Mongſt which, did many a naked CVPID ſprawle:
Some, at the ſundry-colour'd Birds did ſhoot,
And ſome, about to plucke the Purple Fruit.

On

43.

On which, a Tiſſue counterpoyne was caſt,
ARACHNES Web did not the ſame ſurpaſſe,
Wherein the ſtorie of his Fortunes paſt,
In liuely Pictures, neatly handled was;
How he eſcap'd the *Tower*, in *France* how grac'd,
With Stones imbroyd'red, of a wond'rous Maſſe;
About the Border, in a fine-wrought Fret,
Emblem's, Empreſſa's, Hieroglyphicks, ſet.

A Woman that firſt inuented Spinning.

44.

This flatt'ring Sunne-ſhine had begot the Showre,
And the blacke Clouds with ſuch abundance fed,
That for a Wind they wayted but the Howre,
With force to let their Furie on his Head:
Which when it came, it came with ſuch a Pow'r,
As he could hardly haue imagined;
" But when Men thinke they moſt in Safetie ſtand,
" Their greateſt Perill often is at hand.

Reuenge long kept off, when it getteth opportunitie, falls like a Tempeſt.

45.

For to that Largeneſſe they increaſed were,
That EDWARD felt MARCH heauie on his Throne,
Whoſe Props no longer both of them could beare,
Two, for one Seat, that ouer-great were growne,
Prepoſt'rouſly that moued in one Sphere,
And to the like predominancie prone,
That the young King, downe MORTIMER muſt caſt,
If he himſelfe would e'r hope to ſit faſt.

46.

Who finding the neceſſitie was ſuch,
That vrg'd him ſtill th'Aſſault to vndertake,
And yet his Perſon it might neerely touch,
Should he too ſoone his ſleeping Power awake:
Th'Attempt wherein the Danger was ſo much,
Droue him at length a ſecret Meanes to make,
Whereby he might the Enterpriſe effect,
And hurt him moſt, where he did leaſt ſuſpect.

Good Conſiderations of the King, in the apprehenſion of Mortimer.

47.

Without the Caſtle, in the Earth, is found
A Caue, reſembling ſleepie * MORPHEVS Cell,
In ſtrange * *Meanders* wynding vnder Ground,
Where Darkeneſſe ſeekes continually to dwell,
Which with ſuch Feare and Horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into Hell;
By Architects to ſerue the Caſtle, made
When as the *Danes* this Iland did inuade.

The deſcription of the Caue at Nottingham.
* *Fayned to be the God of Dreames.*
* *Often Turnings.*

Now,

48.

Now, on along the crankling Path doth keepe,
Then, by a Rocke turnes vp another way,
Rising tow'rds Day, then falling tow'rds the Deepe,
On a smooth Leuell then it selfe doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creepe,
Nor in the Course keepes any certaine stay;
Till in the Castle, in an odde by-place,
It casts the foule Maske from its duskie Face.

49.

By which, the King with a selected Crue,
Of such as he with his Intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the Action knew,
And in reuenge of EDWARD had not fainted,
That to their vtmost would the Cause pursue,
And with those Treasons that had not been tainted;
Aduentured, the Labyrinth t'assay,
To rowse the Beast, which kept them all at bay.

Properly so called, because of the sinuositie and wynding of the same.

50.

A Periphrasis of a darke Night, at the Prime of the Moone.

Long after PHŒBVS tooke his lab'ring Teame,
To his pale Sister and resign'd his Place,
To wash his Cauples in the Ocean Streame,
And coole the feruor of his glowing Face;
The Moone. And PHŒBE, scanted of her Brothers Beame,
Into the West went after him apace,
Leauing blacke Darkenesse to possesse the Skie,
To fit the time of that blacke Tragedie.

51.

A description of their passing through the Caue: in foure Stanza's.

What time, by Torch-light, they attempt the Caue,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their Armour gaue,
As it till then had ne'r seene any Light;
Which, striuing there pre-eminence to haue,
Darknesse therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appeare,
As Darknesse Light, and Light but Darkenesse were.

52.

The craggie Cleeues, which crosse them as they goe,
Made, as their Passage they would haue denyde,
And threat'ned them their Iourney to forslow,
As angry with the Path that was their Guide,
And sadly seem'd their Discontent to show,
To the vile Hand that did them first diuide;
Whose comb'rous Falls and Risings seem'd to say,
So ill an Action could not brooke the Day.

And

53.

And by the Lights as they along were led,
Their ſhadowes then them following at their backe,
Were like to Mourners, carrying forth their dead,
And as the Deed, ſo were they vgly blacke,
Or like to Fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to Bloudſhed, and to Wracke;
Whilſt the Light look'd as it had been amazed,
At their deformed ſhapes whereon it gazed.

54.

The clatt'ring Armes their Maſters ſeem'd to chide,
As they would reaſon, wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtrooke the Caue, in paſſing on each ſide,
As they were angry with the hollow Ground,
That it an Act ſo pittileſſe ſhould hide;
Whoſe ſtonie Roofe lock'd in their angrie Sound,
And hanging in the Creekes, drew backe againe,
As willing them from Murther to refraine.

55.

A deſcription of the Queene, in her chamber in eight Stanz's.

The Night wax'd old (not dreaming of theſe things)
And to her Chamber is the Queene withdrawne,
To whom a choiſe Muſician playes and ſings,
Whilſt ſhe ſat vnder an Eſtate of Lawne,
In Night-Attyre, more God-like glittering,
Then any Eye had ſeene the chearefull Dawne,
Leaning vpon her moſt-lou'd MORTIMER,
Whoſe Voice, more then the Muſike, pleas'd her Eare.

56.

Where her faire Breſts at libertie were let,
Whoſe Violet Veines in branched Riuerets flow,
And VENVS Swans, and milkie Doues were ſet
Vpon thoſe ſwelling Mounts of driuen Snow;
Whereon whilſt Loue, to ſport himſelfe doth get,
He loſt his Way, nor backe againe could goe,
But with thoſe Bankes of Beautie ſet about,
He wand'red ſtill, yet neuer could get out.

57.

Her looſe Hayre look'd like Gold (O word too baſe!
Nay, more then ſinne, but ſo to name her Hayre)
Declining, as to kiſſe her fayrer Face,
No word is fayre ynough for thing ſo fayre,
Nor neuer was there Epithite could grace
That, by much prayſing, which we much impayre;
And where the Pen fayles, Penſils cannot ſhow it,
Only the Soule may be ſuppos'd to know it.

58.

She layd her fingers on his Manly Cheeke,
The Gods pure Scepters, and the Darts of Loue,
That with their Touch might make a Tygre meeke,
Or might great *Atlas* from his Seat remoue;
So white, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo ſleeke,
As ſhe had worne a Lilly for a Gloue,
As might beget Life, where was neuer none,
And put a Spirit into the hardeſt Stone.

A Mountaine, for his height, fayned to vphold the Firmament.

59.

The Fire, of precious Wood; the Light, Perfume,
Which left a ſweetneſſe on each thing it ſhone,
As eu'ry thing did to it ſelfe aſſume
The Scent from them, and made the ſame their owne:
So that, the painted Flowres within the Roome
Were ſweet, as if they naturally had growne;
The Light gaue Colours, which vpon them fell,
And to the Colours the Perfume gaue ſmell.

60.

The amorous Paſſages betweene the Queene and Mortimer, *the Euening before his apprehenſion: in three Stanza's.*

When on thoſe ſundry Pictures they deuiſe,
And from one Peece they to another runne,
Commend that Face, that Arme, that Hand, thoſe Eyes,
Shew how that Bird, how well that Flowre was done,
How this part ſhadow'd, and how that did riſe,
This Top was clouded, how that Trayle was ſpunne,
The Land-skip, Mixture, and Delineatings,
And in that Art, a thouſand curious Things.

61.

Looking vpon proud PHAETON, wrap'd in Fire,
The gentle Queene did much bewayle his Fall;
But MORTIMER commended his Deſire,
To loſe one poore Life, or to gouerne all:
What though (quoth he) ſhe madly did aſpire,
And his great Mind made him proud Fortunes Thrall?
Yet in deſpight, when ſhe her worſt had done,
He periſh'd in the Chariot of the Sunne.

62.

PHŒBVS ſhe ſaid was ouer-forc'd by Art,
Nor could ſhe find, how that Imbrace could be:
But MORTIMER then tooke the Painters part;
Why thus, bright Empreſſe, thus, and thus, quoth he;
That Hand doth hold his Backe, and this his Heart,
Thus their Armes twyne, and thus their Lippes, you ſee;
Now are you PHŒBVS, HIACYNTHVS I,
It were a Life thus eu'ry Houre to die.

When

63.

When, by that time, into the Caſtle Hall
Was rudely entred that well-armed Rout,
And they within ſuſpecting nought at all,
Had then no Guard, to watch for them without:
" (See how Miſchances ſuddenly doe fall,
" And ſteale vpon vs, being farth'ſt from doubt;)
" Our Life's vncertaine, and our Death is ſure,
" And tow'rds moſt Perill, Man is moſt ſecure.

64.

Whilſt youthfull NEVIL, and braue TVRRINGTON,
To the bright Queene that euer wayted neere,
Two, with great MARCH much credit that had woon,
That in the Lobby with the Ladies were,
Staying Delight, whilſt Time away did runne,
With ſuch diſcourſe as Women loue to heare;
Charg'd on the ſudden by the armed Trayne,
Were, at their entrance, miſerably ſlayne.

65.

When, as from Snow-crown'd *Skidow's* loftie Cleeues, *A loftie Mountaine in* Cumberland, *vnder which, lye many Lakes and Meres, abounding with Fowle of ſundry kinds.*
Some fleet-wing'd Haggard, tow'rds her preying howre,
Amongſt the Teyle and Moore-bred Mallard driues,
And th'Ayre of all her feather'd flocks doth ſcowre,
Whilſt to regayne her former height, ſhe ſtriues,
The fearefull Fowle all proſtrate to her power;
Such a ſharpe ſhreeke did ring throughout the Vault,
Made by the Women at the fierce Aſſault.

66.

Vnarm'd was MARCH (ſhe onely in his Armes, March *apprehended.*
Too ſoft a Shield to beare their boyſt'rous Blowes)
Who leaſt of all ſuſpected ſuch Alarmes,
And to be ſo encountred by his Foes,
When he was moſt improuident of Harmes.
O, had he had but Weapons to his Woes!
Either his Valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her ſight dy'd happily eſteem'd.

67.

But there, about him looking for the King,
Whom he ſuppos'd his Iudgement could not miſſe;
Which when he found, by his imagining,
Of thoſe moſt perfect Liniaments of his:
Quoth he, The Man that to thy Crowne did bring *The Earles Speech to the King, at his Apprehenſion.*
Thee, at thy hands might leaſt haue look'd for this;
And in this Place, the leaſt of all the reſt,
Where onely ſacred Solitude is bleſt.

68.

Her preſence frees th'Offendor of his Ill,
Whoſe God-like Greatneſſe makes the place Diuine;
And canſt thou, King, thus countermand her Will,
Who gaue to thee the Power that now is thine,
And in her Armes in ſafetie kept thee ſtill,
As in a moſt inuiolated Shrine?
Yet dar'ſt thou irreligiouſly deſpiſe,
And thus prophane theſe ſacred Liberties.

69.

But, euen as when old *Ilion* was ſurpris'd,
The *Grecians* iſſuing from the Woodden Horſe,
The Pride and Furie roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide Gates, letting in their Force,
Putting in act what was before deuis'd,
Without all Humane Pitie, or Remorſe;
Euen ſo did they, with whoſe confuſed ſound,
Words were not heard, & poore complaints were drown'd.

70.

Diſſolu'd to Teares, ſhe follow'd him: O Teares!
Elixar-like, turne all to Pearle you touch;
To weepe with her, the hard Wall ſcarce forbeares,
The wofull words ſhe vttered, were ſuch,
Able to wound th'impenitrableſt Eares,
Her Plaints ſo piercing, and her Griefe ſo much;
And to the King, when ſhe at laſt could come,
Thus to him ſpake, though he to her were dumbe:

The Queenes Speech to the King her Sonne, in the tumultuous Preaſe, at the taking of Mortimer: *in two Stanza's.*

71.

Deare Sonne (quoth ſhe) let not his Bloud be ſpilt,
So often vent'red to redeeme thy Crowne.
In all his life can there be found that Guilt?
Thinke of his loue, on which thou once ſhouldſt frowne:
'Twas he, thy Seat that ſo ſubſtantiall built,
Long with his ſhoulder ſau'd from ſhaking downe;
'Twas he, the meanes that firſt for thee did find,
To paſſe for *France*, to exerciſe thy Mind.

72.

Euen for the loue thou bear'ſt to that deare Blood,
From which (my Sonne) thou didſt receiue thy life,
Play not the Niggard in ſo ſmall a good,
With her, to whom thy Bounties ſhould be rife,
Beg'd on thoſe knees, at which thou oft haſt ſtood:
O, let my vp-held Hands appeaſe this ſtrife!
Let not the Breath, from this ſad Boſome ſent,
Without thy Pittie, be but vainely ſpent.

Wher

73.

When in the Tumult, with the ſudden Fright,
Whilſt eu'ry one for Safetie ſought about,
And none regarded to maintaine the Light,
Which being ouer-waſted, was gone out,
It being then the mid time of the Night,
Ere they could quit the Caſtle of the Rout;
The Queene alone (at leaſt, if any neare)
They were her Women, almoſt dead with feare.

The Queene left in miſerable diſtreſſe.

74.

When Horror, Darkeneſſe, and her inward Woe,
Began to worke on her afflicted Mind,
Vpon her Weakeneſſe tyrannizing ſo,
As they would doe their vtmoſt, in their kind,
And as then thoſe, ſhe need no other Foe,
Such power her Fortune had to them aſſign'd,
To racke her Conſcience (by their Torture due)
It ſelfe t'accuſe of whatſoe'r it knew.

75.

O God! (thought ſhe) Is yet an Houre ſcarce paſt,
Since that my Greatneſſe, my Command more hye,
And Eminencie, wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me reſpect in eu'ry humble Eye?
How am I now abuſed, how diſgrac'd?
Did euer Queene in my deiection lye?
Theſe things ſhe pond'red, as Deſpaire ſtill brought
Their ſundry Formes into her troubled Thought.

76.

To *London* thus they MARCH a Priſoner led,
Which there had oft been courted by the Queene,
From whom, his Friends and his late Followers fled,
Of many a Gallant follow'd that had been,
Of which, there was not one durſt ſhew his head,
Much leſſe t'abet his ſide, that durſt be ſeene;
Which at his Fall made them to wonder more,
Who ſaw the Pompe wherein he liu'd before.

Seruile Followers flye from their Lords Fall.

77.

O Miſerie! where once thou art poſſeſt,
See but how quickly thou canſt alter kind,
And like a CIRCE, metamorphoſeſt
The Man, that hath not a moſt God-like Mind:
The fainting Spirit, O how thou canſt infeſt!
Whoſe yeelding Frayltie eas'ly thou canſt find,
And by thy vicious preſence, with a breath
Giues him vp fett'red, baſely fear'd to death.

What poore Things the moſt part of Men be.

When

78.

When ſoone the King a Parlament decreed,
(Ne'r till that time ſole Maſter of his Crowne)
And againſt MARCH doth legally proceed,
Fitted with Tooles to digge that Mountaine downe,
To which, both high and low tooke ſpeciall heed;
He ne'r had Fawne, but then he had a Frowne, (call
King *EDWARDS Bloud, with both the SPENSERS,
For Vengeance on him, by the Voice of all.

This Parliament was held at London.

**The Articles whereupon* Mortimer *was condemned: in theſe two laſt Lines, and the following Stanza.*

79.

With deare KENTS death, his Credit next they blot,
Then on him lay the Wards and Liueries,
Which he by Craft into his Hands had got,
The Summes then ſeized to his Treaſuries:
Then *IOAN the Princeſſe, married to the *Scot*,
The Signe at * *Stanhope*, to the Enemies;
With all things ripp'd from the Records of Time,
That any way might aggrauate his Crime.

Kent *dearely beloued of the Commons: the cauſe of his Death ſhewed in the tenth Stanza of this Canto.*

* *In the eight Stanza, before going.*

* *An eſpeciall Article againſt* Mortimer, *That the* Scots *eſcaped at* Stanhope Parke, *by a Signall giuen to them by him.*

80.

O dire Reuenge! when thou by Time art rak'd
Out of the Aſhes which haue hid thee long,
(Wherein thou lay'ſt, as thou hadſt quite been ſlak'd)
And becom'ſt kindled with the breath of Wrong,
How ſoone thy hideous Furie is awak'd?
From thy poore Sparks, what Flames are quickly ſprung?
To waſte their Tops, how ſoone do'ſt thou aſpire,
Whoſe Weight and Greatneſſe once repreſt thy fire?

81.

And what auayl'd his Anſwer in that Caſe?
Which the time then did vtterly diſtaſte,
And look'd vpon him with ſo ſterne a Face,
As it his Actions vtterly diſgrac'd:
No friendly Boſome gaue him any Place,
Who was cleane out of all Opinion caſt;
Taking his Pen, his Sorrowes to deceiue,
Thus of the Queene he laſtly tooke his leaue.

82.

A Letter ſent from Mortimer, *to the Queene, a little before his Death: in the ſeuen Stanza's following.*

Bright Empreſſe, yet be pleaſed to peruſe
The Swan-like Dirges of a dying Man,
Although not like the Raptures of the Muſe,
In our freſh Youth, when our Loue firſt began,
Into my Breſt that did the fire infuſe,
That glorious Day, that I thy rich Gloue wan,
And in my Courſe, a flame of Lightning bet
Out of proud HARFORDS high-plum'd Burgonet.

Recounting the firſt beginning of their Loue.

As

83.

As for your Sonne, that haſt'neth on my Death,
Madame, you know, I lou'd him as mine owne,
And when I could haue graſped out his Breath,
I ſet him eas'ly on his Fathers Throne;
Which now his Power too quickly witneſſeth,
Who to this height in Tyrannie is growne;
But yet, be his Ingratitude forgiuen,
As after Death, I wiſh to be in Heauen.

84.

And for the ſole Rule, whereon ſo he ſtands,
Came Baſtard WILLIAM but himſelfe to ſhore?
Or had he not our Fathers valiant Hands,
Who in that Field our ancient Enſigne bore,
(Guarded about with our well-order'd Bands)
Which then his * Leopards for their ſafetie wore,
Looking at * *Haſtings* like that ominous Lake,
From whoſe black Depths our glorious Name we take?

* *The Conqueror bare two Leopards Paſſant, or, in a Field, Geules.*
* Haſtings *is a Towne in* Suſſex, *where the Battell was fought betweene the* Normans *and* Engliſh.

85.

Why fell I not from that my all-arm'd Horſe,
On which I rode before the Gates of *Gaunt*,
Before the *Belgick* and *Burgonian* Force,
There challenging their Countries Combatant;
Caſt from my Seat, in ſome robuſtious courſe,
That they of me the Victorie might vaunt?
Why ſunke I not vnder my batt'red Shield,
To grace a braue Foe, and renowne a Field?

86.

Yet neuer ſerv'd I Fortune like a Slaue,
Nor haue, through Baſeneſſe, made her Bounties leſſe,
In me her Iudgement poorely to depraue;
Nought hath ſhe lent me, that Ile not confeſſe,
Nay, Int'reſt for her Principall I gaue,
My Mind hath ſuted with her Mightineſſe;
Her Frownes with ſcorne, & MORTIMER doth beare,
For nothing can ſhe doe, that he can feare.

87.

That ne'r quayles me, at which your Greateſt quake,
Nor ought that's dreadfull, Danger me can ſhow,
Through Sword and Fire ſo vs'd my way to take:
In Death what can be (that I doe not know)
That I ſhould feare a Couenant to make
With it, which welcom'd, finiſheth my Woe?
" And nothing can th'afflicted Conſcience griene,
" But He may pardon, who can all forgiue.

And

88.

And thus, thou moſt adored in my Heart,
The Thoughts of whom, my humbled Spirit doth rayſe,
Lady moſt faire, moſt deare, of moſt deſert,
Worthie of more then any mortall Prayſe.
Condemned MARCH thus laſtly doth depart,
From the great'ſt Empreſſe liuing in her Dayes;
Nor with my Duſt mine Honour I interre:
CÆSAR thus dy'd, and thus dies MORTIMER.

The Paſſion of the Queene, at the receiuing of the Karles Letter; continued to the end of the Canto.

89.

When ſecretly he ſent this Letter to her,
Whoſe Superſcription, was her Princely Stile;
She knew the Hand, and thought it came to woo her,
With which Conceit ſhe pleas'd her ſelfe a while,
Then which, no one thing ſeru'd ſo t'yndoe her,
By feeding her with Flatt'rie and with Guile,
To make her ſtill more ſenſible of Paine,
Which her ſad Heart was ſhortly to ſuſtaine.

90.

Vſing her Fingers to vp-rip the Seale,
Which holpe to hide theſe ill Newes from her Eyes,
Loth as it were, ſuch Tidings to reueale,
As might her Senſes ſuddenly ſurprize;
But when her white Hand did ſo hardly deale
With the poore Paper, that the Wax muſt riſe,
It ſtucke vpon her Fingers bloudie red,
As to portend ſome deare Bloud ſhould be ſhed.

91.

When by degrees ſhe eas'ly doth begin,
And as a Fiſh playes with a bayted Hooke,
So ſoftly yet ſhe ſwallow'd Sorrow in,
Till ſhe her bane into her Bowels tooke;
And then ſhe ſees th'expences of her ſinne
Sadly ſet downe in that blacke Doomeſ-day Booke,
And the deare Summes that were to be defray'd,
Before the Debt were abſolutely pay'd.

92.

Whole Hoaſts of Sorrowes her ſicke Heart aſſayle,
When eu'ry Letter lanc'd her like a Dart,
Striuing againſt her, which ſhould moſt preuayle,
And yet not one, but prick'd her to the Heart;
Where one word might anothers Woe bewayle,
And with its Neighbour ſeem'd to beare a part,
Each Line ſeru'd for ſo true a Text to her,
As in her Woes would no way let her erre.

93.

Griefe bad her looke, yet ſoone it bad her leaue,
Wherewith o'rcharg'd, ſhe neither ſees nor heares,
Her vſeful'ſt Senſes ſooneſt her deceiue,
The Sight ſhuts vp her Eyes, the Sound her Eares,
And of her Reading doe her quite bereaue,
When for a Feſcue ſhe doth vſe her Teares,
Which, when ſome Line ſhe looſely ouer-paſt,
The Drops could tell her, where ſhe left the laſt.

94.

Somewhat at length recou'ring of her Sight,
Deepely ſhe curs'd her Sorrow-ſeeing Eye,
And ſayd, ſhe was deluded by the Light,
Or was abus'd by the Orthographie,
Or ſome one had deuiſed it in ſpight,
Poynting it falſe, her Schollerſhip to trie;
" Thus when we fondly flatter our Deſires,
" Our beſt Conceits doe proue the greateſt Lyers.

95.

Her trembling Hand, as in a Feuer, quakes,
Wherewith the Paper doth a little ſtirre,
Which ſhe imagines at her Sorrow ſhakes,
And pitties it, which ſhe thinkes pitties her;
Each ſmall thing ſomewhat to the greater makes,
And to her Humor ſomething doth inferre;
Her woe-ty'd Tongue but when ſhe once could free:
Sweet MORTIMER, my moſt-lou'd Lord (quoth ſhe)

96.

For thy deare Aſhes be my Breſt the Vrne,
Which as a Relique, I of thee will ſaue,
Mix'd with the Teares that I for thee ſhall mourne,
Which in this Boſome ſhall their Buriall haue;
Out of which place, they neuer ſhall returne,
Nor giue the Honour to another Graue,
But here, as in a Temple, be preſeru'd,
Wherein thy Image is moſt liuely caru'd.

97.

Then breakes ſhe out, in curſing of her Sonne,
But MORTIMER ſo runneth in her Mind,
As that ſhee ended, ere ſhe had begun,
Speaking before, what ſhould haue come behind:
From that, ſhe to another Courſe doth runne,
To be reueng'd in ſome notorious kind,
By Stab, or Poyſon; and ſhee'le ſweare to both,
But for her life ſhe could not find an Oath.

98.

She Pen and Paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the Kings cruell dealing to diſcouer;
But ſoone forgetting what ſhe went about,
Poore Queene, ſhe fell to ſcribbling to her Louer:
Here ſhe put in, and there ſhe blotted out,
Her Paſſion did ſo violently moue her,
That turning backe to read what ſhe had writ,
She tore the Paper, and condemn'd her Wit.

99.

But from her Paſſion being ſomewhat rays'd,
Like one that lately had been in a Swound,
Or felt ſome ſtrange Extremitie appeas'd,
That had been taken from ſome Blow, or Wound,
Yet on that Part it had ſo ſtrongly ſeiz'd,
That for the ſame no Remedie was found;
But at the very Point their Life to loſe,
As they their Goods, ſhe doth her Griefe diſpoſe.

100.

Quoth ſhe, King EDWARD, as thou art my Sonne,
Leauing the World, this Legacie I leaue thee:
My Hearts true loue, my MORTIMER hath wonne,
And yet of All he ſhall not ſo bereaue thee;
But for this Miſchiefe to thy Mother done,
Take thou my Curſe, ſo that it may out-liue thee,
That as thy Deed doth dayly me torment,
So may my Curſe thee, by my Teſtament.

101.

And henceforth, in this ſolitarie Place,
Euer reſiding from the publique ſight,
A priuate Life I willingly imbrace,
No more reioycing in the obuious Light,
To conſummate this too-long ling'ring ſpace,
Till Death incloſe me in continuall Night;
Let neuer Sleepe more cloſe my wearied Eye,
So ISABELLA, lay thee downe, and dye.

The end of the ſixt Canto.

ENGLANDS HEROICALL EPISTLES.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

ESQVIRE.

WITH

Some ſhort Annotations of the Chronicle *Hiſtorie to the ſame: To which, the* Reader is directed, by this Marke * in the beginning of euery Line, to which the Annotations are pertinent.



LONDON,

Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICKE.

1619.

TO THE READER.

SEeing theſe Epiſtles are now to the World made publique, it is imagined, that I ought to be accountable of my priuate meaning, chiefely for mine owne diſcharge, leſt being miſtaken, I fall in hazard of a iuſt and vniuerſall Reprehenſion: for,

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel exceptumq; ſiniſtre.

Two Points are eſpecially therefore to be explaned: firſt, why I entitle this Worke, ENGLANDS Heroicall Epiſtles; *ſecondly, why I haue annexed Notes to euery Epiſtles end. For the firſt, The Title (I hope) carrieth Reaſon in it ſelfe; for that the moſt and greateſt Perſons herein, were* Engliſh; *or elſe, that their Loues were obtained in* England. *And though (Heroicall) be properly vnderſtood of Demi-gods, as of* HERCVLES *and* ÆNEAS, *whoſe Parents were ſaid to be, the one, Cœleſtiall, the other, Mortall; yet is it alſo transferred to them, who*

who for the greatneſſe of Mind come neere to Gods. For to be borne of a cœleſtiall Incubus, *is nothing elſe, but to haue a great and mightie Spirit, farre aboue the Earthly weakeneſſe of Men; in which ſenſe* Ovid (*whoſe Imitator I partly profeſſe to be*) *doth alſo vſe Heroicall. For the ſecond, becauſe the Worke might in truth be iudged Brayniſh, if nothing but amorous Humor were handled therein, I haue inter-wouen Matters Hiſtoricall, which vnexplained, might defraud the Mind of much Content: as for Example; in Queene* Margarites *Epiſtle to* William de la Poole;

My Daizie Flower, which once perfum'd the Aire.

Margarite, *in* French, *ſignifies a Daizie; which, for the alluſion to her Name, this Queene gaue for her Deuice: and this, as others more, haue ſeemed to me not vnworthie the explaining.*

Now, though, no doubt, I had need to excuſe other things beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially; the reſt I ouer-paſſe, to eſchew tedious recitall. If they be as harmeleſſely taken, as I meant them, I ſhall not laſtly be afraid to beleeue and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. Drayton.

TO
M. MICHAEL
DRAYTON.

LOng haue I wiſht, and hop'd my weaker Muſe
(In nothing ſtrong, but my vnhappie Loue)
Would giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the World, as named Poets vſe;
But ſtill her fruitleſſe Boſome doth refuſe
To bleſſe me with indifferencie of Prayſe,
Not daring (like to many) to abuſe
That Title, which true Worth ſhould onely rayſe:
Thus Bank'rout, and deſpairing of mine owne,
I ſet my wiſh and hope (kind Friend) on thee,
Whoſe Fruit approu'd, and better Fortune knowne,
Tells me, thy Muſe my Loues ſole Heire muſt be;
So barren Wombes imbrace their Neighbors yong,
So dumbe Men ſpeake by them that haue a Tongue.

THOMAS HASSEL,

Gent.

TO M. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NOw I perceiue PYTHAGORAS *diuin'd,*
When he that mocked Maxim *did maintaine,*
That Spirits once ſpoyl'd, reueſted were againe,
Though chang'd in ſhape, remaining one in Mind;
Theſe Loue-ſicke Princes paſsionate eſtates,
Who feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That OVIDS *Soule reuiues in* DRAYTON *now,*
Still learn'd in Loue, ſtill rich in rare Conceits,
This pregnant Spirit affecting further Skill,
Oft alt'ring Forme, from vulgar Wits retir'd,
In diuers Idyoms mightily admir'd,
Did proſecute that ſacred Studie ſtill;
While to a full Perfection now attain'd,
He ſings ſo ſweetly, that himſelfe is ſtain'd.

WILL. ALEXANDER, Knight,
Scotus.

To M. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

HOw can he write, that broken hath his Pen,
Hath rent his Paper, throwne his Inke away,
Deteſts the World, and companie of Men,
Becauſe they grow more hatefull day by day?
Yet with theſe broken Reliques, mated Mind,
And what a iuſtly-grieued Thought can ſay,
I giue the World to know, I ne'r could find
A Worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe Verſe, an Obiect for the proudeſt Eye,
Diſdaine thoſe, which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them, they know not how they ſhould deſcry
The ſecret Paſſions of a wittie Louer:
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe ſhall know,
Whom Beautie ſchooles, to hold the blind Boyes Bow.

Once I had vow'd, (O, who can all Vowes keepe?)
Henceforth to ſmother my vnluckie Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake, ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dyes: Then doe as Kinsfolkes vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my new-dying ſtile,
As I haue opened thy ſweet Babes ere-while.

EDMOND SCORY, *Knight.*

ENGLANDS HEROICALL EPISTLES.

The Epiſtle of ROSAMOND to King HENRY the SECOND.

THE ARGVMENT.

HENRY the Second keepeth (with much care)
Lord CLIFFORDS *daughter,* ROSAMOND *the faire;*
And whilſt his Sonnes doe Normandie *invade,*
He forc'd to France, *with wond'rous coſt had made*
A Labyrinth in Woodſtock, *where vnſeene*
His Loue might lodge ſafe, from his iealous Queene:
Yet when he ſtay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her penſiue Breſt, his Darling to vnload,
In this Epiſtle doth her Griefe complaine;
And his Reſcription tells her his againe.

IF yet thine Eyes (Great HENRY) may endure
Theſe tainted Lines, drawne with a Hand impure,
(Which faine would bluſh, but Feare keeps Bluſhes backe,
And therefore ſuted in deſpairing Blacke)
Let me for Loues ſake their acceptance craue,
But that ſweet Name (vile) I prophaned haue;
Puniſh my Fault, or pittie mine eſtate,
Reade them for Loue, if not for Loue, for Hate.
If with my Shame thine Eyes thou faine would'ſt feede,
Here let them ſurfet, of my Shame to reade:

This ſcribbled Paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble mee:
As this pure Ground, whereon theſe Letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtayned by thy Hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule Offence,
So cleere and ſpotleſſe was mine Innocence:
Now, like theſe Markes which taint this hatefull Scroule,
Such the blacke ſinnes which ſpot my leprous Soule.
What, by this Conqueſt, canſt thou hope to winne,
Where thy beſt Spoyle, is but the Act of Sinne?
Why on my Name this ſlander do'ſt thou bring,
To make my Fault renowned by a King?
" Fame neuer ſtoopes to things, but meane and poore,
" The more our Greatneſſe, our Fault is the more;
" Lights on the Ground, themſelues doe leſſen farre,
" But in the Ayre, each ſmall Sparke ſeemes a Starre.
Why, on my Woman-frayltie ſhould'ſt thou lay
So ſtrong a Plot, mine Honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull Pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy,
Both with thine owne ſhame, and my Infamie?
'Twas not my Minde conſented to this Ill,
Then had I beene tranſported by my Will;
For, what my Bodie was inforc'd to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my Soule yet ne'r conſented to:
For, through mine Eyes had ſhe her liking ſeene,
Such as my Loue, ſuch had my Louer beene.
" True Loue is ſimple, like his Mother Truth,
" Kindly Affection, Youth to loue with Youth;
" No greater corſiue to our blooming Yeeres,
" Then the cold Badge of Winter-blaſted Hayres.
" Thy Kingly Power makes to withſtand thy Foes,
" But cannot keepe backe Age, with Time it growes;
" Though Honour our ambitious Sex doth pleaſe,
" Yet in that Honour, Age a foule Diſeaſe:
" Nature hath her free Courſe in all, and then
" Age is alike, in Kings, and other Men.
Which all the World will to my ſhame impute,
That I, my ſelfe did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay, that Gold was Fuell to the Fire,
Gray Hayres in Youth not kindling greene Deſire.
O no; that wicked Woman, wrought by thee,
My Tempter was to that forbidden Tree;
That ſubtill Serpent, that ſeducing Deuill,
Which bad me taſte the Fruit of Good and Euill;
That CIRCE, by whoſe Magicke I was charm'd,
And to this monſtrous ſhape am thus transform'd;

That

That vip'rous Hag, the Foe to her owne Kind,
That diuelliſh Spirit, to damne the weaker Mind;
Our Fraylties Plague, our Sexes onely Curſe,
Hells deep'ſt Damnation, the worſt Euils worſe.
But HENRY, how canſt thou affect me thus,
T'whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſſe Name, with HENRIES Name I found,
Cut in the Glaſſe with HENRIES Diamond;
That Glaſſe from thence faine would I take away,
But then I feare the Ayre would me betray;
Then doe I ſtriue to waſh it out with Teares,
But then the ſame more euident appeares.
Then doe I couer it with my guiltie Hand,
Which that Names witneſſe doth againſt me ſtand;
Once did I ſinne, which Memorie doth cheriſh,
Once I offended, but I euer periſh.
" What Griefe can be, but Time doth make it leſſe?
" But Infamie, Time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes, to paſſe the tedious irkeſome Houres,
I climbe the top of *Woodſtocks* mounting Towres,
Where, in a Turret, ſecretly I lye,
To view from farre ſuch as doe trauell by;
Whither (me thinkes) all caſt their Eyes at mee,
As through the Stones my Shame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch Hate the harmleſſe Walls doe view,
As eu'n to Death their Eyes would me purſue.
The married Women curſe my hatefull Life,
Wronging a faire Queene, and a vertuous Wife;
The Maidens wiſh, I buried quicke may die,
And from each place neere my abode, doe flie.
✻ Well knew'ſt thou (what a Monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me,
✻ Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* climing eu'ry way,
Be like the courſe wherein my Youth did ſtray;
Onely a Clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I circular in ſinne.
As in the Gallerie this other day,
I and my Woman paſt the time away,
'Mongſt many Pictures, which were hanging by,
The ſilly Girle at length chapt to eſpie
Chaſte LVCRECE Image, and deſires to know,
What ſhee ſhould be, her ſelfe that murd'red ſo?
Why Girle (quoth I) this is that Roman Dame:
Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My Tongue doth mine owne Guiltineſſe betray;
With that I ſent the prattling Wench away,

Leſt when my liſping guiltie Tongue ſhould hault,
My Lookes might proue the Index to my Fault.
As that Life-bloud which from the Heart is ſent,
In Beauties Field pitching his Crimſon Tent,
In louely Sanguine ſutes the Lillie Cheeke,
Whilſt it but for a reſting Place doth ſeeke;
And changing oftentimes with ſweet Delight,
Conuerts the White to Red, the Red to White;
The Bluſh with Paleneſſe for the place doth ſtriue,
The Paleneſſe thence the Bluſh would gladly driue;
Thus in my Breſt a thouſand Thoughts I carrie,
Which in my Paſſion diuerſly doe varie.
When as the Sunne hales tow'rds the Weſterne ſlade,
And the Trees ſhadowes hath much taller made,
Forth goe I to a little Current neere,
Which like a wanton Trayle creepes here and there,
Where, with mine Angle caſting in my Bait,
The little Fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
With fearefull nibbling flye th'inticing Gin,
By Nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things Reaſonleſſe, thus warn'd by Nature be,
Yet I deuour'd the Bait was layd for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into Grones,
The bubbling Spring, which trips vpon the Stones,
Chides me away, leſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that Natiue puritie.
* *Roſe of the World*, ſo doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the ſame.
And to th'vnchaſte this Name ſhall giuen be,
Of ROSAMOND, deriu'd from Sinne and Me.
The CLIFFORDS take from me that Name of theirs,
Which hath beene famous for ſo many yeeres:
They blot my Birth with hatefull Baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their Nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuſe,
Nor will a Strumpet ſhall their Name abuſe.
Here, in the Garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked DIANA in the Fountaine ſtands,
With all her Nymphes got round about to hide her,
As when ACTEON had by chance eſpy'd her:
This ſacred Image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd Man, purſu'd
By his owne Hounds; ſo, by my Thoughts am I,
Which chaſe me ſtill, which way ſoe'r I flye.
Touching the Graſſe, the Honey-dropping Dew,
Which falls in Teares before my limber ſhoo,

Vpon my Foot conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, Why went'ſt thou to this Ill?
Thus, to no Place in ſafetie can I goe,
But euery thing doth giue me cauſe of Woe.
In that faire Casket, of ſuch wond'rous Coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the Night before mine Honour loſt,
AMIMONE was wrought, a harmeleſſe Maid,
By NEPTVNE, that adult'rous God, betray'd;
She proſtrate at his Feet, begging with Prayers,
Wringing her Hands, her Eyes ſwolne vp with Teares:
This was not an intrapping Bait from thee,
But by thy Vertue gently warning mee,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Leſt I therein ſhould euer keepe my ſhame.
And in this Casket (till I ſee it now)
That IOVES Loue Io, turn'd into a Cow;
Yet was ſhe kept with ARGVS hundred Eyes:
So wakefull ſtill be IVNO'S Iealouſies:
By this I well might haue fore-warned beene,
T'haue cleer'd my ſelfe to thy ſuſpecting Queene,
Who with more hundred Eyes attendeth mee,
Then had poore ARGVS ſingle Eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitat'ſt IOVE,
Into a Beaſt thou haſt transform'd thy Loue;
Nay, worſer farre (beyond their beaſtly kind)
A Monſter both in Bodie and in Mind.
The Waxen Taper which I burne by Night,
With the dull vap'rie dimneſſe mockes my Sight,
As though the Dampe which hinders the cleere Flame,
Came from my Breath, in that Night of my Shame;
When as it look'd with a darke lowring Eye,
To ſee the loſſe of my Virginitie.
And if a Starre but by the Glaſſe appeare,
I ſtraight intreat it, not to looke in here;
I am alreadie hatefull to the Light,
And will it too, betray me to the Night?
Then ſith my Shame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by onely murd'ring mee;
And let it iuſtly to my charge be layd,
That I thy Perſon meant to haue betray'd:
Thou ſhalt not need by circumſtance t'accuſe me,
If I denie it, let the Heauens refuſe me.
My Life's a Blemiſh, which doth cloud thy Name,
Take it away, and cleare ſhall ſhine thy Fame:
Yeeld to my Sute, if euer Pittie mou'd thee,
In this ſhew Mercie, as I euer lou'd thee.

¶ *Notes*

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

Well knew ſt thou what a Monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me.

IN the Cretean *Labyrinth a Monſter was incloſed, called a* Minotaure, *the Hiſtorie whereof is well knowne; but the Labyrinth was framed by* Dedalus, *with ſo many intricate Wayes, that being entred, one could either hardly or neuer returne, being in manner of a Maze, ſaue that it was larger, the wayes being walled in on euery ſide, out of the which,* Theſeus, *by* Ariadnes *helpe, (lending him a Clue of Thred) eſcaped. Some report, that it was a Houſe, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue; the chamber doores therein ſo deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open ſo many wayes, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſſible to returne.*

Some haue held it to haue beene an Allegorie of Mans Life: true it is, that the Compariſon will hold; for what liker to a Labyrinth, then the Maze of Life? But it is affirmed by Antiquitie, that there was indeed ſuch a Building; though Dedalus *being a name applied to the Workmans excellencie, make it ſuſpected: for* Dedalus *is nothing elſe but, Ingenious, or Artificiall. Hereupon it is vſed among the ancient Poets, for any thing curiouſly wrought.*

Roſamonds *Labyrinth, whoſe Ruines, together with her Well, being paued with ſquare Stone in the bottome, and alſo her Tower, from which the Labyrinth did runne (are yet remaining) was altogether vnder ground, being Vaults arched and walled with Bricke and Stone, almoſt inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her Lodging were laid about by the Queene, ſhee might eaſily auoid Perill eminent, and if neede be, by ſecret Iſſues take the Ayre abroad, many Furlongs, round about* Woodſtocke *in* Oxfordſhire, *wherein it was ſituated. Thus much for* Roſamonds *Labyrinth.*

Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way.

Meander *is a Riuer in* Lycia, *a Prouince of* Natolia, *or* Aſia minor, *famous for the ſinuoſitie and often turning thereof, riſing from certaine Hills in* Meonia. *Hereupon are intricate Turnings, by a Tranſumptiue and Metonymicall kind of ſpeech, called* Meanders; *for this Riuer did ſo ſtrangely path it ſelfe, that the Foot ſeemed to touch the Head.*

Roſe of the World, ſo doth import my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the ſame.

It might be reported, how at Godſtow, *where this* Roſe of the World *was ſumptuouſly interred, a certaine Biſhop, in the Viſitation of his Dioceſſe, cauſed the Monument which had beene erected to her Honour, vtterly to bee demoliſhed: but let that ſeuere chaſtiſement of* Roſamond, *then dead, at this time alſo be ouer-paſſed, leſt ſhe ſhould ſeeme to be the* Shame of the World.

HENRY to ROSAMOND.

WHen firſt the Poſt arriued at my Tent,
And brought the Letters ROSAMOND had ſent,
Thinke from his Lips but what deare Comfort came,
When in mine Eare he ſoftly breath'd thy Name:
Straight I inioyn'd him, of thy Health to tell,
Longing to heare my ROSAMOND did well;
With new Enquiries then I cut him ſhort,
When of the ſame he gladly would report,
That with the earneſt Haſte, my Tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe ſpoke, out of his Lips:
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To loſe no time, whilſt I vnrip'd the Seale.
The more I reade, ſtill doe I erre the more,
As though miſtaking ſomewhat ſaid before:
Miſſing the Point, the doubtfull Senſe is broken,
Speaking againe what I before had ſpoken.
Still in a Swoond, my Heart reuiues and faints,
'Twixt Hopes, Deſpaires, 'twixt Smiles and deepe Complaints.
As theſe ſad Accents ſort in my Deſires,
Smooth Calmes, rough Stormes, ſharpe Froſts, and raging Fires,
Put on with Boldneſſe, and put backe with Feares,
For oft thy Troubles doe extort my Teares.
O, how my Heart at that blacke Line did tremble!
That blotted Paper ſhould Thy Selfe reſemble;
O, were there Paper but neere halfe ſo white!
The Gods thereon their ſacred Lawes would write
With Pens of Angels Wings; and for their Inke,
That Heauenly *Nectar*, their immortall Drinke.
Maieſtike Courage ſtriues to haue ſuppreſt
This fearefull Paſſion, ſtir'd vp in my Breſt;
But ſtill in vaine the ſame I goe about,
My Heart muſt breake within, or Woes breake out.
✻ Am I at home purſu'd with priuate Hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace Gate?
Is meager Enuie ſtabbing at my Throne,
Treaſon attending when I walke alone?

✻ And

✻ And am I branded with the Curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemned by a Councels Doome?
✻ And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich *Normandie* with Armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my Birth, vnfortunate my Life,
✻ Vnkind my Children, moſt vnkind my Wife.
Griefe, Cares, old Age, Suſpition to torment me,
Nothing on Earth to quiet or content me;
So many Woes, ſo many Plagues to find,
Sickneſſe of Bodie, diſcontent of Mind;
Hopes left, Helps reft, Life wrong'd, Ioy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken, and afflicted.
Of all Reliefe hath Fortune quite bereft me?
Onely my Loue yet to my Comfort left me:
And is one Beautie thought ſo great a thing,
To mitigate the Sorrowes of a King?
Bar'd of that Choice the Vulgar often proue;
Haue we, then they, leſſe priuiledge in Loue?
Is it a King the wofull Widdow heares?
Is it a King dryes vp the Orphans Teares?
Is it a King regards the Clyents crie?
Giues Life to him, by Law condemn'd to die?
Is it his Care the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the Nurſe her Babie, whilſt it ſleepes?
And that poore King of all thoſe Hopes preuented,
Vnheard, vnhelp'd, vnpitti'd, vnlamented?
Yet let me be with Pouertie oppreſt,
Of Earthly Bleſſings rob'd, and diſ-poſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd, reiected, and reuil'd,
And from my Kingdome let me liue exil'd,
Let the Worlds Curſe vpon me ſtill remaine,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt againe;
All Miſeries that wretched Man may wound,
Leaue for my Comfort onely ROSAMOND.
For Thee, ſwift Time his ſpeedie courſe doth ſtay,
At thy Command, the Deſtinies obay;
Pittie is dead, that comes not from thine Eyes,
And at thy Feet eu'n Mercie proſtrate lyes.
If I were feeble, rheumatike, or cold,
Theſe were true ſignes that I were waxed old:
But I can march all day in maſſie Steele,
Nor yet my Armes vnwieldy weight doe feele;
Nor wak'd by Night with Bruiſe or bloudie Wound,
The Tent my Bed, no Pillow but the Ground:
For very Age had I layne Bedred long,
One Smile of Thine, againe could make me Yong.

Were

Were there in Art a Power but ſo diuine,
As is in that ſweet Angell-Tongue of Thine,
That great Enchantreſſe, which once tooke ſuch paines,
To put young Bloud into old ÆSONS Veines,
And in Groues, Mountaines, and the Mooriſh Fen,
Sought out more Hearbes then had been knowne to Men,
And in the pow'rfull Potion that ſhe makes,
Put Bloud of Men, of Birds, of Beaſts, and Snakes;
Neuer had needed to haue gone ſo farre,
To ſeeke the Soyles where all thoſe Simples are;
One Accent from thy Lips the Bloud more warmes,
Then all her Philters, Exorciſmes, and Charmes.
Thy Preſence hath repaired in one day,
What many Yeeres with Sorrowes did decay,
And made freſh Beautie in her flower to ſpring,
Out of the wrinckles of Times ruining.
Eu'n as the hungry Winter-ſtarued Earth,
When ſhe by nature labours towards her Birth,
Still as the Day vpon the darke World creepes,
One Bloſſome forth after another peepes,
Till the ſmall Flower, whoſe Root (at laſt) vnbound,
Gets from the froſtie Priſon of the Ground,
Spreading the Leaues vnto the pow'rfull Noone,
Deck'd in freſh Colours, ſmiles vpon the Sunne.
Neuer vnquiet Care lodg'd in that Breſt,
Where but one Thought of ROSAMOND did reſt;
Nor Thirſt, nor Trauaile, which on Warre attend,
Ere brought the long Day to deſired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine liue,
Where hope of Thee did any Comfort giue:
Ah, what Iniuſtice then is this of Thee,
That thus the Guiltleſſe do'ſt condemne for me?
When onely ſhe (by meanes of my Offence)
Redeemes thy Pureneſſe, and thy Innocence,
When to our Wills perforce obey they muſt,
That's iuſt in them, what ere in vs vniuſt,
Of what we doe, not them account we make;
The Fault craues pardon for th'Offendors ſake:
" And what to worke a Princes Will may merit,
" Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt Spirit.
If't be my Name, that doth Thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne Names Friend;
If it be that, which Thou do'ſt onely hate,
That Name, in my Name, laſtly hath his date;
Say 'tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſprayſe it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it;

Say, that of all Names 'tis a Name of Woe,
Once a Kings Name, but now it is not so:
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieue thee;
And therefore (Sweet) why should I now beleeue thee?
Nor shouldst thou thinke, those Eyes with Enuie lowre,
Which passing by thee, gaze vp to thy Towre;
But rather prayse thine owne, which be so cleere,
Which from the Turret like two Starres appeare:
Aboue, the Sunne doth shine, beneath, thine Eye,
Mocking the Heau'n, to make another Skye.
The little Streame which by thy Tow'r doth glide,
Where oft thou spend'st the wearie Eu'ning Tide,
To view thee well, his Course would gladly stay,
As loth from thee to part so soone away,
And with Salutes thy selfe would gladly greet,
And offer vp some small Drops at thy Feet;
But finding, that the enuious Bankes restraine it,
T'excuse it selfe, doth in this sort complaine it,
And therefore this sad bubbling Murmure keepes,
And for thy want, within the Channell weepes.
And as thou do'st into the Water looke,
The Fish which see thy shaddow in the Brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the lustre of thine Eye.
And that sweet Name, which thou so much do'st wrong,
In time shall be some famous Poets Song;
And with the very sweetnesse of that Name,
Lyons and Tygers Men shall learne to tame.
The carefull Mother, at her pensiue Brest,
With ROSAMOND shall bring her Babe to Rest;
The little Birds (by Mens continuall sound)
Shall learne to speake, and prattle ROSAMOND:
And when in Aprill they begin to sing,
With ROSAMOND shall welcome in the Spring;
And she in whom all Rarities are found,
Shall still be said to be a ROSAMOND.
The little Flowers dropping their honied Dew,
Which (as thou writ'st) doe weepe vpon thy Shoo,
Not for thy Fault (sweet ROSAMOND) doe moane,
Onely lament, that thou so soone art gone;
For if thy Foot touch Hemlocke as it goes,
That Hemlock's made more sweeter then the Rose.
Of IOVE, or NEPTVNE, how they did betray,
Speake not; of Iō, or ANIMONE,
When she, for whom IOVE once became a Bull,
Compar'd with Thee, had beene a Tawnie Trull;

He

He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he nor ſhe neere halfe ſo white as Thou.
Long ſince (thou know'ſt) my Care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealous ELLINOR;
The Labyrinths Conueyance guides thee ſo,
✲ (Which onely VAVGHAN, thou, and I doe know)
If ſhe doe guard thee with an hundred Eyes,
I haue an hundred ſubtill MERCVRIES,
To watch that ARGVS which my Loue doth keepe,
Vntill Eye, after Eye, fall all to ſleepe.
And thoſe Starres which looke in, but looke to ſee,
(Wond'ring) what Starre here on the Earth ſhould be;
As oft the Moone, amidſt the ſilent Night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly Light,
And by the Curtaine help'd mine Eye to ſee
What enuious Night and Darkeneſſe hid from me;
When I haue wiſh'd, that ſhe might euer ſtay,
And other Worlds might ſtill enioy the Day.
What ſhould I ſay? Words, Teares, and Sighes be ſpent,
And want of Time doth further Helpe preuent:
My Campe reſounds with fearefull ſhockes of Warre,
Yet in my Breſt more dang'rous Conflicts are;
Yet is my Signall to the Battels ſound,
The bleſſed Name of beautious ROSAMOND.
Accurſed be that Heart, that Tongue, that Breath,
Should thinke, ſhould ſpeake, or whiſper of thy Death;
For in one Smile, or Lowre from thy ſweet Eye,
Conſiſts my Life, my Hope, my Victorie.
Sweet *Woodſtock*, where my ROSAMOND doth reſt,
Be bleſt in Her, in whom thy King is bleſt:
For though in *France* a while my Body bee,
My Heart remaines (deare Paradiſe) in thee.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

Am I at home purſu'd with priuate Hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace Gate?

ROBERT, *Earle of* Leiceſter, *who tooke part with young King* Henry, *entred into* England *with an Armie of three thouſand* Flemings, *and ſpoyled the Countries of* Norfolke *and* Suffolke, *being ſuccoured by many of the Kings priuate Enemies.*

And am I branded with the Curſe of *Rome?*

King Henry *the ſecond, the firſt* Plantaginet, *accuſed for the death of* Thomas Becket, *Arch-biſhop of* Canterburie, *ſlaine in that Cathedrall Church, was accurſed by Pope* Alexander, *although he vrged ſufficient proofe of his innocencie in the ſame, and offered to take vpon him any Penance, ſo he might auoid the Curſe and Interdiction of his Realme.*

And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich *Normandie* with Armies ouer-runne.

Henry *the young King, whom King* Henry *had cauſed to be crowned in his life (as hee hoped) both for his owne good, and the good of his Subiects, which indeede turned to his owne Sorrow, and the Trouble of the Realme; for he rebelled againſt him, and rayſing a Power, by the meanes of* Lewes *King of* France, *and* William *King of* Scots *(who tooke part with him) and inuaded* Normandie.

Vnkind my Children, moſt vnkind my Wife.

Neuer King more vnfortunate then King Henry, *in the diſobedience of his Children: Firſt,* Henry, *then* Geffrey, *then* Richard, *then* Iohn, *all at one time or other, firſt or laſt, vnnaturally rebelled againſt him; then, the Iealouſie of* Elinor *his Queene, who ſuſpected his loue to* Roſamond: *Which grieuous Troubles, the Deuout of thoſe Times attributed to happen to him iuſtly, for refuſing to take on him the Gouernment of* Ieruſalem, *offered to him by the Patriarke there; which Country was mightily afflicted by the Souldan.*

Which onely *Vaughan*, thou, and I doe know.

This Vaughan *was a Knight, whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Palace at* Woodſtock, *and much of the Kings Iewels and Treaſure, to whom the King committed many of his Secrets, and in whom he repoſed ſuch truſt, that he durſt commit his Loue vnto his Charge.*

FINIS.

KING *IOHN* TO MATILDA.

THE ARGVMENT.

King IOHN *enamor'd; by all meanes aſſay'd*
To winne MATILDA, *a chaſte Noble Mayd,*
The Lord FITZ-WATERS *Daughter: and to gayne her,*
When by his Courtſhip he could not obtayne her,
Nor by his Gifts; ſtriues (ſo farre being in)
To get by force, what faire meanes could not winne,
And baniſheth the neereſt of her Blood,
Which he could thinke had his Deſires withſtood:
When ſhe to Dunmow *to a Nun'rie flyes;*
Whither he writeth, and whence ſhe replyes.

WHen theſe my Letters come into thy view,
Think them not forc'd, or fain'd, or ſtrange, or new;
Thou know'ſt no way, no means, no courſe exempted
Left now vnſought, vnprou'd, or vnattempted,
All Rules, Regards, all ſecret Helpes of Art,
What Knowledge, Wit, Experience can impart;
And in the old Worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good dayes for Loue, Times, Houres, and Minutes noted;
And where Art left, Loue teacheth more to find,
By ſignes in preſence to expreſſe the Mind.
Oft hath mine Eye told thine Eye, Beautie grieu'd it,
And beg'd but for one Looke, to haue relieu'd it,
And ſtill with thine Eyes motion, mine Eye mou'd,
Lab'ring for Mercie, telling how it lou'd;
You bluſht, I bluſht; your Cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My Red, thy Red my Whiteneſſe anſwer'd thine;
You ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, we both one Paſſion proue,
But thy ſigh is for Hate, my ſigh for Loue:
If a word paſs'd, that inſufficient were,
To helpe that word, mine Eye let forth a Teare;

And

And if that Teare did dull or ſenſeleſſe proue,
My Heart would fetch a Throb, to make it moue.
Oft in thy Face, one Fauour from the reſt
I ſingled forth, that pleas'd my Fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third, exceeding both thoſe lik'd before:
Then one, as Wonder were deriued thence,
Then that, whoſe rareneſſe paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behold thy Globe-like rowling Eye,
Thy louely Cheeke (me thinkes) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tells me, thoſe are Shadowes and Suppoſes,
But bids me thither come, and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy Brow doth call to mee,
To come to it, if Wonders I will ſee:
Now haue I done, and then thy dimpled Chinne
Againe doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy Lip,
Leſt wond'ring leaſt, the great'ſt I ouer-ſlip:
My gazing Eye on this and this doth ſeaſe,
Which ſurfets, yet cannot Deſire appeaſe.
Now like I Browne (O louely Browne thy Haire)
Onely in Brownneſſe, Beautie dwelleth there.
Then loue I Blacke, thine Eye-ball blacke as Iet,
Which in a Globe, pure Cryſtalline, is ſet:
Then white; but Snow, nor Swan, nor Iuorie pleaſe,
Then are thy Teeth more whiter then all theſe;
In Browne, in Blacke, in Pureneſſe, and in White,
All Loue, all Sweets, all Rareneſſe, all Delight:
Thus thou, vile Theeſe, my ſtolne Heart hence do'ſt carrie,
And now thou flyeſt into a Sanctuarie.
Fie peeuiſh Girle, ingratefull vnto Nature;
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a Creature,
That thou her glorie ſhouldſt encreaſe thereby,
And thou alone do'ſt ſcorne Societie?
Why, Heauen made Beautie like her ſelfe to view,
Not to be lock'd vp in a ſmoakie Mew:
A Roſie-tincted Feature is Heauens Gold,
Which all Men ioy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the World begun,
That ſo rare Beautie ſhould not liue a Nunne;
But if this Vow thou needs wilt vndertake,
O were mine Armes a Cloyſter for thy ſake:
Still may his Paines for euer be augmented,
This Superſtition idly that inuented;
Ill might he thriue, who brought this Cuſtome hither,
That holy People might not liue together.

A happie Time, a good World was it then,
When holy Women liu'd with holy Men;
But Kings in this yet priuiledg'd may bee,
Ile be a Monke, ſo I may liue with thee.
Who would not riſe to ring the Mornings Knell,
When thy ſweet Lips might be the facring Bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe Lips might feaſt his Lips at laſt?
Who to his Mattens early would not riſe,
That might reade by the Light of thy faire Eyes?
On Worldly Pleaſures who would euer looke,
That had thy Curles his Beads, thy Browes his Booke?
Wert Thou the Croſſe, to Thee who would not creepe,
And wiſh, the Croſſe ſtill in his Armes to keepe?
Sweet Girle, Ile take this holy Habit on me,
Of meere Deuotion that is come vpon me;
Holy MATILDA, Thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy Seruant, and my Bed thy Shrine.
When I doe offer, be thy Breſt the Altar,
And when I pray, thy Mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The Beades that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet Kiſſes,
Which we will number, if one Pleaſure miſſes;
And when an *Aue* comes, to ſay *Amen*,
We will begin, and tell them o're againe:
Now all good Fortune giue me happy Thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t'abſolue thee after Shrift.
But ſee, how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while:
Thou took'ſt this Vow, to equall my Deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt haue me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy Siſter, and a holy Brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe to my Loue alone,
" She is moſt chaſte, that's but inioy'd of One.
Yea, now thy true Deuotion doe I find,
And ſure, in this I much commend thy Mind;
Elſe here thou do'ſt but ill Example giue,
And in a Nun'rie thus thou ſhouldſt not liue.
Is't poſſible, the Houſe that thou art in
Should not be toucht (though with a Veniall ſinne?)
When ſuch a ſhee-Prieſt comes her Maſſe to ſay,
Twentie to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wiſh, they would their Hearts amend,
When we be witneſſe, that their Eyes offend;
All Creatures haue Deſires, or elſe ſome lye,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.

Doſt

Do'ſt thou not thinke our Anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe Religious Cells did firſt deuiſe?
As Hoſpitals were for the Sore and Sicke,
Theſe for the Crook'd, the Halt, the Stigmaticke,
Leſt that their Seed, mark'd with Deformitie,
Should be a Blemiſh to Poſteritie.
Would Heau'n her Beautie ſhould be hid from ſight,
Ne'r would ſhe thus her ſelfe adorne with Light;
With ſparkling Lamps nor would ſhe paint her Throne;
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd vpon:
And when the golden glorious Sunne goes downe,
Would ſhe put on her Starre-beſtudded Crowne,
And in her Masking Sute, the ſpangled Skie,
Come forth to bride it in her Reuelrie;
And gaue this Gift to all Things in Creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her Faſhion.
All Things that faire, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer themſelues of purpoſe to be ſeene.
In Sinkes and Vaults the vgly Toads doe dwell;
The Diuels, ſince moſt vgly, they in Hell.
Our Mother (Earth) ne'r glories in her Fruit,
Till by the Sunne clad in her Tinſell Sute;
Nor doth ſhe euer ſmile him in the Face,
Till in his glorious Armes he her imbrace:
Which proues ſhe hath a Soule, Senſe, and Delight,
Of Generations feeling Appetite.
Well Hypocrite (in Faith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
What ere thy Tongue ſay, thy Heart ſaith no leſſe.
Note but this one thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature of all things Male and Female made,
Shewing her ſelfe in our Proportion plaine;
For neuer made ſhe any thing in vaine:
For as thou art, ſhould any haue beene thus,
She would haue left enſample vnto vs.
The Turtle, that's ſo true and chaſte in loue,
Shewes by her Mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue;
Th'Arabian Bird, that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our Mother Nature made them Two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes doe;
And therefore made a Martyr in deſire,
To doe her Penance laſtly in the Fire:
So may they all be roſted quicke, that bee
Apoſtata's to Nature, as is ſhee.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(Woo'd, ſu'd, and ſought by him that now ſeekes thee)

But of thy Minde, and here I vndertake,
To build a Nun'rie for her onely ſake.
O, hadſt thou taſted of thoſe rare Delights,
Ordain'd each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights!
To haue their Beautie and their Wits admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your Sexe deſir'd)
Attended by our Traynes, our Pompe, our Port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court,
To be ſaluted with the cheerefull Crie
Of Highneſſe, Grace, and ſoueraigne Maieſtie:
" But vnto them that know not Pleaſures price,
" All's one, a Priſon, and a Paradiſe.
If in a Dungeon, clos'd vp from the Light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the Day and Night;
" Whoſe Pallat neuer taſted daintie Cates,
" Thinkes homely Diſhes Princely Delicates.
Alas, poore Girle, I pittie thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liu'd diſconſolate;
Why now at length, yet let thy Heart relent,
And call thy Father backe from Baniſhment;
And with thoſe Princely Honours here inueſt him,
Of which, fond Loue, not Hate hath diſpoſſeſt him.
Call from Exile thy deare Allies and Friends,
To whom the furie of my Griefe extends;
And if thou take my counſell in this caſe,
I make no doubt thou ſhalt haue better Grace:
And leaue thy *Dunmow*, that accurſed Cell,
There let blacke Night and Melancholy dwell;
Come to the Court, where all Ioyes ſhall receiue thee,
And till that Houre, yet with my Griefe I leaue thee.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle of King Iohn *to* Matilda, *is much more Poeticall then Hiſtoricall, making no mention at all of the Occurrents of the Time, or State, touching onely his loue to her, and the extremitie of his Paſſions forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the Humour of this King, as hath beene truely noted by the moſt authenticall Writers: whoſe nature and diſpoſition is trulyeſt diſcerned in the courſe of his Loue; firſt, ieſting at the Ceremonies of the Seruices of thoſe Times; then, going about by all ſtrong and probable Arguments, to reduce her to Pleaſures and Delights; next, with promiſes of Honour,*

which he thinketh to be the laſt and greateſt Meanes, and to haue greateſt power in her Sexe; with promiſe of calling home of her Friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his deſires.

MATILDA to King IOHN.

NO ſooner I receiu'd thy Letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But ſudden feare my bloudleſſe veynes doth fill,
As though diuining of ſome future ill:
And in a ſhiuering extaſie I ſtood,
A chilly coldneſſe ran through all my Blood;
Opening the Packet, I ſhut vp my reſt,
And let ſtrange Cares into my quiet Breſt,
As though thy hard vnpittying Hand had ſent me,
Some new deuiſed Torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Caſt out with thoſe things thou remembreſt not;
And that proud Beautie which enforſt me hether,
Had with my Name bin periſhed together:
" But O (I ſee) our hoped Good deceiues vs,
" But what we would forgoe, that ſeldome leaues vs:
Thy blameſull Lines beſpotted ſo with Sin,
Mine Eyes would cleanſe, ere they to read begin:
But I to waſh an Indian goe about,
For Ill ſo hard ſet on, is hard got out.
I once determin'd, ſtill to haue been mute,
Onely by Silence to refell thy Sute:
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For ſome will ſay, that Silence doth conſent:
" Deſire with ſmall encouraging growes bold,
" And Hope of euery little thing takes hold.
I ſet me downe, at large to write my mind,
But now nor Pen, nor Paper can I find;
For ſtill my paſſion is ſo powerfull o'r me,
That I diſcerne not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the Pen, the Paper, and the Waxe,
Theſe at command, and now Inuention lacks;
This ſentence ſerues, and That my hand out-ſtrikes;
That pleaſeth well, and This as much miſlikes,
I write,

I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note,
I hope, deſpaire, take courage, faint, diſdaine,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I faine:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhame-fac'd, feareleſſe, doubtfull, timorous;
My faint Hand writing, when my full Eye reads,
From eu'ry word ſtrange Paſſion ſtill proceeds.
" O, when the Soule is fett'red once in Woe,
" 'Tis ſtrange what Humors it doth force vs to!
A Teare doth drowne a Teare, Sigh, Sigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th'ouer-watched weakeneſſe of the ſicke Conceit,
Is that which makes ſmall Beautie ſeeme ſo great;
Like things which hid in troubled Waters lye,
Which crook'd, ſeeme ſtraight, if ſtraight, the contrarie:
And thus our vaine Imagination ſhewes it,
As it conceiues it, not as Iudgement knowes it:
(As in a Mirrour, if the ſame be true)
Such as your likeneſſe, iuſtly ſuch are you:
But as you change your ſelfe, it changeth there,
And ſhewes you as you are, not as you were;
And with your Motion doth your ſhadow moue,
If Frowne or Smile, ſuch the conceit of Loue.
Why tell me, is it poſſible the Mind
A Forme in all Deformitie ſhould find?
Within the compaſſe of Mans Face we ſee,
How many ſorts of ſeuerall Fauours bee;
And in the Chin, the Noſe, the Brow, the Eye,
The ſmalleſt Diff'rence that you can deſcry,
Alters Proportion, altereth the Grace,
Nay, oft deſtroyes the Fauour of the Face:
And in the World, ſcarce Two ſo like there are,
One with the other, which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A iudging Sight doth ſoone diſtinguiſh eyther.
How Woman-like a Weakeneſſe is it then?
O, what ſtrange madneſſe ſo poſſeſſeth Men!
Bereft of Senſe, ſuch ſenſeleſſe Wonders ſeeing,
Without Forme, Faſhion, Certaintie, or Being?
For which ſo many die, to liue in anguiſh,
Yet cannot liue, if thus they ſhould not languiſh:
That Comfort yeelds not, and yet Hope denyes not,
A Life that liues not, and a Death that dyes not;
That hates vs moſt, when moſt it ſpeakes vs faire,
Doth promiſe all Things, alwayes payes with Ayre;

Yet ſometime doth our greateſt Griefe appeaſe,
To double Sorrow after little Eaſe.
Like that which thy laſciuious Will doth craue,
Which if once had, thou neuer more canſt haue;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'ſt waſte it,
Taken, is loſt, and periſh'd, if thou haſt it:
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne'r the more haſt wonne,
I loſing nothing, yet am quite vndone;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King reſtores, though he a Kingdome gaue me.
* Do'ſt thou of Father and of Friends depriue me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that Heau'n did giue me?
What Nature claymes by Bloud, Allies, or Neereneſſe,
Or Friendſhip challenge by regard or deareneſſe?
Mak'ſt me an Orphan ere my Father die,
A wofull Widow in Virginitie?
Is thy vnbridled Luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flatt'ring Tongue bewayles my Fall.
The dead Mans Graue with fained Teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill;
To harbour Hate, in ſhew of wholeſome Things,
So in the Roſe, the poyſoned Serpent ſtings;
To lurke farre off, yet lodge Deſtruction by,
The Baſiliske ſo poyſons with the Eye;
To call for Ayd, and then to lye in wait,
So the Hyena murthers by Deceit;
By ſweet Inticement, ſudden Death to bring,
So from the Rocks, th'alluring Mermaids ſing:
In greateſt Wants t'inflict the greateſt Woe,
Is eu'n the vtmoſt Tyrannie can doe.
But where (I ſee) the Tempeſt thus preuayles,
What vſe of Anchors, or what need we Sayles?
Aboue vs, bluſt'ring Winds and dreadfull Thunder,
The Waters gape for our Deſtruction vnder;
Here, on this ſide, the furious Billowes flye,
There Rocks, there Sands, and dang'rous Whirle-pooles lye.
Is this the meane that Mightineſſe approues?
And in this ſort doe Princes woo their Loues?
Mildneſſe would better ſute with Maieſtie,
Then raſh Reuenge and rough Seueritie.
O, in what Safetie Temperance doth reſt,
Obtayning Harbour in a ſoueraigne Breſt!
Which, if ſo prayſefull in the meaneſt Men,
In pow'rfull Kings how glorious is it then?
* Fled I firſt hither, hoping to haue ayd,
Here thus to haue mine Innocence betrayd?

Is

Is Court and Countrey both her Enemie,
And no place found to ſhrowd in Chaſtitie?
Each Houſe for Luſt a Harbour, and an Inne,
And eu'ry Citie a Receit for Sinne?
And all doe pittie Beautie in diſtreſſe;
If Beautie chaſte, then onely pittileſſe:
Thus is ſhe made the inſtrument to Ill,
And vnrelieu'd, may wander where ſhe will.
Laſciuious Poets, which abuſe the Truth,
Which oft teach Age to ſinne, infecting Youth,
For the vnchaſte, make Trees and Stones to mourne,
Or as they pleaſe, to other ſhapes doe turne:
CINYRA's Daughter, whoſe inceſtuous Mind,
Made her wrong Nature, and diſhonour Kind,
Long ſince by them is turn'd into a Myrrhe,
Whoſe dropping Liquor euer weepes for her;
And in a Fountaine, BIBLIS doth deplore
Her Fault ſo vile and monſterous before:
SILLA, which once her Father did betray,
Is now a Bird (if all be true they ſay.)
She that with PHŒBVS did the foule Offence,
Now metamorphos'd into Frankincenſe:
Other, to Flowers, to Odors, and to Gumme;
At leaſt, IOVES Leman is a Starre become:
And more, they faine a thouſand fond Excuſes,
To cloud their Scapes, and couer their Abuſes;
The Virgin onely they obſcure and hide,
Whilſt the vnchaſte by them are deify'd,
And if by them a Virgin be expreſt,
She muſt be rank'd ignobly with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
Time hath thoſe Features vtterly defac'd,
And all thoſe Beauties which ſat on my Brow,
Thou wouldſt not thinke ſuch euer had beene now;
And glad I am that time with me is done,
✻ Vowing my ſelfe religiouſly a Nunne:
My Veſtall Habite me contenting more,
Then all the Robes adorning me before.
Had ROSAMOND (a Recluſe of our ſort)
Taken our Cloyſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that Beautie with a holy Vale,
Which ſhe (alas) too looſely ſet to ſale,
She need not, like an vgly Minotaur,
Haue beene lock'd vp from iealous ELENOR,
But beene as famous by thy Mothers Wrongs,
As by thy Father ſubiect to all Tongues.

" To ſhaddow Sinne, Might can the moſt pretend,
" Kings, but the Conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger Hand reſtraynes our wilfull pow'rs,
A Will muſt rule aboue this Will of ours,
Not following what our vaine Deſires doe woo
For Vertues ſake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my Father choſe to liue exil'd,
Before his Eyes ſhould ſee my Youth defil'd;
✠ And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Townes ſpent in reuengefull Fire:
Yet neuer touch'd with Griefe; ſo onely I,
Exempt from ſhame, might honourably die?
And ſhall this Iewell, which ſo dearely coſt,
Be after all, by my Diſhonour loſt?
No, no, each reuerend Word, each holy Teare
Of his, in me too deepe Impreſſion beare,
His lateſt Farwell, at his laſt depart,
More deepely is ingraued in my Heart;
Nor ſhall that Blot, by me, his Name ſhall haue,
Bring his gray haires with ſorrow to the Graue,
Better his Teares to fall vpon my Tombe,
Than for my Birth to curſe my Mothers Wombe.
✠ Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can giue my Bodie Buriall.
If all remorſeleſſe, no Teare-ſhedding Eye,
My Selfe will moane my Selfe, ſo liue, ſo die.

Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

THis Epiſtle containeth no particular Points of Hiſtorie, more then the generalitie of the Argument layeth open: for after the Baniſhment of the Lord Robert Fitz-water, *and that* Matilda *was become a Recluſe at* Dunmow *(from whence this Reply is imagined to be written) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his Suite,* Matilda *with this chaſte and conſtant Denyall, hopes yet at length to finde ſome comfortable Remedie, and to rid her ſelfe of Doubts, by taking vpon her this Monaſticke Habite: and to ſhew, that ſhee ſtill beareth in minde his former Crueltie, bred by the impatience of his Luſt, ſhee remembreth him of her Fathers Baniſhment, and the lawleſſe Exile of her Allies and Friends.*

Do'ſt thou of Father and of Friends depriue me?

Then complayning of her Diſtreſſe; that flying thither, thinking there to finde

finde Reliefe, ſhee ſeeth her ſelfe moſt aſſayled, where ſhee hoped to haue found moſt Safetie.

Fled I firſt hither, hoping to haue ayd,
Here thus, &c.

After againe, ſtanding vpon the preciſe Points of Conſcience, not to caſt off the Habite ſhe had taken.

Vowing my ſelfe religiouſly a Nunne.

And at laſt, laying open more particularly the Miſeries ſuſtained by her Father in England, *the Burning of his Caſtles and Houſes, which ſhee proueth to be for her ſake; as reſpecting onely her Honour, more then his Natiue Countrey, and his owne Fortunes.*

And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Townes ſpent in reuengefull Fire.

Knitting vp her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant Reſolution.

Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can giue my Bodie Buriall.

FINIS.

QVEENE ISABEL To MORTIMER.

THE ARGVMENT.

Faire ISABEL, EDWARD *the Seconds Queene,*
PHILIP *of* France *his Daughter; for the Spleene*
She bare her Husband, for that he affected
Lascinious Minions, and her Loue neglected;
Drew to her Fauour (striuing to preferre)
That valiant young Lord ROGER MORTIMER:
Who with the Barons rose; but wanting Power,
Was taken and imprisoned in the Tower.
But by a sleepie Drinke which she prepar'd,
And at a Banquet giuen to his Guard,
He makes escape: to whom, to France *she sends;*
Who thence to her his Service recommends.

THough such sweet comfort comes not now from her,
As *Englands* Queene hath sent to MORTIMER:
Yet what that wants (may it my Power approue,
If Lines can bring) this shall supply with Loue.
Me thinkes Affliction should not fright me so,
Nor should resume those sundry shapes of Woe;
But when I faine would find the cause of this,
Thy absence shewes me where my Error is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad Sorrow then possesseth eu'ry Sense:
But finding thy deare Bloud preseru'd thereby,
And in thy Life, my long-wish'd Libertie,
With that sweet Thought, my selfe I onely please,
Amidst my Griefe, which sometimes giues me ease;
Thus doe extremest Ills a Ioy possesse,
And one Woe makes another Woe seeme lesse.

That blessed Night, that mild-aspected Howre,
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Towre,
Shall consecrated euermore remaine;
Some gentle Planet in that Houre did raigne;
And shall be happie in the Birth of Men,
Which was chiefe Lord of the Ascendent then.
✻ O how I fear'd, that sleepie Iuyce I sent,
Might yet want power to further thine Intent!
Or that some vnseene Mysterie might lurke,
Which wanting order, kindly should not worke:
Oft did I wish those dreadfull poys'ned Lees,
Which clos'd the euer-waking Dragons Eyes;
Or I had had those Sense-bereauing Stalkes,
That grow in shadie PROSERPIN'S darke Walkes;
Or those blacke Weeds on *Lethe* Bankes below,
Or *Lunarie*, that doth on *Latmus* flow.
Oft did I feare this moist and foggie Clime,
Or that the Earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not haue Herbes to helpe me in this case,
Such as doe thriue on *India's* parched Face.
That Morrow, when the blessed Sunne did rise,
And shut the Lids of all Heauens lesser Eyes,
Forth from my Palace, by a secret Stayre,
✻ I stole to *Thames*, as though to take the Ayre;
And ask'd the gentle Floud, as it doth glide,
If thou didst passe or perish by the Tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the Streame,
To lay thee softly on his Siluer Teame,
And bring thee to me, to the quiet Shore,
That with his Teares thou might'st haue some Teares more.
When suddenly doth rise a rougher Gale:
With that (me thinkes) the troubled Waues looke pale,
And sighing with that little Gust that blowes,
With this remembrance seeme to knit their Browes.
Euen as this sudden Passion doth affright me,
The chearefull Sunne breakes from a Cloud to light me:
Then doth the Bottome euident appeare,
As it would shew me, that thou wast not there;
When as the Water flowing where I stand,
Doth seeme to tell me, thou art safe on Land.
✻ Did *Bulloyne* once a Festiuall prepare,
For *England*, *Almaine*, *Cicill*, and *Nauarre*?
When *France* enui'd those Buildings (onely blest)
Grac'd with the Orgies of my Bridall Feast,
That *English* EDWARD should refuse my Bed,
For that lasciuious shamelesse *Ganimed*?

✻ And in my place, vpon his Regall Throne,
To set that Girle-Boy, wanton Gaveston.
Betwixt the feature of my Face and his,
My Glasse assures me no such difference is,
✻ That a foule Witches Bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthie of his Loue then I.
What doth auaile vs to be Princes Heires,
When we can boast, our Birth is onely theirs?
When base dissembling Flatterers shall deceiue vs
Of all that our great Ancestors did leaue vs:
✻ And of our Princely Iewels and our Dowres,
Let vs enioy the least of what is ours;
When Minions Heads must weare our Monarchs Crownes,
To rayse vp Dunghils with our famous Townes;
Those Beggers-Brats, wrapt in our rich Perfumes,
Their Buzzard-wings, imp'd with our Eagles Plumes;
✻ And match'd with the braue Issue of our Blood,
Ally the Kingdome to their crauand Brood?
Did Longshanks purchase with his conqu'ring Hand,
✻ *Albania, Gascoyne, Cambria, Ireland?*
That young Carnarvan (his vnhappie Sonne)
✻ Should giue away all that his Father wonne,
To backe a Stranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue Allies and Branches of the Crowne?
✻ And did great Edward on his Death-bed giue
This Charge to them which afterwards should liue,
That, that proud *Gascoyne* banished the Land,
No more should tread vpon the *English* Sand?
And haue these great Lords in the Quarrell stood,
And seal'd his last Will with their deerest Blood?
✻ That after all this fearefull Massacre,
The Fall of Beavchamp, Lacy, Lancaster,
Another faithlesse Fauourite should arise,
To cloud the Sunne of our Nobilities?
✻ And gloried I in Gavestons great Fall,
That now a Spenser should succeed in all?
And that his Ashes should another breed,
Which in his Place and Empire should succeed;
That wanting One, a Kingdomes Wealth to spend,
Of what that left, this now shall make an end;
To waste all that our Father wonne before,
Nor leaue our Sonne a Sword, to conquer more?
Thus but in vaine we fondly doe resist,
" Where Power can doe (eu'n) all things as it list,
" And of our Right, with Tyrants to debate,
" Lendeth them meanes to weaken our Estate.

Whilst

Whilſt Parlaments muſt remedie their Wrongs,
And we muſt wait for what to vs belongs;
Our Wealth but Fuell to their fond Exceſſe,
And all our Faſts muſt feaſt their Wantonneſſe.
Think'ſt thou our Wrongs then inſufficient are,
To moue our Brother to religious Warre?
* And if they were, yet EDWARD doth detaine
Homage for *Pontiu, Guyne*, and *Aquitaine*:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the Truce;
Thus all accurre, to put backe all excuſe.
The Siſters Wrong, ioyn'd with the Brothers Right,
Me thinkes, might vrge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe People ſenſeleſſe of our Harmes,
Which for our Countrey oft haue manag'd Armes?
Is the braue *Normans* Courage quite forgot?
Haue the bold *Britans* loſt the vſe of Shot?
The big-boni'd *Almans*, and ſtout *Brabanders*,
Their Warlike Pikes, and ſharpe-edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the *Pickards* let their Croſſe-bowes lie,
Once like the Centaur's of old *Theſſalie*?
Or if a valiant Leader be their lacke,
Where Thou art preſent, who ſhould beat them backe?
I doe coniure Thee, by what is moſt deare,
By that great Name of famous MORTIMER,
* By ancient WIGMORES honourable Creſt,
The Tombes where all thy famous Grandſires reſt;
Or if then theſe, what more may Thee approue,
Eu'n by thoſe Vowes of thy vnfained Loue;
In all thou canſt to ſtirre the Chriſtian King,
By forraine Armes ſome Comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the Power of Traytors that rebell,
Againſt the Right of Princely ISABEL.
Vaine witleſſe Woman, why ſhould I deſire
To adde more heat to thy Immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of Hate,
To ſhake the pillars of thine owne Eſtate,
When whatſoeuer we intend to doe,
Our moſt Misfortune euer ſorteth too;
And nothing elſe remaynes for vs beſide,
But Teares and Coffins (onely) to prouide?
* When ſtill, ſo long as *Burrough* beares that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerued ſhame;
And whilſt cleare *Trent* her wonted courſe ſhall keepe,
For our ſad Fall ſhe euermore ſhall weepe.
All ſee our Ruine on our Backes is throwne,
And we too weake to beare it out, are growne.

✻ TORLTON, that ſhould our Buſineſſe direct,
The generall Foe doth vehemently ſuſpect:
" For dangerous Things get hardly to their End,
" Whereon ſo many watchfully attend.
What ſhould I ſay? My Griefes doe ſtill renew,
And but begin, when I ſhould bid Adiew.
Few be my Words, but manifold my Woe,
And ſtill I ſtay, the more I ſtriue to goe.
Then till faire Time ſome greater Good affords,
Take my Loues-payment in theſe ayrie Words.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

O, how I fear'd that ſleepie Iuice I ſent,
Might yet want power to further mine intent!

MOrtimer *being in the* Tower, *and ordayning a Feaſt in honour of his Birth-day, as he pretended, and inuiting thereunto Sir* Stephen Segraue, *Conſtable of the* Tower, *with the reſt of the Officers belonging to the ſame, he gaue them a ſleepie Drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes he got libertie for his Eſcape.*

I ſtole to *Thames*, as though to take the Ayre,
And ask'd the gentle Floud as it doth glide.

Mortimer *being got out of the* Tower, *ſwam the Riuer of* Thames, *into* Kent; *whereof ſhe hauing intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three yeeres.*

Did *Bulloyne* once a Feſtiuall prepare,
For *England, Almaine, Cicill*, and *Nauarre*?

Edward Carnaruon, *the firſt Prince of* Wales *of the* Engliſh *Bloud, married* Iſabel, *Daughter of* Philip *the Faire, at* Bulloine, *in the preſence of the Kings of* Almaine, Nauarre, *and* Cicill, *with the chiefe Nobilitie of* France *and* England: *Which Marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding Pompe and Magnificence.*

And in my place, vpon his Regall Throne,
To ſet that Gitle-boy, wanton *Gaueſton*.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonneſſe of Gaueſton, *the Kings Minion; his Behauiour and Attire euer ſo Woman-like, to pleaſe the Eye of his laſciuious Maſter.*

That a foule Witches Baſtard ſhould thereby.

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobilitie, in the diſgrace of Pierce Gaueſton, *that his Mother was conuicted of Witch-craft, and burned for the ſame, and that* Pierce *had bewitched the King.*

And

And of our Princely Iewels and our Dowres,
Let vs enioy the leaſt of what is ours.

A Complaint of the Prodigalitie of King Edward, *giuing vnto* Gaueſton *the Iewels and Treaſure which was left him by the ancient Kings of* England, *and enriching him with the goodly Mannor of* Wallingford, *aſſigned as parcell of the Dower to the Queenes of this famous Ile.*

And match'd with the braue Iſſue of our Blood,
Al.e the Kingdome to their crauand Brood.

Edward *the ſecond giue to* Pierce Gaueſton *in Marriage the Daughter of* Gilbert Clare, *Earle of* Gloceſter, *begot of the Kings ſiſter,* Ione *of* Acres, *married to the ſaid Earle of* Gloceſter.

Albania, Gaſcoine, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, *ſo called of* Albanact, *the ſecond ſonne of* Brutus; *and* Cambria, Wales, *ſo called of* Camber *the third ſonne. The foure Realmes and Countries brought in ſubiection by* Edward Longſhankes.

Should giue away all that his Father wonne,
To backe a ſtranger.

King Edward *offered his Right in* France *to* Charles *his Brother in Law, and his Right in* Scotland *to* Robert Bruſe, *to be ayded againſt the Barons in the Quarrell of* Pierce Gaueſton.

And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed giue.

Edward Longſhankes *on his Death-bed at* Carlile, *commanded young* Edward *his ſonne, on his Bleſſing, not to call backe* Gaueſton, *which (for the miſguiding of the Princes Youth) was before baniſhed by the whole Councell of the Land.*

That after all this fearefull Maſſaker,
The Fall of *Beauchamp, Lacie, Lancaſter.*

Thomas, *Earle of* Lancaſter, Guy, *Earle of* Warwicke, *and* Henry, *Earle of* Lincolne, *who had taken their Oathes before the deceaſed King at his Death, to withſtand his ſonne* Edward, *if he ſhould call* Gaueſton *from exile, being a thing which he much feared, now ſeeing* Edward *to violate his Fathers Commandement, riſe in Armes againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the Ciuill Warre, and the ruine of ſo many Princes.*

And gloried I in *Gaueſtons* great Fall,
That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceed in all?

The two Hugh Spenſers, *the Father and the Sonne, after the Death of* Gaueſton, *became the great Fauourites of the King, the Sonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the Father Earle of* Wincheſter.

And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for *Pontiu, Guyne,* and *Aquitaine.*

Edward Longſhankes *did homage for thoſe Cities and Territories, to the* French *King; which* Edward *the ſecond neglecting, moued the* French *King, by the ſubornation of* Mortimer, *to ſeize thoſe Countries into his hands.*

By

By ancient *Wigmores* honourable Creſt.

Wigmore, *in the Marches of* Wales, *was the ancient Houſe of the* Mortimers, *that Noble and Couragious Family.*

When ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* beares that name.

The Queene remembreth the great Ouerthrow giuen to the Barons by Andrew Herckley, *Earle of* Carlil, *at* Burrough *Bridge, after the Battell at* Burton.

Torlton, that ſhould our Buſineſſe direct.

This was Adam Torlton, *Biſhop of* Hereford, *that great Politician, who ſo highly fauoured the Faction of the Queene and* Mortimer; *whoſe euill counſell afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.*

MORTIMER to Queene ISABEL.

AS thy Salutes my Sorrowes doe adiourne,
So backe to thee their int'reſt I returne;
Though not in ſo great Bountie (I confeſſe)
As thy Heroicke Princely Lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould Comfort iſſue from the Breath
✻ Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp for Death?
From Murthers Rage thou didſt me once repriue;
Now in Exile, my Hopes thou do'ſt reuiue:
✻ Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue:
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I giue it backe to you.
Ne'r my Eſcape had I aduentur'd thus,
As did the Skie-attempting DEDALVS;
And yet to giue more ſafetie to my flight,
Did make a Night of Day, a Day of Night:
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring Wall,
Which held without my Hopes, within my Fall,
Leauing the Cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazers with much feare to looke vpon;
But that thy Beautie (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new Life into this Spirit of mine,
Drawne by the Sunne of thy celeſtiall Eyes,
With fierie Wings, which bare me through the Skies.

The

The Heau'ns did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And Sea and Land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtop'd his Tide, to make me way to goe,
As thou hadſt charg'd him that it ſhould be ſo:
The hollow murm'ring Winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the World, while all things ſlept;
One Billow bare me, and another draue me,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue me;
The briſling Reeds mou'd with ſoft Gales, did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me:
The pale-fac'd Night beheld thy heauie cheare,
And would not let one little Starre appeare,
But ouer all, her ſmoakie Mantle hurl'd,
And in thicke Vapours muffled vp the World;
And the ſad Ayre became ſo calme and ſtill,
As it had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing diſpos'd it to my Reſt,
As on the Seas when t'*Halcion* builds her Neſt.
When thoſe rough Waues, which late with Furie ruſh'd,
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſuddenly are huſh'd;
Nor NEPTVNE lets his Surges out ſo long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her Yong.
✻ Ne'r let the SPENSERS glorie in my Chance,
In that I liue an Exile here in *France*;
That I from *England* baniſhed ſhould be,
But *England* rather baniſhed from me:
More were her want, *France* our great Bloud ſhould beare,
Then *Englands* loſſe can be to MORTIMER.
✻ My Grandſire was the firſt, ſince ARTHVRS raigne,
That the Round-Table rectified againe:
To whoſe great Court at *Kenelworth* did come,
The peereleſſe Knighthood of all *Chriſtendome*;
Whoſe Princely Order honour'd *England* more,
Then all the Conqueſts ſhe atchieu'd before.
Neuer durſt *Scot* ſet foot on *Engliſh* Ground,
Nor on his Backe did *Engliſh* beare a Wound,
Whilſt WIGMORE flouriſh'd in our Princely Hopes,
And whilſt our Enſignes march'd with EDWARDS Troopes:
✻ Whilſt famous LONGSHANKS Bones (in Fortunes ſcorne)
As ſacred Reliques to the Field were borne:
Nor euer did the valiant *Engliſh* doubt,
Whilſt our braue Battels guarded them about;
Nor did our Wiues and wofull Mothers mourne
✻ The *Engliſh* Bloud that ſtayned *Banocksbourne*,
Whilſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,
Whole Dayes and Nights in Banquetting were ſpent,

Vntill

Vntill the *Scots* (which vnder Safegard ſtood)
Made lauiſh Hauocke of the *Engliſh* Blood:
Whoſe batt'red Helmes lay ſcatt'red on the Shore,
Where they in Conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand Kingdomes will we ſeeke from farre,
As many Nations waſte with Ciuill Warre,
Where the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-Nymph ſings,
Or well-rig'd Ships ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling Wings,
And drag their Anchors through the ſandie Fome,
About the World in eu'ry Clime to rome,
And thoſe vnchriſt'ned Countries call our owne,
Where ſcarce the Name of *England* hath been knowne:
✠ And in the dead Sea ſinke our Houſes Fame,
From whoſe vaſte Depth we firſt deriu'd our Name;
Before foule blacke-mouth'd Infamie ſhall ſing,
That MORTIMER ere ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd Furie backe,
To ſeeke his Spoyle, who ſought our vtter Sacke;
And come to beard him in our Natiue Ile,
Ere he march forth to follow our Exile:
And after all theſe boyſt'rous ſtormie Shockes,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie Rockes.
Nor will we ſteale like Pyrats, or like Theeues,
From Mountaines, Forreſts, or Sea-bord'ring Cleeues;
But fright the Ayre with Terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne Trumpet, and the bellowing Drum:
And in the Field aduance our plumie Creſt,
And march vpon faire *Englands* flowrie Breſt.
And *Thames*, which once we for our Life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewie Treſſes on his Brim,
Shall beare my Nauie; vaunting in her pride,
Falling from *Tanet* with the pow'rfull Tide:
Which fertile *Eſſex*, and faire *Kent* ſhall ſee,
Spreading her Flags along the pleaſant Lee,
When on her ſtemming Poope ſhe proudly beares
The famous Enſignes of the *Belgicke* Peeres.
And for that hatefull Sacrilegious ſinne,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,
The Canon Text ſhall haue a common Gloſſe,
Receits in Parcels, ſhall be paid in Groſſe:
This Doctrine preach'd, *Who from the Church doth take,*
At leaſt ſhall treble Reſtitution make.
For which, *Rome* ſends her Curſes out from farre,
Through the ſterne Throat of Terror-breathing Warre;
Till to th'vnpeopled Shores ſhe brings Supplies,
✠ Of thoſe induſtrious *Roman* Colonies.

And

And for his Homage, by the which of old,
Proud EDWARD *Guyne* and *Aquitaine* doth hold,
✻ CHARLES by inuasiue Armes againe shall take,
And send the *English* Forces o'r the Lake.
When EDWARDS Fortune stands vpon this Chance,
To lose in *England*, or to forfait *France*;
And all those Townes great LONGSHANKS left his Sonne,
Now lost, which once he fortunately wonne,
Within their strong Port-culliz'd Ports shall lye,
And from their Walls his Sieges shall defie:
And by that firme and vndissolued Knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring *French*, and bord'ring *Scot*,
BRVSE shall bring on his *Red-shanks* from the Seas,
From th'Iled *Orcads*, and the *Eubides*,
And to his Westerne Hauens giue free passe,
To land the *Kerne* and *Irish Galiglasse*,
Marching from *Tweed* to swelling *Humber* Sands,
Wasting along the Northerne Nether-Lands.
And wanting those which should his Power sustaine,
Consum'd with Slaughter in his Bloudie Raigne,
Our Warlike Sword shall driue him from his Throne,
Where he shall lye for vs to tread vpon.
✻ And those great Lords, now after their Attaints,
Canoniz'd amongst the *English* Saints,
And by the superstitious People thought,
That by their Reliques, Miracles are wrought:
And thinke that Floud much vertue doth retaine,
Which tooke the Bloud of famous BOHVN slaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the People more abhorre their King.
Nor shall a SPENSER (be he ne'r so great)
Possesse our *Wigmore*, our renowmed Seat,
To raze the ancient Trophies of our Race,
With our deserts their Monuments to grace:
Nor shall he lead our valiant MARCHERS forth,
To make the SPENSERS famous in the *North*;
Nor be the Guardants of the *British* Pales,
Defending *England*, and preseruing *Wales*.
At first our Troubles easily recul'd,
But now growne head-strong, hardly to be rul'd;
" Deliberate counsell needs vs to direct,
" Where not (eu'n) plainnesse frees vs from suspect:
By those Misshaps our Errors that attend,
Let vs our Faults ingenuously amend.
Then (Deare) represse all peremptorie Spleene,
Be more then Woman, as you are a Queene:

Smother those Sparkes, which quickly else would burne,
Till time produce what now it doth adiourne.
Till when, great Queene, I leaue you (though a while)
Liue you in rest, nor pittie my Exile.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp for death.

ROger Mortimer, *Lord of* Wigmore, *had stood publikely condemned, for his Insurrection with* Thomas *Earle of* Lancaster, *and* Bohune *Earle of* Hereford, *by the space of three Moneths: and as the report went, the day of his Execution was determined to haue beene shortly, which he preuented by his escape.*

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst giue.

At what time the two Mortimers, *the* Roger *Lord of* Wigmore, *and his vncle* Roger Mortimer *the elder, were apprehended in the West, the Queene, by means of* Torlton, *Bishop of* Hereford, *and* Becke, *Bishop of* Durisme, *and Patriarke of* Ierusalem, *being then both mightie in the State; vpon the submission of the* Mortimers, *somewhat pacified the King, and now secondly shee wrought meanes for his escape.*

Leauing the Cords, to tell where I had gone.

With strong Ladders made of Cords, prouided him for the purpose, he escaped out of the Tower; which when the same were found fastened to the Walls, in such a desperate Attempt, they bred astonishment in the Beholders.

Ne'r let the *Spensers* glorie in my chance.

The two Hugh Spensers, *the Father and the Sonne, then being so highly fauoured of the King, knew that their greatest safetie came by his Exile, whose high and turbulent Spirit could neuer brooke any Corriuall in Greatnesse.*

My Grandsire was the first since *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round Table restified againe.

Roger Mortimer, *called the great* Lord Mortimer, *Grandfather to this Roger, which was afterward the first Earle of* March, *erected against the Round Table at* Kenelworth, *after the ancient Order of King* Arthurs *Table, with the Retinue of an hundred Knights, and an hundred Ladies in his House, for the entertaining of such Aduenturers as came thither from all parts of* Christendome.

Whilest famous *Longshankes* Bones (in Fortunes scorne.)

Edward Longshankes *willed at his Death, that his Bodie should be boyled, the Flesh from the Bones, and that the Bones should be borne to the Warres in* Scotland, *which he was perswaded vnto by a Prophecie, which told, That the* English *should still be fortunate in Conquest, so long as his Bones were carried in the Field.*

The

The *Engliſh* Bloud that ſtayned *Banockſburne.*

In the great Voyage Edward *the ſecond made againſt the* Scots, *at the Battell at* Striueling, *neere vnto the Riuer of* Banockſburne *in* Scotland, *there was in the* Engliſh *Campe ſuch Banqueting and Exceſſe, ſuch Riot and Miſorder, that the* Scots *(who in the meane time laboured for Aduantage) gaue to the* Engliſh *a great Ouerthrow.*

And in the Dead-Sea ſinke our Houſes Fame.
From whoſe, &c.

Mortimer, *ſo called of* Mare Mortuum, *and in* French, Mortimer, *in* Engliſh, *the* Dead-Sea, *which is ſaid to be where* Sodome *and* Gomorrha *once were, before they were deſtroyed with fire from Heauen.*

And for that hatefull ſacrilegious ſinne,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in.

Gauſtellinus *and* Lucas, *two Cardinals, ſent into* England *from Pope* Clement, *to appeaſe the ancient Hate betweene the King and* Thomas *Earle of* Lancaſter; *to whoſe Embaſſie the King ſeemed to yeeld, but after their departure he went backe from his Promiſes, for the which he was accurſed at* Rome.

Of thoſe induſtrious *Roman* Colonies.

A Colonie is a ſort or number of People, that come to inhabite a Place before not inhabited; whereby he ſeemes here to propheſie of the ſubuerſion of the Land, the Pope ioyning with the Power of other Princes againſt Edward, *for the breach of his Promiſe.*

Charles by inuaſiue Armes againe ſhall take.

Charles *the* French *King, moued by the Wrong done vnto his Siſter, ſeizeth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of* England *into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by* Mortimer, *who ſollicited her cauſe in* France, *as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the Gloſſe vpon this Point.*

And thoſe great Lords now after their Attaints,
Canonized among' the *Engliſh* Saints.

After the death of Thomas *Earle of* Lancaſter *at* Pomfret, *the People imagined great Miracles to be done by his Reliques; as they did of the Body of* Bohune, *Earle of* Hereford, *ſlaine at* Burrough *Bridge.*

FINIS.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE Counteſſe of Salisburie.

THE ARGVMENT.

Count SALSBVRY, *a graue and prudent Lord,*
Diſpatch'd for France, *was ſcarſely gone aboord,*
But the Scots *hearing that he was away,*
Beſieg'd the Caſtle where his Ladie lay.
EDWARD *the Blacke Prince, with an Armie ſent*
T'remoue the Foe, beholding from his Tent
Her walking on the Battlement aboue,
With the faire Counteſſe ſtrangely falls in loue.
Her Noble Husband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he ſhould not be deny'd,
Courts her by Letters, and thus writeth to her;
She in her Anſwer, checks him ſo to woo her.

RE ceiue theſe Papers from thy wofull Lord, (ſtor'd,
With farre more Woes then they with Words are
Which if thine Eye for raſhneſſe doe reproue,
They'le ſay they came from that imperious Loue.
In eu'ry Line well may'ſt thou vnderſtand,
Which Loue hath ſign'd and ſealed with his Hand;
And where to farther proceſſe he referres,
In Blots ſet downe to thee for Characters.
This cannot bluſh, although you doe refuſe it,
Nor will reply, how-euer you ſhall vſe it;
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid Deſpaire,
This ſtill entreats you, this ſtill ſpeakes you faire.
Haſt thou a liuing Soule, a humane Senſe,
To like, diſlike, proue, order, and diſpence?
The depth of Reaſon, ſoundly to aduiſe,
To loue things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe?

The

The touch of Iudgement, which ſhould all things proue,
Haſt thou all this, yet not allow'ſt my Loue?
Sound moues a Sound, Voyce doth beget a Voyce,
One Eccho makes another to reioyce;
One well-tun'd String ſet truely to the like,
Strucke neere at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our Affections iarre?
What Oppoſition doth beget this Warre?
I know, that Nature frankely to thee gaue
That meaſure of her Bountie that I haue;
And as to me, ſhe likewiſe to thee lent,
For eu'ry Senſe a ſeuerall Inſtrument:
But eu'ry one, becauſe it is thine owne,
Doth prize it ſelfe, vnto it ſelfe alone.
Thy daintie Hand, when it it ſelfe doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none ſuch:
When in thy Glaſſe thine Eye it ſelfe doth ſee,
That thinkes there's none like to it ſelfe can bee;
And eu'ry one doth iudge it ſelfe diuine,
Becauſe that thou do'ſt challenge it for thine:
And each it ſelfe NARCISSVS-like doth ſmother,
Louing it ſelfe, nor cares for any other.
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine owne deſire,
'Tis needleſſe, Beautie ſhould it ſelfe admire:
" The Sunne, by which all Creatures light'ned be,
" And ſeeth all, it ſelfe yet cannot ſee;
" And his owne brightneſſe his owne foile is made,
" And is to vs the cauſe of his owne ſhade.
When firſt thy Beautie by mine Eye was prou'd,
It ſaw not then ſo much to be belou'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each Looke of one, doth many Beauties make:
In little Circlets firſt it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine Eyes;
And in this gyring Compaſſe as it goes,
So more and more the ſame in Greatneſſe growes;
And as it yet at libertie is let,
The Motion ſtill doth other Formes beget;
Vntill at length, looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but Beautie to behold.
Art thou offended, that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cauſe, th'effect is ſoone remou'd;
Indent with Beautie how farre to extend,
Set downe Deſire a Limit where to end;
Then charme thine Eyes, that they no more may wound,
And limit Loue to keepe within a Bound.

If thou doe this, nay then thou ſhalt doe more,
And bring to paſſe what neuer was before;
Make Anguiſh ſportiue, crauing all Delight,
Mirth ſolemne, ſullen, and inclin'd to Night,
Ambition lowly, Enuie ſpeaking well,
Loue, his Reliefe, for Niggardize to ſell.
Our Warlike Fathers did theſe Forts deuiſe,
As ſureſt Holds againſt our Enemies,
Places wherein your Sex might ſafelyeſt reſt.
" Feare ſoone is ſettled in a Womans Breſt:
Thy Breſt is of another temper farre,
And then thy Caſtle fitter for the Warre;
Thou do'ſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy Caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy Breſt:
That keepes out Foes, but doth thy Friends incloſe,
But thy Breſt keepes out both thy Friends and Foes:
That may be batter'd, or be vndermin'd,
Or by ſtraight ſiege, for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy Heart is inuincible to all,
And more obdurate then thy Caſtle Wall.
Of all the ſhapes that euer IOVE did proue,
Wherewith he vs'd to entertaine his Loue,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden Showre,
He rain'd himſelfe on DANAE in her Towre;
Nor did I euer enuie his Command,
In that he beares the Thunder in his Hand:
But in that ſhowrie ſhape I cannot bee,
And as he came to her, I come to thee.
Thy Tower with Foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without;
One Haire of thine, more vigour doth retaine,
To bind thy Foe, then any yron Chayne:
Who might be gyu'd in ſuch a golden String,
Would not be captiue, though he were a King.
Hadſt thou all *India* heap'd vp in thy Fort,
And thou thy ſelfe beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'le follow thee, and let the Treaſure lie.
I cannot thinke what force thy Tower ſhould win,
If thou thy ſelfe do'ſt guard the ſame within;
Thine Eye retaines Artillerie at will,
To kill who-euer thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deepely wounds Mens Hearts,
Then they can thee, though with a thouſand Darts;
For there intrenched, little CVPID lyes,
And from thoſe Turrets all the World deſies:

* And when thou let'ſt downe that tranſparent Lid,
Of Entrance, there an Armie doth forbid.
And as for Famine, thou need'ſt neuer feare;
Who thinks of Want, when thou art preſent there?
Thy onely ſight puts Spirit into the Blood,
And comforts Life, without the taſte of Food.
And as thy Souldiers keepe their Watch and Ward,
Thy Chaſtitie thy inward Breſt doth guard:
Thy modeſt Pulſe ſerues as a Larum Bell,
Which watched by ſome wakefull Sentinell,
Is ſtirring ſtill with euery little Feare,
Warning, if any Enemie be neare.
Thy vertuous Thoughts, when all the others reſt,
Like carefull Skowts paſſe vp and downe thy Breſt,
And ſtill they Round about that place doe keepe,
Whilſt all the bleſſed Garriſon doe ſleepe.
But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt rob'd, and fly'ſt into this Hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this Fort deuiſe,
That thou in ſafetie here might'ſt tyrannize.
Yes, thou haſt rob'd the Heauen and Earth of all,
And they againſt thy lawleſſe Theft doe call.
Thine Eyes, with mine that wage continuall Warres,
Borrow their brightneſſe of the twinckling Starres:
Thy Lips, from mine that in thy Maske be pent,
Haue filch'd the Bluſhing from the Orient:
Thy Cheeke, for which mine all this Penance proues,
Steales the pure whiteneſſe both from Swans and Doues:
Thy Breath, for which, mine ſtill in Sighes conſumes,
Hath rob'd all Flowers, all Odours, and Perfumes.
O mightie Loue! bring hither all thy Power,
And fetch this heauenly Theeſe out of her Tower;
For if ſhe may be ſuffred in this ſort,
Heauens ſtore will ſoone be hoarded in this Fort.
When I arriu'd before that State of Loue,
And ſaw thee on that Battlement aboue,
I thought there was no other Heauen but there,
And thou an Angell, didſt from thence appeare:
But when my Reaſon did reproue mine Eye,
That thou were ſubiect to Mortalitie,
I then excus'd what erſt the *Scot* had done;
No maruell though he would the Fort haue wonne,
Perceiuing well, thoſe enuious Walls did hide
More wealth then was in all the World beſide:
Againſt thy Foe, I came to lend thee ayd,
And ſhus ſo thee, my ſelfe I haue betray'd.

He is beſieg'd, the Siege that came to rayſe,
There's no Aſſault that not my Breſt aſſayes.
" Loue growne extreme, doth find vnlawfull Shifts,
" The Gods take ſhapes, and doe allure with Gifts:
" Commanding IOVE, that by great *Styx* doth ſweare,
" Forſworne in loue, with Louers Oathes doth beare;
" Loue cauſeleſſe ſtill, doth aggrauate his cauſe,
" It is his Law, to violate all Lawes;
" His Reaſon is, in onely wanting Reaſon,
" And were vntrue, not deepely touch'd with Treaſon;
" Vnlawfull Meanes, doth make his lawfull Gaine,
" He ſpeakes moſt true, when he the moſt doth faine.
Pardon the Faults that haue eſcap'd by Mee,
Againſt faire Vertue, Chaſtitie, and Thee:
" If Gods can their owne Excellence excell,
" It is in pardoning Mortals, that rebell.
When all thy Trials are enroll'd by Fame,
And all thy Sex made glorious by thy Name,
Then I a Captiue ſhall be brought hereby,
T'adorne the Triumph of thy Chaſtitie.
I ſue not now thy Paramour to bee,
But as a Husband to be link'd to thee:
I am *Englands* Heire, I thinke thou wilt confeſſe,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope I am no leſſe;
But that thy Birth doth make thy Stocke diuine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt my Blood as good as thine:
Diſdaine me not, nor take my Loue in ſcorne,
Whoſe Brow o Crowne hereafter may adorne.
But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, reſtore;
Onely I craue, what e'r I did intend,
In faithfull Loue all happily may end.
Farewell, ſweet Lady, ſo well may'ſt thou fare,
To equall Ioy with meaſure of my Care:
Thy Vertues more then mortall Tongue can tell;
A thouſand-thouſand times farewell, farewell.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Receiue theſe Papers from thy woſull Lord.

BAndello, *by whom this Hiſtorie was made famous, being an Italian, by the Peoples cuſtome in that Clime, rather to faile ſometime in the truth of*

circumſtance, then to forgoe the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Gre-cians; of whom the Satyriſt,

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in Hiſtoria.

Thinking it to be a greater Triall, that a Counteſſe ſhould be ſued vnto by a King, then by the ſonne of a King; and conſequently, that the honour of her Chaſtitie ſhould be the more, hath cauſed it to be generally taken ſo: but as by Polydore, Fabian, *and* Froiſard *appeares, the contrarie is true. Yet may* Bandello *be very well excuſed, as being a ſtranger, whoſe errors in the truth of our Hiſtorie, are not ſo materiall, that they ſhould need an Inuective, leſt his Wit ſhould be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not leſſe, were euery part a Fiction. Howbeit, leſt a common error ſhould preuaile againſt a truth, theſe Epiſtles are conceiued in thoſe Perſons, who were indeed the Actors: To wit,* Edward, *ſirnamed the* Blacke Prince, *not ſo much of his Complexion, as of the diſmall Battels which he fought in* France, *(in like Senſe as we may ſay,* A blacke Day, *for ſome Tragicall euent, though the Sunne ſhine neuer ſo bright therein.) And* Alice *the Counteſſe of* Salisburie, *who, as it is certaine, was beloued of Prince* Edward, *ſo it is as certaine, that many Points now currant in the receiued Storie, can neuer hold together with likelyhood of ſuch inforcement, had it not beene ſhaded vnder the Title of a King.*

And when thou let'ſt downe that tranſparent Lid.

Not that the Lid is tranſparent; for no part of the Skin is tranſparent: but for that the Gemme which that Cloſure is ſaid to containe, is tranſparent: for otherwiſe, how could the Mind vnderſtand by the Eye? Should not the Images ſlide thorow the ſame, and repleniſh the Stage of the Phantaſie? But this belongs to Opticks. *The* Latines *call the Eye-lid* Cilium *(I will not ſay of* Celando) *as the Eye-brow* Supercilium, *and the Haire on the Eye-lids* Palpebræ, *perhaps quòd* Palpitet, *all which haue their diſtinct and neceſſarie vſes.*

ALICE Counteſſe of *Salisburie* to the *Blacke Prince.*

AS one that fayne would graunt, yet fayne deny,
'Twixt Hope and Feare I doubtfully reply,
A Womans Weakeneſſe, leſt I ſhould diſcouer,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a Louer:
And ſome ſay, Loue with Reaſon doth diſpence,
And wreſts our plaine words to another ſenſe.
Thinke you not then, poore Women had not need
Be well aduis'd, to write what Men ſhould read;
When being ſilent, but to moue awry,
Doth often bring vs into obloquie?

" Whilſt in our Hearts our ſecret Thoughts abide,
" Th'inuenom'd Tongue of Slander yet is ty'd;
" But if once ſpoke, deliuer'd vp to Fame,
" In her Report that often is too blame.
About to write, but newly entring in,
Me thinkes I end, ere I can well begin:
When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
For then me thinkes I ſhould haue more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remayneth in my Breſt,
For want of Words that cannot be expreſt:
What I would ſay, as ſaid to thee, I faine,
Then in thy Perſon I reply againe;
And in thy Cauſe vrge all that may effect,
Then, what againe mine Honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry Paſſions doe I try,
To ſet that right, which is ſo much awry?
Being a Prince, I blame you not to proue,
The greater reaſon to obtaine your Loue.
That Greatneſſe which doth challenge no denyall,
The onely Teſt that doth allow my tryall;
EDWARD ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my Offence in this were capitall.
" To Men is graunted priuiledge to tempt,
" But in that Charter, Women be exempt:
" Men win vs not, except we giue conſent,
" Againſt our ſelues vnleſſe that we be bent.
" Who doth impute it as a Fault to you?
" You proue not falſe, except we be vntrue;
" It is your Vertue, being Men, to trie,
" And it is ours, by Vertue to denie.
" Your Fault it ſelfe ſerues for the Faults excuſe,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
" Beautie a Beggar, fie it is too bad,
" When in it ſelfe ſufficiencie is had;
" Not made a Lure, t'intice the wand'ring Eye,
" But an Attyre, t'adorne our Modeſtie:
" If Modeſtie and Women once doe ſeuer,
" We may bid farewell to our Fame for euer.
Let IOHN and HENRY, EDWARDS inſtance be,
MATILDA and faire ROSAMOND for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike ſu'd to be wonne,
Th'one by the Father, th'other by the Sonne:
HENRY obtayning, did our Weakeneſſe wound,
And layes the fault on wanton ROSAMOND;
MATILDA chaſte, in life and death all one,
By her denyall layes the fault on IOHN:

" By

" By theſe, we proue Men acceſſarie ſtill,
" But Women onely Principals of Ill.
" What Prayſe is ours, but what our Vertues get?
" If they be lent, ſo much we be in debt;
" Whilſt our owne Honors we ourſelues defend,
" All force too weake, what euer Men pretend:
" If all the World elſe ſhould ſuborne our fame,
" 'Tis we our ſelues that ouerthrow the ſame;
" And howſoe'r, although by force you winne,
" Yet on our Weakeneſſe ſtill returnes the ſinne.

A vertuous Prince, who doth not EDWARD call?
And ſhall I then be guiltie of your Fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Then ſuch a Sinne vpon my Soule ſhould lie.
Where is great EDWARD? Whither is he led,
At whoſe victorious Name whole Armies fled?
Is that braue Spirit, that conquer'd ſo in *France*,
Thus ouercome, and vanquiſh'd with a Glance?
Is that great Heart, that did aſpire ſo hie,
So ſoone tranſ-pierced with a Womans Eye?
He that a King at *Poictiers* Battell tooke,
Himſelfe led captiue with a wanton Looke?
* Twice as a Bride to Church I haue beene led,
Twice haue two Lords enioy'd my Bridall Bed:
How can that Beautie yet be vndeſtroy'd,
That yeeres haue waſted, and two Men enioy'd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Princes ſtore,
Of which, two Subiects were poſſeſt before?
Let *Spaine*, let *France*, or *Scotland* ſo preferre
Their Infant Queenes, for *Englands* Dowager;
That Bloud ſhould be much more then halfe diuine,
That ſhould be equall eu'ry way with thine:
Yet Princely EDWARD, though I thus reproue you,
As mine owne life, ſo dearely doe I loue you.
My noble Husband, which ſo loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuerend MOVNTAGVE,
Ne'r Mothers voyce did pleaſe her Babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell:
I haue made ſhort the Houres, that Time made long,
And chayn'd mine Eares to his moſt pleaſing Tongue;
My Lips haue waited on your Prayſes worth,
And ſnatcht his words, ere he could get them forth:
When he had ſpoke, and ſomething by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay;
I kept in mind where from his Tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell.

Oft he would ſay, How ſweet a Prince is hee!
When I haue prays'd him but for prayſing thee;
And to proceed, I would intreat and woo,
And yet to eaſe him, helpe to prayſe thee too.
And muſt ſhe now exclayme againſt the wrong
Offred by him, whom ſhe hath lou'd ſo long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſweare,
EDWARD will bluſh, when he his Fault ſhall heare.
Iudge now, that Time doth Youths deſire aſſwage,
And Reaſon mildly quench the fire of Rage;
By vpright Iuſtice let my cauſe be try'd,
And be thou Iudge, if I not iuſtly chide.
✻ That not my Fathers graue and reuerend yeeres,
When on his Knee he beg'd me with his Teares,
By no perſwaſions poſſibly could winne,
To free himſelfe, from prompting me to ſinne;
The Woe for me my Mother did abide,
Whoſe ſute (but you) there's none could haue deny'd,
Your luſtfull Rage, your Tyrannie could ſtay,
Mine Honours Ruine further to delay.
Haue I not lou'd you? let the Truth be ſhowne,
That ſtill preſeru'd your Honour with mine owne.
Had your fond Will your foule Deſires preuail'd,
When you by them my Chaſtitie aſſail'd;
(Though this no way could haue excus'd my Fault,
" True Vertue neuer yeelded to Aſſault:)
Beſides the Ill of you that had beene ſaid,
My Parents ſinne had to your charge beene laid;
✻ And I haue gain'd my Libertie with ſhame,
To ſaue my Life, made ſhipwracke of my Name.
Did *Roxborough* once vayle her tow'ring Fanes
To thy braue Enſignes, on the Northerne Plaines?
And to thy Trumpets, ſounding from thy Tent,
Mine oft againe thee heartie Welcome ſent,
And did receiue thee as my Soueraigne Liege,
Comming to ayd me, thus me to beſiege,
To rayſe a Foe, that but for Treaſure came,
To plant a Foe, to take my honeſt Name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the *Scot*,
And would'ſt haue wonne more then he could haue got;
That did ingirt me, readie ſtill to flie,
But thou layd'ſt Batt'rie to my Chaſtitie:
O Modeſtie, didſt thou me not reſtraine,
How could I chide you in this angrie vaine!
A Princes Name (Heau'n knowes) I doe not craue,
To haue thoſe Honours EDWARDS Spouſe ſhould haue,

Nor

Nor by Ambitions Lures will I be brought,
In my chaſte Breſt to harbour ſuch a Thought,
As to be worthie to be made a Bride,
A Piece vnfit for Princely EDWARDS ſide;
Of all, the moſt vnworthie of that grace,
To wait on her that ſhould inioy that place.
But if that Loue, Prince EDWARD doth require,
Equall his Vertues, and my chaſte deſire;
If it be ſuch as we may iuſtly vaunt,
A Prince may ſue for, and a Lady graunt;
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſſe my Wrong,
That from your vaine vnbridled Youth hath ſprong;
That Faith I ſend, which I from you receiue:
* The reſt vnto your Princely Thoughts I leaue.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

Twice as a Bride I haue to Church beene led.

THe two Husbands of which ſhe makes mention, obiecting Bigamie againſt her ſelfe, as being therefore not meet to be married with a Batchelor-Prince, were Sir Thomas Holland, *Knight, and Sir* William Mountagur, *afterward made Earle of* Salisburie.

That not my Fathers graue and reuerend yeeres.

A thing incredible, that any Prince ſhould be ſo vniuſt, to vſe the Fathers meanes for the corruption of the Daughters Chaſtitie, though ſo the Hiſtorie importeth; her Father being ſo honourable, and a Man of ſo ſingular deſert: though Polydore *would haue her thought to be* Iane, *the Daughter to* Edmund, *Earle of* Kent, *vncle to* Edward *the third, beheaded in the Protectorſhip of* Mortimer, *that dangerous Aſpirer.*

And I haue gain'd my Libertie with ſhame.

Roxborough *is a Caſtle in the North, miſ-termed by* Bandello, Salisburie *Caſtle, becauſe the King had giuen it to the Earle of* Salisburie: *in which, her Lord being abſent, the Counteſſe by the* Scots *was beſieged; who, by the comming of the* Engliſh *Armie, were remoued. Here firſt the Prince ſaw her, whoſe Libertie had beene gained by her ſhame, had ſhe beene drawne by diſhoneſt Loue to ſatiſfie his Appetite: but by her moſt prayſe-worthie Conſtancie, ſhee conuerted that humour in him to an Honourable purpoſe, and obtained the true reward of her admired Vertues.*

The

The reſt vnto your Princely Thoughts I leaue.

Leſt any thing be left out which were worth the Relation, it ſhall not be impertinent, to annex the Opinions that are vttered concerning her, whoſe Name is ſaid to haue beene Ælips : *but that being reiected, as a Name vnknowne among vs,* Froiſard *is rather beleeued, who calleth her* Alice. Polydore *contrariwiſe, as before is declared, names her* Iane, *who by Prince* Edward *had Iſſue,* Edward *dying young, and* Richard *the Second, King of* England, *though (as hee ſayth) ſhee was diuorced afterwards, becauſe within the degrees of Conſanguinitie, prohibiting to marrie : The truth whereof, I omit to diſcuſſe. Her Husband, the Lord* Mountague, *being ſent ouer into* Flanders *by King* Edward, *was taken Priſoner by the* French ; *and not returning, left his Counteſſe a Widdow : in whoſe Bed, ſucceeded Prince* Edward ; *to whoſe laſt and lawfull Requeſt, the reioyceſull Ladie ſends this louing Anſwere.*

FINIS.

QVEENE ISABEL TO RICHARD THE SECOND.

THE ARGVMENT.

RICHARD *the Second wrongfully depos'd*
By HENRY *Duke of* Harford, *and inclos'd*
In Pomfret *Caſtle*; ISABEL *the Queene,*
To the neglected King, who hauing ſeene
His diſ-inveſting, and diſaſtrous Chance,
To CHARLES *her Father ſhip'd againe for* France,
(Where, for her Husband griev'd and diſcontent)
Thence this Epiſtle to King RICHARD *ſent;*
By which, when he her Sorrow doth deſcry,
He to the ſame as ſadly doth reply.

AS doth the yeerely Augure of the Spring,
In depth of Woe, thus I my Sorrow ſing;
My Tunes with Sighes yet euer mixt among,
A dolefull Burthen to a heauie Song:
Words iſſue forth, to find my Griefe ſome way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them ſtay;
Thus whilſt one ſtriues to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, ſoone are both too ſlacke.
If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time
Nouriſh'd the Griefe of that vnnaturall Clime,
Thither I ſend my Sorrowes to be fed;
Then where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto *France* be Aliens, and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge theſe her owne.
They ſay, all Miſchiefe commeth from the North;
It is too true, my Fall doth ſet it forth:
But why ſhould I thus limit Griefe a place,
When all the World is fill'd with our Diſgrace?

And

And we in bonds thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more reſiſts, the more we doe reſtraine it.
✻ Oh, how euen yet I hate theſe wretched Eyes,
And in my Glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe Spyes!
(Prepar'd for RICHARD) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that Traytor HENRY BVLLENBROOKE:
But that exceſſe of Ioy my Senſe bereau'd
So much, my Sight had neuer beene deceiu'd.
Oh, how vnlike to my lou'd Lord was hee,
Whom raſhly I (ſweet RICHARD) tooke for thee!
I might haue ſeene, the Courſers ſelfe did lacke
That Princely Rider, to beſtrid his Backe;
He that ſince Nature her great Worke began,
She onely made the Mirrour of a Man,
That when ſhe meant to forme ſome matchleſſe Lim,
Still for a Patterne tooke ſome part of him;
And iealous of her Cunning, brake the Mould,
When ſhe in him had done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh, let that Day be guiltie of all ſinne,
That is to come, or heretofore hath beene,
✻ Wherein great NORFOLK's forward Courſe was ſtay'd,
To proue the Treaſons he to HARFORD layd,
When (with fterne Furie) both theſe Dukes enrag'd,
Their Warlike Gloues at *Couentrie* engag'd,
When firſt thou didſt repeale thy former Grant,
Seal'd to braue MOWBRAY as thy Combattant:
From his vnnumbred Houres let Time diuide it,
Leſt in his Minutes he ſhould hap to hide it;
Yet on his Brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other Houres may feare it;
And all ill-boding Planets, by conſent,
In it may hold their dreadfull Parlament:
Be it in Heau'ns Decrees enrolled thus,
Blacke, diſmall, fatall, inauſpitious.
Proud HARFORD then, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great MOWBRAY'S valiant Hand had di'de,
And neuer had from Baniſhment retir'd;
The fatall Brand wherewith our *Troy* was fir'd.
✻ Oh, why did CHARLES relieue his needie ſtate!
A Vagabond and ſtraggling Runnagate?
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
That vagrant Exile, that vile bloudie CAIN;
Who with a thouſand Mothers Curſes went,
Mark'd with the Brand of ten yeeres Baniſhment.
✻ When thou to *Ireland* took'ſt thy laſt Farewell,
Millions of Knees vpon the Pauements fell,

And

And eu'ry where th'applauding Ecchoes ring
The ioyfull ſhowts that did ſalute a King.
Thy parting hence, the Pompe that did adorne,
Was vaniſh'd quite when as thou didſt returne?
Who to my Lord one Looke vouchſaf'd to lend?
Then, all too few on HARFORD to attend.
" Princes (like Sunnes) be euermore in ſight,
" All ſee the Clouds, betwixt them and their Light:
" Yet they which lighten all downe from their Skies,
" See not the Clouds offending others Eyes,
" And deeme, their Noone-tide is deſir'd of all,
" When all expect cleere Changes by their Fall.
What colour ſeemes to ſhaddow HARFORDS clayme,
When Law and Right his Fathers Hopes doe mayme?
✻ Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no Hate)
That IOHN of *Gaunt* was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed Mothers Tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe *Flemmiſh* Boore to be begot;
Whom EDWARDS Eaglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the Sunne:
Where lawfull Right and Conqueſt doth allow
A triple Crowne on RICHARDS Princely Brow;
Three Kingly Lyons beares his Bloudie Field,
✻ No Baſtards Marke doth blot his conqu'ring Shield:
Neuer durſt he attempt our hapleſſe Shore,
Nor ſet his foot on fatall *Rauenſpore*;
Nor durſt his ſlugging Hulks approach the Strand,
Nor ſtoope a Top as ſignall to the land,
Had not the PERCYES promis'd ayde to bring,
Againſt their oath vnto their lawfull King,
✻ Againſt their Faith vnto our Crownes true Heire,
Their valiant Kinſman EDMVND MORTIMER.
When I to *England* came, a World of eyes,
Like Starres attended on my faire ariſe,
Which now (alas) like angry Planets frowne,
And are all ſet, before my going downe;
The ſmooth-fac'd Ayre did on my comming ſmile,
But I with Stormes am driuen to exile:
But BVLLENBROOKE deuis'd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two Sorrowes ſhould poſſeſſe one Heart,
To adde to our affliction, to denie
That one poore Comfort, left our Miſerie.
He had before diuorc'd thy Crowne and thee,
Which might ſuffice, and not to Widdow mee;
But ſo to proue the vtmoſt of his hate,
To part vs in this miſerable ſtate.

✻ Oh, would AVMERLE had ſunke, when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that noble Abbot layd;
When he infring'd the Oath which he firſt tooke,
For thy Reuenge on periur'd BVLLENBROOKE;
And beene the ranſome of our Friends deare Blood,
Vntimely loſt, and for the Earth too good;
And we vntimely doe bewayle their ſtate,
They gone too ſoone, and we remaine too late.
And though with Teares I from my Lord depart,
This Curſe on HARFORD fall, to eaſe my Heart:
If the foule breach of a chaſte Nuptiall Bed
May bring a Curſe, my Curſe light on his Head;
If Murthers guilt with Bloud may deepely ſtaine,
✻ GREENE, SCROOPE, & BVSHY dye his fault in graine;
If Periurie may Heauens pure Gates debarre,
✻ Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaſter*;
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy Curſe condemne him, if no other thing;
If theſe dis-ioyn'd, for Vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited, ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the PERCYES, Heau'n may heare my Prayre,
That BVLLENBROOK, now plac'd in RICHARDS Chayre,
Such cauſe of Woe to their proud Wiues may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords haue beene to me.
And that coy Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her Pompe triumpheth in my Fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad Eyne
With as ſalt Teares, as I haue done for mine.
✻ And mourne for HENRY HOTSPVR, her deare Sonne,
As I for my deare MORTIMER haue done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall Baniſhment.
Then loſe thy Care, when firſt thy Crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo dearely, for it dearely coſt:
And ſith it did of Libertie depriue thee,
Burying thy Hope, let nothing elſe out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with Sorrow doth it goe,
When Woe becomes a comforter to Woe:
Yet much (me thinkes) of Comfort I could ſay,
If from my Heart ſome Feares were rid away;
Something there is, that danger ſtill doth ſhow,
But what it is, that Heauen alone doth know:
" Griefe to it ſelfe moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
" And neuer yet was Sorrow void of feare;
But yet in Death doth Sorrow hope the beſt,
And RICHARD, thus I wiſh thee happie Reſt.

¶ Anno-

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time.

POmfret *Caſtle, euer a fatall place to the Princes of* England, *and moſt ominous to the Bloud of* Plantaginet.

Oh, how euen yet I hate theſe wretched Eyes,
And in my Glaſſe, &c.

When Bullenbrooke *returned to* London *from the Weſt, bringing* Richard *a Priſoner with him; the Queene, who little knew of her Husbands hard Succeſſe, ſtayed to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue ſeene her Husband thus led in Triumph by his Foe: and now ſeeming to hate her Eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortall Enemie.*

Wherein great *Norfolkes* forward Courſe was ſtayd.

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Harford *and* Norfolke *at* Couentry, *vrging the inſtneſſe of* Mowbrayes *Quarrell againſt the Duke of* Harford, *and the faithfull aſſurance of his Victorie.*

O, why did *Charles* relieue his needie ſtate?
A Vagabond, &c.

Charles *the* French *King, her Father, receiued the Duke of* Harford *in his Court, and relieued him in* France, *being ſo nerrely allyed as Couſin German to King* Richard, *his ſonne in Law; which he did ſimply, little thinking, that he ſhould after returne into* England, *and diſ-poſſeſſe King* Richard *of the Crowne.*

When thou to *Ireland* took'ſt thy laſt Farewell.

King Richard *made a Voyage with his Armie into* Ireland, *againſt* Onell *and* Mackmur, *which rebelled: at what time,* Henry *entred here at home, and robbed him of all Kingly Dignitie.*

Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no Hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate.

William Wickham, *in the great Quarrell betwixt* Iohn *of* Gaunt *and the Clergie, of meere Spight and Malice (as it ſhould ſeeme) reported, That the Queene confeſſed to him on her Death-bed, being then her Confeſſor, That* Iohn *of* Gaunt *was the ſonne of a* Flemming, *and that ſhe was brought to Bed of a Woman-Child at* Gaunt, *which was ſmothered in the Cradle by miſchance, and that ſhe obtained this Child of a poore Woman, making the King beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure.* Fox. ex Chron. Alban.

No Baſtards Marke doth blot his conqu'ring Shield.

Shewing the true and indubitate Birth of Richard, *his Right vnto the Crowne of* England, *as carrying the Armes without Blot or Difference.*

Againſt their Faith vnto the Crownes true Heire,
Their valiant Kinſman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer, *Earle of* March, *ſonne of Earle* Roger Mortimer, *which was ſonne to Lady* Philip, *daughter to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third ſonne to King* Edward *the third*; *which* Edmund (*King* Richard *going into* Ireland) *was proclaymed Heire Apparant to the Crowne*; *whoſe Aunt, called* Ellinor, *this Lord* Percy *had married.*

O, would *Aumerle* had ſunke, when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that Noble Abbot layd!

The Abbot of Weſtminſter *had plotted the Death of King* Henry, *to haue beene done at a Tilt at* Oxford: *Of which Confederacie, there was* Iohn Holland, *Duke of* Exceſter, Thomas Holland, *Duke of* Surrey, *the Duke of* Aumerle, Mountacute, *Earle of* Salisburie, Spenſer, *Earle of* Gloceſter, *the Biſhop of* Carlile, *Sir* Thomas Blunt; *theſe all had bound themſelues one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of* Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, and *Buſby* dye his Fault in graine.

Henry *going towards the Caſtle of* Flint, *where King* Richard *was, cauſed* Scroope, Greene, *and* Buſhy *to be executed at* Briſtow, *as vile perſons, which had ſeduced the King to this laſcivious and wicked life.*

Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaſter.*

After Henries *exile, at his returne into* England, *he tooke his Oath at* Doncaſter, *vpon the Sacrament, not to clayme the Crowne, or Kingdome of* England, *but onely the Dukedome of* Lancaſter, *his owne proper Right, and the Right of his Wife.*

And mourne for *Henry Hotſpur*, her deare ſonne,
As I for my, &c.

This was the braue courageous Henry Hotſpur, *that obtayned ſo many Victories againſt the* Scots; *which, after falling out right with the Curſe of Queene* Iſabel, *was ſlaine by* Henry *at the Battell at* Shrewburie.

RICHARD the Second to *Queene* ISABEL.

WHat can my Queene but hope for from this Hand,
That it ſhould write, which neuer could command?
A Kingdomes Greatneſſe thinke how he ſhould ſway,
That wholeſome Counſell neuer could obay:
Ill this rude Hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worſe now (I feare me) it will rule a Pen.
How ſhall I call my ſelfe, or by what Name,
To make thee know from whence theſe Letters came?
Not from thy Husband, for my hatefull Life
Makes thee a Widdow, being yet a Wife:
Nor from a King; that Title I haue loſt,
Now of that Name, proud BVLLENBROOKE may boaſt:
What I haue beene, doth but this comfort bring,
No words ſo wofull, as, *I was a King.*
This lawleſſe Life, which firſt procur'd my Hate,
* This Tongue, which then renounc'd my Regall State,
This abiect Soule of mine conſenting to it,
This Hand, that was the Inſtrument to doe it;
All theſe be witneſſe, that I now denie
All Princely Types, all Kingly Sou'raigntie.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy Fathers Court,
Thy famous Countrey, and thy Princely Port,
And vndertook'ſt to trauell dang'rous Wayes,
Driuen by aukward Winds and boyſt'rous Seas?
* And left'ſt great BVRBON, for thy loue to mee,
Who ſu'd in Marriage to be link'd to thee,
Offring for Dower the Countries neighb'ring nie,
Of fruitfull *Almaine*, and rich *Burgundie*?
Didſt thou all this, that *England* ſhould receiue thee,
To miſerable Baniſhment to leaue thee?
And in my Downe-fall, and my Fortunes wracke,
Thus to thy Countrey to conuey thee backe?
When quiet Sleepe (the heauie Hearts Reliefe)
Hath reſted Sorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned Griefe,
My paſſed Greatneſſe into mind I call,
And thinke this while I dreamed of my Fall:

With

With this Conceit my Sorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queene is but withdrawne a while,
And my Attendants in ſome Chamber by,
As in the height of my Proſperitie.
Calling aloud, and asking who is there?
The Eccho anſw'ring, tels me, Woe is there;
And when mine Armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the Pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking Eyes preciſely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many Minutes as in the Houres there be,
So many Houres each Minute ſeemes to me;
Each Houre a Day, Morne, Noone-tide, and a Set,
Each Day a Yeere, with Miſeries complete;
A Winter, Spring-time, Summer, and a Fall,
All Seaſons varying, but vnſeaſoned all:
In endleſſe Woe my thred of Life thus weares,
In Minutes, Houres, Dayes, by Months, to lingring Yeares.
They prayſe the Summer, that enioy the South;
Pomfret is cloſed in the Norths cold Mouth:
There pleaſant Summer dwelleth all the Yeere,
Froſt-ſtarued-Winter doth inhabit here;
A place wherein Deſpaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuting with a cloudie Cell.
✲ When HARFORD had his Iudgement of Exile,
Saw I the Peoples murmuring the while;
Th'vncertaine Commons touch'd with inward Care,
As though his Sorrowes mutually they bare:
Fond Women, and ſcarſe-ſpeaking Children mourne,
Bewayle his parting, wiſhing his returne.
✲ That I was forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd Yeares,
When they bedew'd his Foot-ſteps with their Teares;
Yet by example could not learne to know,
To what his Greatneſſe by their loue might grow:
✲ But HENRY boaſts of our Atchieuements done,
Bearing the Trophies our great Fathers wonne;
And all the ſtorie of our famous Warre,
Muſt grace the Annals of Great LANCASTER.
✲ Seuen goodly Siens in their Spring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelfe-Root brought forth, one Stock did nouriſh;
✲ EDWARD the top-Branch of that golden Tree,
Nature in him her vtmoſt power did ſee;
Who from the Bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo faire,
As all might iudge what Fruit it meant to beare:
But I his Graft, of eu'ry Weed o'r-growne,
And from our kind, as Refuſe forth am throwne.

✲ We

✻ We from our Grandſire ſtood in one Degree,
But after EDWARD, IOHN the yong'ſt of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget a Sonne ſo baſe,
(That to GAVNTS Iſſue ſhould giue Soueraigne place?)
✻ He that from *France* brought IOHN his Priſoner home,
As thoſe great CÆSARS did their Spoyles to *Rome*,
✻ Whoſe Name obtained by his fatall Hand,
Was euer fearefull to that conquer'd Land:
His Fame encreaſing, purchas'd in thoſe Warres,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the Starres;
With him is Valour from the baſe World fled,
(Or here in me is it extinguiſhed)
Who for his Vertue, and his Conqueſts ſake,
Poſteritie a Demy-god ſhall make;
And iudge, this vile and abiect Spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper ſo diuine.
What Earthly Humour, or what vulgar Eye
Can looke ſo low, as on our Miſerie?
When BVLLENBROOKE is mounted to our Throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
Into our Councels he himſelfe intrudes,
And who but HENRY with the Multitudes?
His Power diſgrades, his dreadfull Frowne diſgraceth,
He throwes them downe, whom our Aduancement placeth;
As my diſable and vnworthie Hand
Neuer had Power, belonging to Command.
He treads our ſacred Tables in the duſt,
✻ And proues our Acts of Parlament vniuſt;
As though he hated, that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a Law by RICHARD once was made;
Whilſt I depreſt before his Greatneſſe, lie
Vnder the weight of Hate and Infamie.
My Backe a Foot-ſtoole BVLLENBROOKE to rayſe,
My Looſeneſſe mock'd, and hatefull by hi prayſe,
Out-liue mine Honour, burie my Eſtate,
And leaue my ſelfe nought, but my Peoples Hate.
(Sweet Queene) Ile take all Counſell thou canſt giue,
So that thou bidſt me neyther hope nor liue;
" Succour that comes, when Ill hath done his worſt,
" But ſharpens Griefe, to make vs more accurſt.
Comfort is now vnpleaſing to mine Eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my Bed become my Beere:
Since now Misfortune humbleth vs ſo long,
Till Heauen be growne vnmindfull of our Wrong;
Yet it forbid my Wrongs ſhould euer die,
But ſtill remembred to Poſteritie:

And

And let the Crowne be fatall that he weares,
And euer wet with wofull Mothers Teares.
Thy Curſe on PERCIE, angry Heauens preuent,
Who haue not one Curſe left, on him vnſpent,
To ſcourge the World, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of Woe, as I a King am poore.
Then ceaſe (deare Queene) my Sorrowes to bewayle,
My Wound's too great for Pitie now to heale;
Age ſtealeth on, whilſt thou complayneſt thus,
My Griefes be mortall and infectious:
Yet better Fortunes thy faire Youth may trie,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth flie.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

This Tongue, which then denounc'd my Regall State.

RIchard *the Second, at the Reſignation of the Crowne to the Duke of* Hartford, *in the* Tower *of* London, *deliuering the ſame with his owne hand, there confeſſed his diſabilitie to gouerne, vtterly denouncing all Kingly Authoritie.*

And left'ſt great *Burbon*, for thy loue to me.

Before the Princeſſe Iſabel *was married to the King,* Lewes *Duke of* Burbon *ſued to haue had her in Marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this Motion had not fallen out in the meane time. This Duke of* Burbon *ſued againe to haue receiued her, at her comming into* France, *after the impriſonment of King* Richard; *but King* Charles *her Father then croſſed him, as before, and gaue her to* Charles, *ſonne to the Duke of* Orleans.

When *Harford* had his Iudgement of Exile.

When the Combate ſhould haue beene at Couentry, *betwixt* Henry *Duke of* Harford, *and* Thomas *Duke of* Norfolke (*where* Harford *was adiudged to Baniſhment for ten yeeres*) *the Commons exceedingly lamented; ſo greatly was he euer fauoured of the People.*

Then being forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd yeeres.

When the Duke came to take his leaue of the King, being then at Eltham, *the King, to pleaſe the Commons, rather then for any loue he bare to* Harford, *repealed foure yeeres of his Baniſhment.*

But

But *Henry* boasts of our Atchieuements done.

Henry, *the eldeſt ſonne of* Iohn, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *at the firſt*, *Earle of* Darby, *then created Duke of* Harford; *after the death of the Duke* Iohn, *his father*, *was Duke of* Lancaſter *and* Harford, *Earle of* Darby, Leiceſter, *and* Lincolne: *and after he had obtained the Crowne*, *was called by the name of* Bullenbrooke, *which is a Towne in* Lincolneſhire; *as vſually all the Kings of* England *bare the name of the Place where they were borne.*

Seuen goodly Siens in their Spring did flouriſh.

Edward *the third had ſeuen ſonnes*; Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *after called the* Blacke-Prince; William *of* Hatfield, *the ſecond*; Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third*; Iohn *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the fourth*; Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* Yorke, *the fifth*; Thomas *of* Woodſtocke, *Duke of* Glocester, *the ſixt*; William *of* Windſore, *the ſeuenth.*

Edward the top-branch of that golden Tree.

Truely boaſting himſelfe to be the eldeſt ſonne of Edward, *the* Blacke-Prince.

Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the yong'ſt of three.

As diſabling Henry Bullenbrooke, *being but the ſonne of the fourth brother*; William *and* Lionel *being both before* Iohn *of* Gaunt.

He that from *France* brought *Iohn* his Priſoner home.

Edward *the* Blacke-Prince *taking* Iohn, *King of* France, *Priſoner*, *at the Battell of* Poictiers, *brought him into* England; *where*, *at the* Sauoy, *he died.*

Whoſe Name atchieued by his fatall hand.

Called the Blacke-Prince, *not ſo much of his Complexion*, *as of the famous Battels he fought*; *as is ſhewed before*, *in the Gloſſe vpon the Epiſtle of* Edward *to the Counteſſe of* Saliſburie.

And proues our Acts of Parlament vniuſt.

In the next Parliament, *after* Richards *Reſignation of the Crowne*, Henry *cauſed to be annihilated all the Lawes made in the Parliament*, *called the Wicked Parliament*, *held in the twentieth yeere of King* Richards *Reigne.*

FINIS.

QVEENE KATHERINE TO OWEN TVDOR.

The Argvment.

HENRY *the fifth, that onely Man of Men,*
Too ſoone deceaſed; bright Queene KATHERINE *then,*
(HENRY *the ſixt her ſonne of tender yeeres,*
Fortune ſo ſtrangely her Affection ſteeres,
That amongſt many, call'd one day to dance
Before the King and her) this Heire of France,
And Englands *Dowager: her Eye taken had,*
By OWEN TVDOR, *a braue youthfull Lad,*
One of her Ward-robe, and from Wales *deſcended:*
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this Letter doth deuiſe,
Leſt that the greatneſſe of the enterpriſe
Should hap to daunt him: but he bold by kind,
Shew'd her, his loue was anſw'ring to her mind.

IVdge not a Princeſſe worth impeach'd hereby,
That Loue thus triumphs ouer Maieſtie;
Nor thinke leſſe Vertue in this Royall Hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command:
For in this ſort, though humbly now it woo,
The day hath beene, thou would'ſt haue kneel'd vnto.
Nor thinke that this ſubmiſſion of my State
Proceeds from Frailtie (rather iudge it Fate.)
ALCIDES ne'r more fit for Warres ſterne Shocke,
Then when with Women ſpinning at the Rocke;
Neuer leſſe Clouds did PHŒBVS glory dim,
Then in a Clownes ſhape when he couered him:
IOVES great Command was neuer more obay'd,
Then when a Satyres Anticke parts he play'd.

He

He was thy King, who ſu'd for loue to mee,
And ſhe his Queene, who ſues for loue to thee.
When HENRY was, my loue was onely his,
But by his death, it OWEN TVDORS is;
My loue to OWEN, him my HENRY giueth,
My loue to HENRY, in my OWEN liueth:
HENRY woo'd me, whilſt Warres did yet increaſe,
I woo my TVDOR, in ſweet calmes of Peace;
To force Affection, he did Conqueſt proue,
I come with gentle Arguments of Loue.
✻ Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Warres hot Alarmes,
Firſt ſaw I HENRY, clad in Princely Armes;
At pleaſant *Windſore*, firſt theſe Eyes of mine
My TVDOR iudg'd, for wit and ſhape diuine;
HENRY abroad, with Puiſſance and with Force,
TVDOR at home, with Courtſhip and Diſcourſe:
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me beſt, PLANTAGINET, or TETHER;
A March, a Meaſure, Battell, or a Daunce,
A Courtly Rapier, or a conqu'ring Launce.
His Princely Bed hath ſtrength'ned my Renowne,
✻ And on my Temples ſet a double Crowne;
Which glorious Wreathe (as HENRIES lawfull Heire)
HENRY the ſixt vpon his Brow doth beare.
✻ At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did firſt inioy
My Bridall Rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*;
In *England* now that Honour thou ſhalt haue,
Which once in *Champaine* famous HENRY gaue.
I ſeeke not Wealth, three Kingdomes in my Power;
If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my Dower?
Sad Diſcontent may euer follow her,
Which doth baſe Pelfe before true Loue preferre;
If Titles ſtill could our Affections tye,
What is ſo great, but Maieſtie might buy?
As I ſeeke thee, ſo Kings doe me deſire;
To what they would, thou eas'ly may'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred Fire once warm'd my Heart before,
The Fuell fit, the Flame is now the more;
And meanes to quench it, I in vaine doe proue,
" We may hide Treaſure, but not hide our Loue:
And ſince it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it,
It were too late, nor will I now reſtraine it.
✻ Nor theſe great Titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, Siſter to a King,
Of Grandſire, Father, Husband, Sonne, and Brother,
More thou alone to me then all theſe other.

✻ Nor feare, my TVDOR, that this loue of mine (Line,
Should wrong the GAVNT-borne, great LANCASTRIAN
✻ Or make the *Engliſh* Bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
Repine at LORAINE, BVRBON, ALANSON;
Nor doe I thinke there is ſuch different ods,
They ſhould alone be numbred with the Gods:
Of CADMVS Earthly Iſſue reck'ning vs,
And they from IOVE, MARS, NEPTVNE, EOLVS;
Of great LATONA's Off-ſpring onely they,
And we the Brats of wofull NIOBE.
Our famous Grandſires (as their owne) beſtrid
That Horſe of Fame, that God-begotten Steed;
Whoſe bounding Hooſe plow'd that *Beotian* Spring,
Where thoſe ſweet Maids of Memorie doe ſing.
I clayme not all from HENRY, but as well
To be the Child of CHARLES and ISABEL:
Nor can I thinke from whence their Griefe ſhould grow,
That by this Match they be diſparag'd ſo:
✻ When IOHN and LONGSHANKS Iſſue were affy'd,
And to the Kings of *Wales* in Wedlocke ty'd,
Shewing the greatneſſe of your Bloud thereby,
Your Race and Royall Conſanguinitie:
And *Wales*, as well as haughtie *England* boaſts,
✻ Of CAMILOT, and all her Pentecoſts;
To haue precedence in PENDRAGONS Race,
At ARTHVRS Table challenging the Place.
If by the often Conqueſt of your Land,
They boaſt the Spoyles of their victorious Hand;
If theſe our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
✻ When bloudie RVFVS ſought your vtter ſacke,
Twice entring *Wales*, yet twice was beaten backe;
When famous *Cambria* waſh'd her in the Floud,
Made by th'effuſion of the *Engliſh* Bloud;
✻ And oft return'd with glorious Victorie,
From *Worceſter*, *Her'ford*, *Cheſter*, *Shrewſburie*;
Whoſe Power in eu'ry Conqueſt ſo preuayles,
As once expuls'd the *Engliſh* out of *Wales*.
Although my Beautie made my Countries Peace,
And at my Bridall former Broyles did ceaſe;
More then his Power, had not his Perſon beene,
I had not come to *England* as a Queene.
Nor tooke I HENRY to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in *France* that time my choyſe was ſcant,
When it had rob'd all *Chriſtendome* of Men,
And *Englands* Flower remayn'd amongſt vs then:

GLOSTER,

GLOSTER, whoſe Counſels (NESTOR-like) aſſiſt;
Couragious BEDFORD, that great Martialliſt;
CLARENCE, for Vertue honour'd of his Foes;
And YORKE, whoſe Fame yet dayly greater growes;
WARWICKE, the pride of NEVILS haughtie Race;
Great SALISBVRIE, ſo fear'd in eu'ry place:
That valiant POOLE, whom no Atchieuement dar's;
And VERE, ſo famous in the *Iriſh* Warres;
Who, though my ſelfe ſo great a Prince were borne,
The worſt of theſe, my equall need not ſcorne:
But HENRIES rare Perfections, and his Parts,
As conqu'ring Kingdomes, ſo he conquer'd Hearts.
As chaſte was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaſte loue vow'd to thee;
Beautie doth fetch all Fauour from thy Face,
All perfect Court-ſhip reſteth in thy Grace:
If thou diſcourſe, my Lips ſuch Accents breake,
As Loue a Spirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeake.
The *Britiſh* Language, which our Vowels wants,
And iarres ſo much vpon harſh Conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy mellifluous Tongue,
As doe the ſweet Notes of a well-ſet Song,
And runs as ſmoothly from thoſe Lips of thine,
As the pure *Tuſkan* from the *Florentine*;
Leauing ſuch ſeaſoned ſweetneſſe in the Eare,
That the Voyce paſt, yet ſtill the Sound is there:
In NISVS Tower, as when APOLLO lay,
And on his golden Violl vs'd to play;
Where ſenſeleſſe Stones were with ſuch Muſicke drown'd,
As many yeeres they did retaine the Sound.
Let not the Beames, that Greatneſſe doth reflect,
Amaze thy Hopes with timerous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, TVDOR, Maieſtie can bee
As kind in loue, as can the mean'ſt degree,
And the imbraces of a Queene as true
As theirs, which thinke them much aduanc'd by you;
When in our Greatneſſe, our Affections craue
Thoſe ſecret Ioyes, that other Women haue:
So I (a Queene) be ſoueraigne in my choyſe,
Let others fawne vpon the publique voyce;
Or what (by this) can euer hap to thee,
Light in reſpect, to be belou'd of mee?
Let peeuiſh Worldlings prate of Right and Wrong,
Leaue Plaints and Pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old Men ſpeake of Chances and Euents,
And Lawyers talke of Titles and Deſcents,

Leaue

Leaue fond Reports to ſuch as Stories tell,
And Couenants, to thoſe that buy and ſell:
Loue, my ſweet TVDOR, that becomes thee beſt;
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

Incamp'd at *Melans*, in Warres hot Alarmes,
Firſt, &c.

NEere vnto Melans, *vpon the Riuer of* Seyne, *was the appointed place of Parley betweene the two Kings of* England *and* France; *to which place,* Iſabel, *the Queene of* France, *and the Duke of* Burgoyne, *brought the young Princeſſe* Katherine, *where King* Henry *firſt ſaw her.*

And on my Temples ſet a double Crowne.

Henry *the fift, and Queene* Katherine, *were taken as King and Queene of* France; *and during the life of* Charles *the* French *King,* Henry *was called King of* England, *and Heire of* France: *and after the death of* Henry *the fift,* Henry *the ſixt, his ſonne, then being very young, was crowned at* Paris, *as true and lawfull King of* England *and* France.

At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did firſt inioy.

Troy *in* Champaine, *was the place where that victorious King* Henry *the fift married the Princeſſe* Katherine, *in the preſence of the chiefe Nobilitie of the Realmes of* England *and* France.

Nor theſe great Titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, &c.

Few Queenes of England, *or* France, *were euer more Princely aKind then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Hiſtoriographers.*

Nor feare, my *Tudor*, that this loue of mine
Should wrong the *Gaunt*-horne, &c.

Noting the Deſcent of Henry *her Husband from* Iohn, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the fourth ſonne of* Edward *the third; which Duke* Iohn *was ſirnamed* Gaunt, *of the Citie of* Gaunt *in* Flanders, *where he was borne.*

Or make the *Engliſh* Bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
Repine, &c.

Alluding the Greatneſſe of the Engliſh *Line, to* Phœbus *and* Phœbe, *fained to be the Children of* Latona, *whoſe Heauenly kind might ſeeme to be ioyned with any Earthly Progenie: yet withall, boaſting the Bloud of* France, *as not inferiour*

to

to theirs. And with this Alluſion, followeth on the Hiſtorie of the ſtriſe betwixt Iuno *and the Race of* Cadmus, *whoſe Iſſue was afflicted by the Wrath of Heauen. The Children of* Niobe *ſlaine; for which, the wofull Mother became a Rocke, gaſhing forth continually a Fountaine of Teares.*

When *Iohn* and *Longſhankes* Iſſue were affy'd.

Lhewellin, *or* Leolin ap Iorwith, *married* Ioan, *daughter to King* Iohn, *a moſt beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme, that ſhe was baſe borne.* Lhewellin ap Gryfith *married* Elinor, *daughter to* Simon Monfort, *Earle of* Leiceſter, *and Couſin to* Edward Longſhankes; *both which* Lhewellins, *were Princes of* Wales.

Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecoſts,
To haue precedence, &c.

Camilot *the ancient Palace of King* Arthur; *to which place, all the Knights of that famous Order yeerely repaired at Pentecoſt, according to the Law of the Table: and moſt of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Countrey; as to this day is perceiued by their ancient Monuments.*

When bloudie *Rufus* ſought your vtter ſacke.

Noting the ill ſucceſſe which William Rufus *had in two Voyages he made into* Wales; *in which, a number of his cheefe Nobilitie were ſlaine.*

And oft return'd with glorious Victorie.

Noting the diuers ſundry Incurſions that the Welſhmen *made into* England, *in the time of* Rufus, Iohn, Henry *the ſecond, and* Longſhankes.

OWEN TVDOR to Queene KATHERINE.

WHen firſt mine Eyes beheld your Princely Name,
And found from whence this friendly Letter came;
As in exceſſe of Ioy, I had forgot,
Whether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not:
My panting Heart doth bid mine Eyes proceed,
My dazeled Eyes inuite my Tongue to read;
Which wanting their direction, dully miſt it:
My Lips, which ſhould haue ſpoke, were dumbe, and kiſt it,
And left the Paper in my trembling Hand,
When all my Senſes did amazed ſtand;
Euen as a Mother comming to her Child,
Which from her preſence hath beene long exil'd,

With

With gentle Armes his tender Necke doth ſtraine,
Now kiſſing it, now clipping it againe;
And yet exceſſiue Ioy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awakened from this pleaſing Dreame,
When Paſſion ſomewhat left to be extreme,
My longing Eyes with their faire Obiect meet,
Where eu'ry Letter's pleaſing, each Word ſweet.
It was not HENRIES Conqueſts, nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadfull Terror-ſtriking Name,
The cauſe that I from *Wales* to *England* came;
For Chriſtian *Rhodes*, and our Religions Truth,
To great Atchieuement firſt had wonne my Youth:
This braue Aduenture did my Valour proue,
Before I e'r knew what it was to loue.
Nor came I hither by ſome poore euent,
But by th'eternall Deſtinies conſent;
Whoſe vncompriſed Wiſedome did fore-ſee,
That you in Marriage ſhould be link'd to mee.
By our great MERLIN was it not fore-told,
(Amongſt his holy Propheſies enrol'd)
When firſt he did of TVDORS Name diuine,
That Kings and Queenes ſhould follow in our Line;
* And that the Helme (the TVDORS ancient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-de-luce be dreſt;
As that the Leeke (our Countries chiefe Renowne)
Should grow with Roſes in the *Engliſh* Crowne.
As CHARLES his Daughter, you the Lilly weare,
As HENRIES Queene, the bluſhing Roſe you beare;
By *France's* Conqueſt, and by *Englands* Oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crowne, both in your Cheeke together,
Ioyne TETHERS loue to yours, and yours to TETHER.
Then caſt no future Doubts, nor feare no Hate,
When it ſo long hath beene fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of Heau'n,
Before our Births, we to one Bed were giu'n.
No PALLAS here, nor IVNO is at all,
When I to VENVS yeeld the golden Ball;
Nor when the *Grecians* Wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in *Troy:*
And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd to vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous?
When in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In loftie Tricks whilſt I my ſelfe aduance,

And in a Turne, my footing fayl'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your Lap?
Who would not iudge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His Birth from Heau'n, your TVDOR not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in Superlatiues,
Although the enuious *Engliſh* doe deuiſe
A thouſand Ieſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I clayme that Plot by ancient Deeds,
Where PHŒBVS paſtures his fire-breathing Steeds;
Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandfires Scarres,
Nor Gyants Trophies in the *Titans* Warres;
Nor faine my Birth (your Princely Eares to pleaſe)
By three Nights getting, as was HERCVLES;
Nor doe I forge my long Deſcent to runne
From aged NEPTVNE, or the glorious Sunne;
* And yet in *Wales*, with them that famous bee,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my Pedigree;
* And boaſt my Birth from great CADWALLADER,
* From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Palador*;
* And from ENEONS Line, the *South-Wales* King,
By THEODOR, the TVDORS Name doe bring,
My Royall Mothers Princely Stocke began,
* From her great Grandam, faire GWENELLIAN;
By true deſcent from LEOLIN the Great,
As well from *North-Wales*, as faire *Powſlands* Seat:
Though for our Princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make Apologie;
Yet who with Iudgements true impartiall Eyes,
Shall looke from whence our Name at firſt did riſe,
Shall finde, that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not TVDOR, as PLANTAGINET?
* Nor that terme *Croggen*, Nick-name of diſgrace,
Vs'd as a by-word now in eu'ry place,
Shall blot our Bloud, or wrong a *Welſhmans* Name,
Which was at firſt begot with *Englands* ſhame.
Our valiant Swords our Right did ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that cruell, proud, vſurping *Dane*,
Buckling beſides in many dang'rous Fights,
With *Norwayes*, *Swethens*, and with *Muſcouites*;
* And kept our Natiue Language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our Tongue:
When they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue loſt their Countrey, and their Name.
Nor euer could the *Saxons* Swords prouoke
Our *Britaine* Necks to beare their ſeruile Yoke:

Where *Cambria's* pleasant Countries bounded bee
With swelling *Seuerne*, and the holy *Dee*;
And since great BRVTVS first arriu'd, haue stood,
The onely remnant of the *Troian* Blood.
To euery Man is not allotted Chance,
To boast with HENRY, to haue conquer'd *France*:
Yet if my Fortunes be thus rays'd by thee,
This may presage a further good to me;
And our Saint DAVID, in the *Britaines* Right,
May ioyne with GEORGE, the Sainted *English* Knight;
* And old *Caer-marden*, MERLINS famous Towne,
Not scorn'd by *London*, though of such renowne.
Ah, would to God, that Houre my Hopes attend,
Were with my Wish brought to desired end!
Blame me not, Madame, though I thus desire,
Many there be, that after you inquire;
Till now your Beautie in Nights Bosome slept,
What Eye durst stirre, where awfull HENRY kept?
Who durst attempt to sayle but neere the Bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great ALCIDES lay?
Your Beautie now is set a Royall Prize,
And Kings repayre to cheapen Merchandize.
If you but walke to take the breathing Ayre,
ORITHIA makes me, that I BOREAS feare;
If to the Fire, IOVE once in Lightning came,
And faire EGINA makes me feare the flame;
If in the Sunne, then sad Suspition dreames
PHŒBVS should spread LVCOTHOE in his Beames;
If in a Fountaine you doe coole your Bloud,
NEPTVNE I feare, which once came in a Floud;
If with your Mayds, I dread APOLLO's Rape,
Who cous'ned CHION in an old Wiues shape;
If you doe banquet, BACCHVS makes me dreed,
Who in a Grape ERIGONE did feed;
And if my selfe your Chamber-doore should keepe,
Yet feare I HERMES, comming in a Sleepe.
Pardon (sweet Queene) if I offend in this,
In these Delayes, Loue most impatient is;
And Youth wants pow'r his hot Spleene to suppresse,
When Hope alreadie banquets in Excesse.
Though HENRIES Fame in me you shall not find,
Yet that which better shall content your mind;
But onely in the Title of a King
Was his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleasure you did take,
Neuer let Queene trust *Britan*, for my sake.

Ya

Yet iudge me not from Modeſtie exempt,
That I another PHAETONS Charge attempt;
My Mind, that thus your Fauours dare aſpire,
Shewes, that 'tis touch'd with a celeſtiall fire;
If I doe fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When ſhe her ſelfe is author of the ſame:
" All Men to ſome one qualitie incline,
Onely to Loue is naturally mine.
Thou art by Beautie famous, as by Birth,
Ordain'd by Heau'n to cheere the drouping Earth;
Adde faithfull Loue vnto your greater State,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by Heau'n) he lou'd not more then I.
And thus I leaue, till time my Faith approue,
I ceaſe to write, but neuer ceaſe to loue.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

And that the Helme, the *Tudors* ancient Creſt.

THe *Armes of* Tudor, *was three Helmets; whereof he ſpeaketh, as a thing prophetically fore-told of* Merlin.

When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor, *being a Courtly and affiue Gentleman, commanded once to dance before the Queene, in a Turne (not being able to recouer himſelfe) fell into her Lap, as ſhe ſat vpon a little Stoole, with many of her Ladies about her.*

And yet with them in *Wales* that famous be,
Our learned *Bards*, &c.

This Berdh, *as they call it in the* Britiſh *Tongue, or as we more properly ſay,* Bard, *or* Bardus, *be their Poets, which keepe the Records of Pedigrees and Deſcents, and ſung in Odes and Meaſures to their Harpes, after the old manner of the* Lyricke *Poets.*

And boaſt my Bloud from great *Cadwallader*.

Cadwallader, *the laſt King of the* Britaines, *deſcended of the Noble and ancient Race of the* Troians; *to whom an Angell appeared, commanding him to go to* Rome *to Pope* Sergius, *where he ended his life.*

From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Paladur*.

Caer-Septon, *now called* Shaftsburie; *at whose Building it was ſaid, an Eagle propheſied (or rather, one named* Aquila) *of the ſame of that Place, and of the recouerie of the Ile by the* Britaines, *bringing backe with them the Bones of* Cadwallader *from* Rome.

And from *Eneons* Line, the *South-Wales* King,
From *Theodor*, &c.

This Eneon *was ſlaine by the Rebels of* Gwentland; *he was a notable and worthie Gentleman, who in his life did many noble Acts, and was father to* Theodor, *or* Tudor Maur, *of whom deſcended the Princes of* South-Wales.

From her great Grandam, faire *Gwenellian*.

Gwenellian, *the daughter of* Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor, *Prince of* South-Wales, *married* Edniuet Vaughan, *anceſtor to* Owen Tudor.

By true deſcent from *Lealin* the Great.

This is the Lewhelin, *called* Leolinus Magnus, *Prince of* North-Wales.

Nor that word *Croggen*, Nick-name of diſgrace.

In the Voyage that Henry *the ſecond made againſt the* Welſhmen, *as his Souldiers paſſed* Offas Ditch *at* Croggen *Caſtle, they were ouerthrowne by the* Welſhmen: *Which word* Croggen *hath ſince beene vſed to the* Welſhmens *Diſgrace, which was at firſt begun with their Honour.*

And kept our Natiue Language now thus long.

The Welſhmen *be thoſe ancient* Britaines, *which when the* Picts, Danes, *and* Saxons *inuaded here, were firſt driuen into thoſe parts; where they haue kept their Language euer ſince the firſt, without commixtion with any other.*

And old *Caer-Merdin, Merlins* famous Towne.

Caer-Merdin, *or* Merlins *Towne, ſo called, of* Merlins *being found there. This was* Ambroſe Merlin, *whoſe Propheſies we haue. There was another of that Name, called* Merlin Sylueſtris, *borne in* Scotland, *ſirnamed* Caledonius, *of the Forreſt* Caledon, *where he propheſied.*

FINIS.

ELINOR COBHAM TO DVKE HVMPHREY.

The Argvment.

Wise Hvmphrey, *Duke of* Gloster, *nam'd the Good,*
Next to his Nephew, of the Royall Blood,
(Henry *the sixt then being very yong*)
Chosen Protector: by Ambition strong
Whose Duchesse Elinor, *violently led,*
To thinke the Crowne theirs, were yong Henry *dead,*
Consulted was, with Sorcerers to conspire,
Which practised to hasten her desire:
For which, she her thrice-Penance was assign'd;
To th'Ile of Man *and afterwards confin'd:*
From whence, she writes this Letter to her Lord,
Who that sad Lady doth the like afford.

METHINKS, not knowing who these Lines should send,
Thou straight turn'st ouer to the latter end;
Where, thou my Name no sooner hast espy'd,
But in disdaine my Letter casts aside:
Why, if thou wilt, I will my selfe deny,
Nay, I'le affirme and sweare, I am not I;
Or if in that thy shame thou do'st perceiue,
Lo, for thy deare sake, I my Name will leaue.
And yet, me thinkes, amaz'd thou shouldst not stand,
Nor seeme so much appalled at my Hand;
For my Misfortunes haue inur'd thine Eye,
(Long before this) to Sights of Miserie:
No, no, reade on, 'tis I, the very same,
All thou canst reade, is but to reade my shame.

Be

Be not dismay'd, nor let my Name affright,
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull Spell, no Magick Charme;
If she that sent it, loue Duke HVMPHREY so,
Is't possible her Name should be his Foe?
Yes, I am EL'NOR, I am very shee,
Who brought for Dower a Virgins Bed to thee;
✻ Though enuious BEVFORD slander'd me before,
To be Duke HVMPHREYES wanton Paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
✻ To Magick once I did my selfe apply;
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poys'ning Philters, and bewitching Drinke;
Nor on thy person did I euer proue
Those wicked Potions, so procuring Loue.
I cannot boast, to be rich *Hollands* Heire,
Nor of the Bloud and Greatnesse of *Baueire*;
✻ Yet EL'NOR brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy IACOMIN;
Nor clam'rous Husband follow'd me that fled,
Exclayming, HVMPHREY to defile his Bed;
Nor wast thou forc'd, the Slander to suppresse,
To send me backe as an Adulteresse:
✻ *Brabant*, nor *Burgoyne*, claymed me by force,
Nor su'd to *Rome*, to hasten my Diuorce;
Nor *Belgia's* Pompe, defac'd with *Belgia's* fire,
The iust reward of her vniust desire:
✻ Nor BEDFORDS Spouse, your Noble Sister ANNE,
That Princely-issued great *Burgonian*,
Need stand with me, to moue a Womans strife,
To yeeld the place to the Protectors Wife;
If COBHAMS Name my Birth can dignifie,
Or *Sterborough* renowne my Family.
✻ Where's *Greenwich* now, thy EL'NORS Court of late,
Where she with HVMPHREY held a Princely State?
That pleasant *Kent*, when I abroad should ride,
That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride?
The *Thames*, by Water when I tooke the ayre,
That danc'd my Barge, in lanching from the stayre?
The anch'ring Ships, which when I pass'd the Road,
Were wont to hang their chequ'red Tops abroad?
How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
To see my Pompe, so Goddesse-like to Land,
Should after see me mayl'd vp in a Sheet,
Doe shamefull Penance three times in the Street?

Run

Rung with a Bell, a Taper in my Hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a Beadles Wand;
That little Babes, not hauing vſe of Tongue,
Stood pointing at me, as I came along.
Where then was HVMPHREY, where was his Command?
Waſt thou not Lord Protector of the Land?
Or for thy Iuſtice, who could thee denie
The Title of the good Duke HVMPHREY?
What Bloud, extract from famous EDWARDS Line,
Could boaſt it ſelfe to be ſo pure as thine?
Who elſe, next HENRY, ſhould the Realme preferre,
If it allow the Line of LANCASTER?
But RAYNERS Daughter muſt from *France* be fet,
And with a vengeance on our Throne be ſet;
Maunſ, *Maine*, and *Anion*, on that Begger caſt,
To bring her home to *England* in ſuch haſte:
And what for HENRY thou hadſt laboured there,
To ioyne the King with ARMINACK'S rich Heire,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had beene.
POOLE needs muſt haue his Darling made a Queene,
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To haue his Earleſhip with a Dukedome grac'd;
And rayſe the Off-ſpring of his Bloud ſo hie,
As Lords of vs and our Poſteritie?
O, that by Sea when he to *France* was ſent,
The Ship had ſunke, wherein the Traytor went;
Or that the Sands had ſwallow'd her, before
She e'r ſet foot vpon the *Engliſh* Shore!
But all is well, nay, we haue ſtore to giue,
What need we more, we by her Lookes can liue:
All that great HENRY by his Conqueſts heapt,
And famous BEDFORD to his glorie kept,
Is giuen backe to RAYNER all in poſt;
And by this meanes, rich *Normandie* is loſt.
Thoſe which haue come as Miſtreſſes of ours,
Haue into *England* brought their goodly Dow'rs,
Which to our Coffers yeerely Tribute brings,
The Life of Subiects, and the ſtrength of Kings;
The meanes whereby faire *England* euer might
Rayſe Power in *France*, to backe her ancient Right:
But ſhe brings Ruine here to make abroad,
And cancels all our lawfull Clayme abroad;
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my Shame,
And giue a thouſand by-words to my Name,
And call me, Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all deſpight that may a Woman ſpot.

O, that

O, that I were a Witch but for her sake!
Yfaith her Queeneship little Rest should take;
I would scratch that Face, that may not feele the Ayre,
And knit whole Ropes of Witch-knots in her Hayre:
O, I would Hag her nightly in her Bed,
And on her Brest sit like a lumpe of Lead,
And like a Fairie pinch that daintie Skin,
Her wanton Bloud is now so cocker'd in;
Or take me some such knowne familiar shape,
As she my Vengeance neuer should escape.
Were I a Garment, none should need the more
To sprinkle me with NESSVS poys'ned Gore;
It were ynough, if she once put me on,
To teare both Flesh and Sinewes from the Bone:
Were I a Flower, that might her Smell delight,
Though I were not the poys'ning *Aconite*,
I would send such a Fume into her Brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
* They say, the *Druides* once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my Exile,
Whose pow'rfull Charmes such dreadfull Wonders wrought,
Which in the *Gotish Island* Tongue were taught;
O, that their Spels to me they had resign'd,
Wherewith they rays'd and calm'd both Sea and Wind!
And made the Moone pawse in her paled Sphere,
Whilst her grim Dragons drew them through the Ayre:
Their Hellish Power, to kill the Plow-mans Seed,
Or to fore-speake whole Flocks, as they did feed;
To nurse a damned Spirit with humane Bloud,
To carry them through Earth, Ayre, Fire, and Floud:
Had I this skill, that Time hath almost lost,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghost?
O pardon, pardon my mis-gouern'd Tongue,
A Womans strength cannot endure my Wrong.
* Did not the Heauens her comming in withstand,
As though affrighted, when she came to Land?
The Earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly *Thames* did twice keepe backe his Tide,
PAVLS shooke with Tempests, and that mounting Spire,
With Lightning sent from Heau'n, was set on fire;
Our stately Buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her Pride by these prodigious signes were showne;
More fearefull Visions on the *English* Earth,
Then euer were at any Death, or Birth.
Ah HVMFREY, HVMFREY, if I should not speake,
My Brest would split, my very Heart would breake.

I, that

I, that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now then with a Clap-diſh in my hand;
A ſimple Mantle couering me withall,
The very'ſt Leper, of Cares Hoſpitall;
That from my State a Preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennell in a Pad of Straw;
And like an Owle, by Night to goe abroad,
Rooſted all day within an Iuy Tod,
Among the Sea-Cliffes, in the dampie Caues,
In Charnell-Houſes, fit to dwell in Graues.
Saw'ſt thou thoſe Eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerefull Looke
Duke HVMPHREY once ſuch ioy and pleaſure tooke,
Sorrow hath ſo deſpoyl'd them of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my EL'NORS face:
Like a foule *Gorgon*, whoſe diſheuel'd Hayre
With euery blaſt flyes glaring in the Ayre;
Some ſtanding vp like Hornes vpon my Head,
Euen like thoſe Women that in *Coos* are bred:
My lanke Breſts hang like Bladders left vnblowne,
My Skin with lothſome Iaundize ouer-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruines true Picture, onely looke on mee.
Sometime, in thinking of what I haue had,
I from a ſudden Extaſie grow mad:
Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy EL'NOR runnes,
Like one of BACCHVS raging frantike Nunnes;
Or like a *Tartar*, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd vnto a diſmall Sacrifice.
That Prelate BEAVFORD, a foule ill befall him,
Prelate ſaid I! nay, Deuill I ſhould call him:
Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amiſſe,
His very Name, me thinkes, my Poyſon is:
Ah that vile IVDAS, our profeſſed Foe,
My Curſe purſue him, whereſoe'r he goe;
That to my Iudgement, when I did appeare,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that neuer were:
That I ſhould know of BVLLENBROOKES Intents,
The hallowing of his Magicke Inſtruments;
That I procured SOVTHWELL to aſſiſt,
Which was by Order conſecrate a Prieſt;
That it was I ſhould couer all they did,
Which but for him had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile Baſtard, that himſelfe dare vaunt,
To be the Sonne of thy braue Grandſire GAVNT,
Whom he but father'd of meere Charitie,
To rid his Mother of that Infamie;

Who, if report of elder Times be true,
Yet to this day his Father neuer knew.
He that by Murthers blacke and odious Crime,
To HENRIES Throne attempted once to clime,
Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall Hand his Soueraigne to haue slaine;
Whom to his Chamber closely he conuay'd,
And for that purpose fitly there had layd;
Vpon whose Sword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a Dogge he had not beene descry'd.
But now the Queene, her Minion POOLE, and he,
As it please them, eu'n so must all things be;
England's no place for any one beside;
All is too little to maintaine their pride.
What, of a King, hath HENRY, but the Name;
And now scarse that, so publike his defame?
And I pray God, I doe not liue the day,
To see his Ruine, and the Realmes decay:
And yet as sure as HVMPHREY seemes to stand,
He be preseru'd from that vile Traytors hand.
From GLOSTERS Seat I would thou wert estrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedomes Name were chang'd,
For it portends some after-ill to vs;
Ah HVMPHREY, HVMPHREY, it is ominous:
Yet rather then thy hap so hard should be,
I would thou wert here banished with me.
HVMVHREY adiew, farewell true Noble Lord,
My wish is all thy EL'NOR can afford.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Though enuious *Beauford* stand'red me before.

NOting the extreme Hate that Cardinall Beauford had euer borne to her.

To Magicke once I did my selfe apply.

Elinor Cobham *was accused by some, that sought to withstand, and mislike her Marriage with Duke* Humphrey, *that she practised to giue him Philters, and such poysoning Potions, to make him loue her; as she was slandered by Cardinall* Beauford, *to haue liued as the Dukes Lemman: against the which Cardinall, she exclaymeth in this Epistle, in the Verse before.*

Yet

Yet *Elnor* brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*.

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married Iacomin, *or as some call her,* Iaquet, *Daughter and Heire to* William Bauier, *Duke of* Holland, *before married, and lawfull Wife to* Iohn, *Duke of* Brabant, *then liuing: which after, as it is shewed in this Verse following,*

Brabant nor *Burgoyne* claymed me by force,
Nor su'd to *Rome*, to haſten my diuorce.

Cauſed great warres, by reaſon, that the Duke of Burgoyne *tooke part with* Brabant, *againſt the Duke of* Glouceſter; *which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Ladie was adiudged to be deliuered backe to her former Husband.*

Nor *Bedfords* Spouſe, your Noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That Princely iſſued great *Burgonian*.

Iohn, *Duke of* Bedford, *that Scourge of* France, *and the Glorie of the* Engliſhmen, *married* Anne, *ſiſter to the Duke of* Burgundie, *a vertuous and beautifull Ladie: by which Marriage, as alſo by his Victories attained in* France, *he brought great Strength to the* Engliſh *Nation.*

Where's *Greenwich* now, thy *Elnors* Court of late?

That faire and goodly Palace of Greenwich, *in* Kent, *was firſt builded by that famous Duke: Whoſe rich and pleaſant ſituation might remaine an aſſured Monument of his Wiſdome, if there were no other memorie of the ſame.*

They ſay the *Druides* once liued in this Ile.

It ſhould ſeeme, that there were two Ilands, both of them called Mona, *though now diſtinguiſhed, the one, by the Name of* Man, *the other, by the Name of* Angleſey; *both which, were full of many infernall Ceremonies: as may appeare by* Agricolaes *Voyage, made into the hithermoſt* Man, *deſcribed by his ſonne in law,* Cornelius Tacitus. *And as Superſtition, the Daughter of Barbariſme, and Ignorance; ſo, amongſt thoſe Northerly Nations, like as in* America, *Magicke was moſt eſteemed.*

Druidæ *were the publique Miniſters of their Religion, as thorowly taught in all Rites thereof: Their Doctrine concerned the Immortalitie of the Soule, the Contempt of Death, and all other Points which may conduce to Reſolution, Fortitude, and Magnanimitie: Their abode was in Groues and Woods, whereupon they haue their Name: their Power extended it ſelfe to maſter the Soules of Men deceaſed, and to conferre with Ghoſts, and other Spirits, about the ſucceſſe of Things.*

Plutarch, *in his profound and learned Diſcourſe of the defect of Oracles, reporteth, That the outmoſt* Britiſh *Iles were the Priſon of I wot not what*

Demi-gods: But it ſhall not need to ſpeake any farther of the Druidæ, *then that which* Lucan *doth:*

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque ſiniſtrum
Sacrorum, *Druidæ* poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.

Did not the Heauens her comming in withſtand?

Noting the prodigious and fearefull ſignes that were ſeene in England, *a little before her comming in: which* Elinor *expreſſeth in this Epiſtle, as fore-ſhewing the Dangers which ſhould enſue vpon this vnluckie Marriage.*

The hallowing of the Magicke Inſtruments.

The Inſtruments which Bullenbrooke *vſed in his Coniurations, according to the diuelliſh Ceremonies and Cuſtomes of theſe vnlawfull Arts, were dedicated at a Maſſe, in the Lodge in* Harnſey *Parke, by* Southwell, *Prieſt of* Weſtminſter.

Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine.

This was one of the Articles that Duke Humphrey *vrged againſt the Cardinall* Beauford, *That he conſpired the death of* Henry *the fifth, by conueying a Villaine into his Chamber, which in the Night ſhould haue murthered him: but what ground of Truth he had for the ſame, I leaue to diſpute.*

Duke HVMPHREY to ELINOR COBHAM.

ME thinkes thou ſhouldſt not doubt, I could forget
Her, whom ſo many doe remember yet;
" No, no, our Ioyes away like ſhadowes ſlide,
" But Sorrowes firme in memorie abide;
Nay, I durſt anſwere, thou do'ſt nothing leſſe,
But into Paſſion, vrg'd by thy diſtreſſe:
No ELNOR, no, thy Woes, thy Griefe, thy Wrong,
Haue in my Breſt beene reſident too long.
Oh, when Report in eu'ry place had ſpred,
My ELNOR was to Sanctuarie fled,

With

With curſed ONLEY, and the Witch of *Eye*,
As guiltie of their vile Conſpiracie;
The dreadfull Spirits when they did inuocate,
For the Succeſſion, and the Realmes Eſtate;
When HENRIES Image they in Waxe had wrought,
By which he ſhould haue to his death beene brought;
That as his Picture did conſume away,
His Perſon ſo by Sickneſſe ſhould decay:
Griefe, that before could ne'r my Thoughts controule,
That inſtant tooke poſſeſſion of my Soule.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine Ill!
As for mine owne, let that inflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold:
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could.
Of any Woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my Heart;
I haue no need, of others Cares to borrow,
For all I haue, is nothing elſe but Sorrow.
No, my ſweet NELL, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy Woes doe ſtay;
Though from thy Husband thou wert forc'd to goe,
Thoſe ſtill remaine, they will not leaue him ſo:
No Eye bewayles my Ill, moanes thy Diſtreſſe,
Our Griefe's the more, but yet our Debt the leſſe;
We owe no Teares, no Mourning dayes are kept,
For thoſe that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
We hold no Obijts, no ſad Exequies,
Vpon the death-dayes of vnweeping Eyes.
Alas, good NELL, what ſhould thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kind Lord with a forraine loue?
Thou might'ſt haue bid all former Ills adue,
Forgot the old, we haue ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine,
With mutuall Griefe to anſwere Griefe againe?
Or think'ſt thou, I vnkindly did forbeare
To bandie Woe for Woe, and Teare for Teare?
Did I forget, or careleſſely neglect
Thoſe ſhewes of Loue, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournefull Blacke was I not ſeene to goe,
By outward ſignes t'expreſſe my inward Woe?
Did I thy loſſe not publiquely lament,
Nor by my Lookes bewray'd my Diſcontent?
Is this the cauſe? If this be it, know then,
" One Griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is then ten:
If in my Breſt thoſe Sorrowes ſometimes were,
And neuer vtt'red, they muſt ſtill be there;

And

And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time encreaſing, they muſt needs be more.
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt vp what is receiu'd, what ſpent;
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but proue a ſtep-mother to mee?
That if I ſhould with that proud Baſtard ſtriue,
To plead for Birth-right my Prerogatiue,
Be that allow'd, I ſhould not need to feare it,
For then my true Nobilitie ſhould beare it:
If Counſell ayd, that *France* will tell (I know)
Whoſe Townes lye waſte before the *Engliſh* Foe,
When thrice we gaue the conquer'd *French* the foile
✲ At *Agincourt*, at *Cranant*, and *Verneyle*:
If Faith auaile, theſe Armes did HENRY hold,
To clayme his Crowne, yet ſcarſely nine months old:
If Countries care haue leaue to ſpeake for me,
Gray hayres in youth my witneſſe then may be:
If peoples Tongues giue ſplendour to my Fame,
They adde a Title to Duke HVMPHREY's Name:
If Toyle at home, *French* Treaſon, *Engliſh* Hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the State,
If forraine Trauell my ſucceſſe may try,
✲ Then *Flanders*, *Almaine*, *Boheme*, *Burgundie*.
That Robe of *Rome* proud BEAVFORD now doth weare,
In euery place ſuch ſway ſhould neuer beare:
✲ The Croſier ſtaffe in his imperious Hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the Land;
That home to *England*, Diſpenſations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our Lawes;
And for thoſe Summes the wealthie Church ſhould pay,
Vpon the needie Communaltie to lay:
His ghoſtly Counſels onely doe aduiſe,
✲ The meanes how LANGLEYES Progenie may riſe,
Pathing young HENRIES vnaduiſed wayes,
A Duke of *Yorke* from CAMBRIDGE Houſe to rayſe,
Which after may our Title vndermine,
Grafted ſince EDWARD, in GAVNTS famous Line,
Vs of Succeſſion falſely to depriue,
Which they from CLARENCE fainedly deriue;
Knowing the will old CAMBRIDGE euer bore,
To catch the Wreathe that famous HENRY wore:
With GRAY and SCROOPE when firſt he layd the Plot,
From vs, and ours, the Garland to haue got;
As from the *March*-borne MORTIMER to raigne,
Whoſe Title GLENDOVR ſtoutly did maintaine,

When

When the proud PERCIES, haughtie MARCH, and hee,
Had shar'd the Land by equall parts, in three.
* His Priesthood now sterne MOWBRAY will restore,
To stirre the fire that kindled was before;
Against the YORKISTS shall their Clayme aduance,
To steele the point of NORFOLKES sturdie Lance,
Vpon the Brest of HARFORDS Issue bent,
In iust reuenge of ancient Banishment.
He doth aduise to let our Pris'ner goe,
And doth inlarge the faithlesse *Scottish* Foe,
* Giuing our Heires in Marriage, that their Dow'rs
May bring Inuasion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious SVFFOLKE so the Helme doth guide,
With BEAVFORDS damned Policies supply'd;
He and the Queene in counsell still conferre,
How to rayse him, who hath aduanced her.
But my deare Heart, how vainely doe I dreame,
And flye from thee, whose Sorrowes are my Theame?
My loue to thee, and *England* thus diuided,
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to censure I am loth,
So neere are you, so deare vnto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I find,
England ingratefull, and my EL'NOR kind.
But though my Countrey iustly I reproue,
Yet I for that, neglected haue my loue;
Neuertheless, thy HVMFREY's to thee now,
As when fresh Beautie triumph'd on thy Brow;
As when thy Graces I admired most,
Or of thy Fauours might the frankly'st boast:
Those Beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore;
Of which, though Time hath taken some againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine.
Be patient, gentle Heart, in thy distresse,
Thou art a Princesse, not a whit the lesse.
Whilst in these Brests we beare about this Life,
I am thy Husband, and thou art my Wife.
Cast not thine Eye on such as mounted be,
But looke on those cast downe as low as we;
For some of them which proudly pearch so hie,
Ere long shall come as low as thou or I.
They weepe for Ioy, and let vs laugh in Woe,
We shall exchange, when Heau'n will haue it so;
We mourne, and they in after-time may mourne,
Woe past, may once laugh present Woe to scorne:

And

And worſe then hath beene, we can neuer taſte,
Worſe cannot come, then is alreadie paſt:
" In all extremes, the onely depth of ill,
" Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill.
Ah would to God thou couldſt thy Griefes deny,
And on my backe let all the Burthen lye!
Or if thou canſt reſigne, make them mine owne,
Both in one Carriage to be vndergone,
Till we againe our former Hopes recouer,
And proſp'rous Times blow theſe Misfortunes ouer;
For in the thought of thoſe fore-paſſed yeeres,
Some new reſemblance of old Ioy appeares.
Mutuall our Care, ſo mutuall be our Loue,
That our Affliction neuer can remoue:
So reſt in peace, where Peace hath hope to liue,
Wiſhing thee more then I my ſelfe can giue.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

At *Agincourt*, at *Crauant*, and *Vernoyle*.

THe three famous Battels fought by the Engliſhmen in France: Agincourt, by Henry the fifth, againſt the whole Power of France; Crauant, fought by Mountacute, Earle of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, againſt the Dolphin of France, and William Stuart, Conſtable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by Iohn, Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the Nobilitie of France; Duke Humphrey as eſpeciall Counſellor in all theſe Expeditions.

Then *Flanders*, *Almaine*, *Boheme*, *Burgundie*.

Here remembring the ancient Amitie which in his Embaſſies he had concluded betwixt the King of England, and Sigiſmund, Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the ſame League, giuing himſelfe as an Hoſtage for the Duke at Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice, to confirme the League: With his many other Imployments to forraine Kingdomes.

That Croſier ſtaffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford, Cardinall of Winchester, that proud and haughtie Prelate, receiued the Cardinals Hat at Calice, by the Popes Legate; which Dignitie, Henry the fifth, his Nephew, forbad him to take vpon him, knowing his haughtie and malicious ſpirit, vnfit for that Robe and Calling.

The

The meanes how *Langley's* Progenie may riſe.

As willing to ſhew, the Houſe of Cambridge *to be deſcended of* Edmund Langley, *Duke of* Yorke, *a younger Brother to* Iohn *of* Gaunt, *his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to ſmother the Title that the* Yorkiſts *made to the Crowne (from* Lionel *of* Clarence, Gaunts *elder Brother) by the Daughter of* Mortimer.

His Prieſthood now ſterne *Mowbray* doth reſtore.

Noting the ancient Grudge betweene the Houſe of Lancaſter *and* Norfolke, *euer ſince* Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolke, *was baniſhed, for the Accuſation of* Henry, *Duke of* Harford *(after that, King of* England, *Father to Duke* Humphrey:) *Which Accuſation, he came as a Combatant, to haue made good, in the Liſts at* Couentry.

Giuing our Heires in Marriage that their Dow'rs.

Iames Stuart, *King of* Scots, *hauing beene long Priſoner in* England, *was releaſed, and tooke to Wife the Daughter of* Iohn, *Duke of* Somerſet, *Siſter to* Iohn, *Duke of* Somerſet, *Neece to the Cardinall, and the Duke of* Exceſter, *and Couſin-german remoued to the King: This King broke the Oath he had taken, and became after a great Enemie to* England.

FINIS.

WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE, DVKE OF SVFFOLKE, TO QVEENE MARGARET.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Duke of Suffolke, WILLIAM, *to advance*
A Lady, long belou'd of him in France,
His Miſtris, MARGARET, *that Duke* RAYNERS *Child,*
Himſelfe who of Ieruſalem *inſtyl'd*
The King: this POOLE, *his Darling to preferre,*
Betwixt young HENRY, *nam'd the ſixt, and her,*
Concludes a Marriage; and her Syre to gaine,
Giues vp the Towne of Mauns, Aniou, *and* Main,
To RAYNER *for her: for which lawleſſe fact,*
The Peeres him fiue yeeres Baniſhment enact;
When for his lateſt farewell of the Queene,
Theſe two Epiſtles paſſe them two betweene.

IN my diſgrace (deare Queene) reſt thy Content,
And MARGARETS health from SVFFOLKS Baniſhment:
Fiue yeres exile were not an houre to me,
But that ſo ſoone I muſt depart from thee;
Where thou not preſent, it is euer Night,
All be exil'd, that liue not in thy ſight.
Thoſe Sauages which worſhip the Sunnes riſe,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine Eyes;
The Worlds great Light, might'ſt thou be ſeene abroad,
Would at our Noone-ſtead euer make aboad,
And force the poore *Antipodes* to mourne,
Fearing leſt he would neuer more returne.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt Exile,
To liue within this Sea-inuiron'd Ile.
POOLES Courage brookes not limiting in Bands,
But that (great Queene) thy Sou'raigntie commands:

* Our Faulcons kind cannot the Cage indure,
Nor Buzzard-like doth ſtoope to euery Lure;
Their mounting Brood in open Ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coup'd within a Groue.
We all doe breathe vpon this Earthly Ball,
Likewiſe one Heau'n incompaſſeth vs all,
" No Baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
" Who doth retaine a true-reſolued Mind.
" Man in himſelfe a little World doth beare,
" His Soule the Monarch, euer ruling there:
" Where-euer then his Body doth remaine,
" He is a King, that in himſelfe doth raigne;
" And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'ſt Alarmes,
" That beares againſt her Patience for his Armes.
* This was the meane proud WARWICKE did inuent,
To my diſgrace, at *Leiſter* Parlement,
* That onely I, by yeelding vp of *Maine*,
* Should cauſe the loſſe of fertile *Aquitaine*,
* With the baſe vulgar ſort to winne him fame,
To be the Heire of good Duke HVMPHREYES Name;
And ſo by Treaſon ſpotting my pure Blood,
Make this a meane to rayſe the NEVILS Brood.
* With SALSBVRY, his vile ambitious Sire,
* In YORKES ſteme Breſt kindling long hidden fire;
* By CLARENCE Title working to ſupplant
* The Eagle Ayrie of great IOHN of *Gaunt*:
And to this end did my Exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raſcall Multitude;
* Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Crying reuenge for the Protectors death;
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me, of force, he muſt be murthered.
* If they would know who rob'd him of his Life,
* Let him call home Dame ELINOR, his Wife,
* Who with a Taper walked in a Sheet,
* To light her ſhame at Noone through *London* Street;
* And let her bring her Necromanticke Booke,
* That foule Hag IORDAN, HVN, & BVLLENBROOKE,
* And let them call the Spirits from Hell againe,
To know how HVMPHREY dy'd, and who ſhall raigne.
* For twentie yeeres, and haue I ſeru'd in *France*,
* Againſt great CHARLES, and Baſtard ORLEANCE,
And ſeene the ſlaughter of a World of Men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
* And haue I ſeene *Vernoyle's* batfull Fields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand Helmes, ten thouſand Shields,

Where famous BEDFORD did our fortune trie,
Or *France*, or *England*, for the Victorie?
The sad inuesting of so many Townes,
Scor'd on my Breast in honourable Wounds;
When MOVNTACVTE, and TALBOT of much Name,
Vnder my Ensigne both first wonne their Fame:
In Heat and Cold all these haue I indur'd,
To rowze the *French*, within their Walls immur'd;
Through all my Life, these Perils haue I past,
And now to feare a Banishment at last?

Thou know'st how I (thy Beautie to aduance)
For thee, refus'd the *Infanta of France*,
Brake the Contract Duke HVMPHREY first did make
'Twixt HENRY and the Princesse ARMINACKE:
Onely that here thy presence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke RAYNER, *Anion*, *Mauns*, and *Maine*;
Thy peerelesse Beautie for a Dower to bring,
As of it selfe sufficient for a King:
✲ And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike Pow'rs,
✲ And came my selfe in person first to *Tours*,
✲ Th'Embassadours for Truce to entertaine,
✲ From *Belgia*, *Denmarke*, *Hungarie*, and *Spaine*:
And to the King relating of thy storie,
My Tongue flow'd with such plenteous Oratorie,
As the report by speaking did indite,
Begetting still more rauishing delight.
And when my Speech did cease (as telling all)
My Looke shew'd more, that was Angelicall;
And when I breath'd againe, and pawsed next,
I left mine Eyes dilating on the Text:
Then comming of thy Modestie to tell,
In Musickes Numbers my Voyce rose and fell;
And when I came to paint thy glorious stile,
My speech in greater Cadences to file,
✲ By true descent to weare the Diadem
✲ Of *Naples*, *Cicill*, and *Ierusalem*,
As from the Gods thou didst derine thy Birth,
If those of Heauen could mix with these of Earth;
Gracing each Title that I did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing Epithite:
Nor left him not, till he for loue was sicke;
Beholding thee in my sweet Rhetoricke.

A Fifteenes Taxe in *France* I freely spent,
In Triumphs, at thy Nuptiall Tournament;
And solemniz'd thy Marriage in a Gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy Fathers Crowne;

And

And onely ſtriuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindneſſe haue not power to moue,
Who for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he, which once the Prize to *Greece* did bring,
(Of whom, th'old Poets long agoe did ſing)
* Scene thee for *England* but imbark'd at *Deepe*,
Would ouer-boord haue caſt his golden Sheepe,
As too vnworthy Ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The brinie Seas, which ſaw the Ship infold thee,
Would vault vp to the Hatches, to behold thee,
And falling backe, themſelues in throngings ſmother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another:
When the proud Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scorn'd that the Brack ſhould kiſſe her furrowing Keele,
And trick'd in all her Flags, her ſelfe ſhe braues,
Cap'ring for ioy vpon the ſiluer Waues;
When like a Bull from the *Phenician* Strand,
IOVE with EVROPA ruſhing from the Land,
Vpon the Boſome of the Maine doth ſound,
And with his Swanniſh Breſt cleauing the Floud,
Tow'rd the faire Fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth AGENORS ioy, *Phenicia's* pride:
All heauenly Beauties ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew their glorie in thine Eye alone;
Which, when it ſtarreth thus celeſtiall Ball,
A thouſand ſweet ſtarres riſe, a thouſand fall.
Who iuſtly ſaith, mine, Banishment to bee,
When onely *France* for my recourſe is free?
To view the Plaines, where I haue ſeene ſo oft
Englands victorious Engines rays'd aloft;
Which this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place, where I may boldly ſay,
Here mightie BEDFORD forth the Vaward led,
Here TALBOT charg'd, and here the *Frenchmen* fled,
Here with our Archers valiant SCALES did lye,
Here ſtood the Tents of famous WILLOVGHBY,
Here MOVNTACVTE rang'd his vnconquer'd Band,
Here march'd we out, and here we made a ſtand.
What ſhould we ſit to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which Time doth eas'ly take away?
What Fortune hurts, let Suff'rance onely heale,
" No wiſedome with Extremities to deale.
To know our ſelues to come of humane Birth,
Theſe ſad Afflictions croſſe vs here on Earth.

A punishment from the eternall Law,
To make vs still of Heau'n to stand in awe.
" In vaine we prize that at so deare a rate,
" Whose long'st assurance beare's a Minutes date.
" Why should we idly talke of our Intent,
" When Heau'ns Decree no Counsell can preuent?
" When our fore-sight not possibly can shunne
" That which the Fates determine shall be done.
HENRY hath Power, and may my Life depose,
Mine Honour's mine, that none hath power to lose.
Then be as cheerefull (beautious Royall Queene)
As in the Court of *France* we oft haue beene;
* As when arriu'd in *Porchesters* faire Road,
(Where, for our comming, HENRY made aboad)
When in mine Armes I brought thee safe to Land,
And gaue my Loue to HENRIES Royall Hand:
The happie Houres we passed with the King
At faire *South-hampton*, long in banqueting;
With such content as lodg'd in HENRIES Brest,
When he to *London* brought thee from the West,
Through golden *Cheape*, when he in Pompe did ride
To *Westminster*, to entertaine his Bride.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle, HISTORIE.

Our Faulcons kind cannot the Cage endure.

He alludes, in these Verses, to the Faulcon, which was the ancient Deuice of the Pooles, *comparing the greatnesse and haughtinesse of his spirit to the nature of this Bird.*

This was the meane proud *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my disgrace, &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through Warwickes *meanes, accused* Suffolke *of Treason, and vrged the Accusation so vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for fiue yeeres.*

That onely I, by yeelding vp of *Maine*,
Should be the losse of fertile *Aquitaine*.

The Duke of Suffolke *being sent into* France, *to conclude a Peace, chose* Duke Rayners *daughter, the Ladie* Margaret, *whom he espoused for* Henry

the ſixt; deliuering for her, to her Father, the Countries of Aniou *and* Main, *and the Citie of* Mauns. *Whereupon the Earle of* Arminach *(whoſe Daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelfe to be deluded, cauſed all the* Engliſhmen *to be expulſed* Aquitaine, Gaſcoyne, *and* Guyne.

With the baſe vulgar ſort to winne him fame,
To be the Heire of good Duke *Humphreyes* name.

This Richard, *that was called the great Earle of* Warwicke, *when Duke* Humphrey *was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.*

With *Saliſburie*, his vile ambitious Sire,
In *Yorkes* ſterne Breſt kindling long hidden fire,
By *Clarence* Title working to ſupplant
The Eagle-Ayrie of great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.

Richard Plantaginet, *Duke of* Yorke, *in the time of* Henry *the ſixt, claymed the Crowne (being aſſiſted by this* Richard Neuill, *Earle of* Salisburie, *and Father to the great Earle of* Warwicke, *who fauoured exceedingly the Houſe of* Yorke) *in open Parliament, as Heire to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third ſonne of* Edward *the third, making his Title by* Anne *his Mother, wife to* Richard, *Earle of* Cambridge, *ſonne to* Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* Yorke: *which* Anne *was Daughter to* Roger Mortimer, *Earle of* March; *which* Roger *was Sonne and Heire to* Edmund Mortimer, *that married the Ladie* Philip, *Daughter and Heire to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third ſonne of King* Edward: *to whom the Crowne, after King* Richard *the Seconds Death, lineally deſcended, he dying without Iſſue; and not to the Heires of the Duke of* Lancaſter, *that was younger Brother to the Duke of* Clarence. Hall. cap. 1. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.

Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death.

Humphrey, *Duke of* Gloceſter, *and Lord Protector, in the fiue and twentieth yeere of* Henry *the ſixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of* Suffolke, *was arreſted by the Lord* Beaumont, *at the Parliament holden at* Berry, *and the ſame Night after murthered in his Bed.*

If they would know who rob'd him, &c. *To this Verſe,*
To know how *Humphrey* dy'd, and who ſhall raigne.

In theſe Verſes he ieſts at the Protectors wife, who (being accuſed and conuicted of Treaſon, becauſe with Iohn Hun, *a Prieſt*, Roger Bullenbrooke, *a Necromancer, and* Margerie Iordan, *called the Witch of* Eye, *ſhee had conſulted by Sorcerie to kill the King) was adiudged to perpetuall Priſon in the Ile of* Man, *and to doe Penance openly, in three publique places in* London.

For twentie yeeres, and haue I ſerv'd in *France?*

In the ſixt yeere of Henry *the ſixt, the Duke of* Bedford *being deceaſed, then Lieutenant Generall, and Regent of* France; *this Duke of* Suffolke *was promoted to that Dignitie, hauing the Lord* Talbot, *Lord* Scales, *and the Lord* Mountacute, *to aſſiſt him.*

Againſt

Against great *Charles*, and Baſtard *Orleance?*

This was Charles *the ſeuenth, who after the death of* Henry *the fifth, obtained the Crowne of* France, *and recouered againe much of that his Father had loſt. Baſtard* Orleance *was ſonne to the Duke of* Orleance, *begotten of the Lord* Cawnies *Wife, preferred highly to many notable Offices, becauſe he being a moſt valiant Captaine, was a continuall Enemie to the* Engliſhmen, *daily infeſting them with diuers Incurſions.*

And haue I ſeene *Vernoyle's* bathfull Fields.

Vernoyle *is that noted place in* France, *where the great Battell was fought in the beginning of* Henry *the ſixt his raigne, where the moſt of the* French *Chiualrie were ouercome by the Duke of* Bedford.

And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike Powers.

Aumerle *is that ſtrong defenced Towne in* France, *which the Duke of* Suffolke *got, after foure and twentie great Aſſaults giuen vnto it.*

And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to *Tours,*
Th'Embaſſadours for Truce to intertaine,
From *Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie,* and *Spaine.*

Tours *is a Citie in* France, *built by* Brutus, *as he came into* Britaine: *where, in the one and twentieth yeere of the raigne of* Henry *the ſixt, was appointed a great Diet to be kept; whither came Embaſſadours of the Empire,* Spaine, Hungarie, *and* Denmarke, *to intreat for a perpetuall Peace to be made betweene the two Kings of* England *and* France.

By true deſcent to weare the Diadem
Of *Naples, Cicill,* and *Ieruſalem.*

Rayner, *Duke of* Aniou, *Father to Queene* Margaret, *called himſelfe King of* Naples, Cicily, *and* Ieruſalem, *hauing the Title alone of the King of thoſe Countries.*

A Fifteenth Taxe in *France* I freely ſpent.

The Duke of Suffolke, *after the Marriage concluded betweene King* Henry *and* Margaret, *Daughter to Duke* Rayner, *asked in open Parliament a whole Fifteenth, to fetch her into* England.

Seene thee for *England* but imbarqu'd at *Deepe.*

Deepe *is a Towne in* France, *bordering vpon the Sea, where the Duke of* Suffolke, *with Queene* Margaret, *tooke ſhip for* England.

As when arriu'd in *Porcheſter* faire Road.

Porcheſter, *a Hauen Towne in the South-Weſt part of* England, *where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arriuall; whom from thence he conueyed to* South-hampton.

Queene

QVEENE MARGARET TO WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE, Duke of *Suffolke.*

WHat news (ſweet POOLE) look'ſt thou my Lines ſhould tell,
But like the toling of the dolefull Bell,
Bidding the Deaths-man to prepare the Graue?
Expect from me no other newes to haue.
My Breſt, which once was Mirths imperiall Throne,
A vaſt and deſart Wilderneſſe is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the World remote,
On whoſe breeme Seas the Icie Mountaines flote;
Where thoſe poore Creatures, baniſh'd from the Light,
Doe liue impris'ned in continuall Night.
No Obiect greets my Soules internall Eyes,
But diuinations of ſad Tragedies;
And Care takes vp her ſolitarie Inne,
Where Youth and Ioy their Court did once begin.
As in September, when our Yeere reſignes
The glorious Sunne to the cold Wat'rie Signes,
Which through the Clouds lookes on the Earth in ſcorne;
The little Bird, yet to ſalute the Morne,
Vpon the naked Branches ſets her foot,
The Leaues then lying on the moſſie Root,
And there a ſilly chiripping doth keepe,
As though ſhe faine would ſing, yet faine would weepe,
Praiſing faire Summer, that too ſoone is gone,
Or ſad for Winter, too faſt comming on:
In this ſtrange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Becauſe that Weeping cannot eaſe my Heart.
Now to our aid, who ſtirres the neighb'ring Kings?
Or who from *France* a puiſant Armie brings?
Who moues the *Norman* to abet our Warre?
* Or brings in BVRGOYNE to aid LANCASTER?
* Who in the North our lawfull Clayme commends,
To winne vs Credit with our valiant Friends?

To whom ſhall I my ſecret Griefes impart,
Whoſe Breſt ſhall be the Cloſet of my Heart?
The ancient HEROES fame thou do'ſt reuiue,
As from all them thy ſelfe thou didſt deriue:
Nature, by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in POOLE ſhe was too prodigall;
Of ſo diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As Heau'n for thee Perfections depth had ſought.
Well knew King HENRY what he pleaded for,
When he choſe thee to be his Orator;
Whoſe Angell-eye, by pow'rfull influence,
Doth vtter more then humane Eloquence:
That if againe IOVE would his Sports haue try'd,
He in thy ſhape himſelfe would onely hide;
Which in his loue might be of greater pow'r,
Then was his Nymph, his Flame, his Swan, his Show'r.
* To that allegeance YORKE was bound by Oath,
* To HENRIES Heires, for ſafetie of vs both;
* No longer now he meanes Record ſhall beare it,
* He will diſpenſe with Heau'n, and will vnſweare it.
He that's in all the Worlds blacke ſinnes forlorne,
Is careleſſe now how oft he be forſworne;
And here of late his Title hath ſet downe,
By which he makes his Clayme vnto our Crowne.
And now I heare his hatefull Ducheſſe chats,
And rips vp their Deſcent vnto her Brats,
And bleſſeth them as *Englands* lawfull Heires,
And tells them, that our Diademe is theirs:
And if ſuch hap her Goddeſſe Fortune bring,
* If three Sonnes faile, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.
* He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt DICK,
* That foule, ill-fauour'd, crooke-back'd Stigmatick,
* That like a Carkaſſe ſtolne out of a Tombe,
* Came the wrong way out of his Mothers Wombe,
* With Teeth in's Head, his paſſage to haue tome,
* As though begot an Age ere he was borne.
Who now will curbe proud YORKE, when he ſhall riſe?
Or arme our Right againſt his Enterpriſe,
To crop that Baſtard Weed, which dayly growes,
* To ouer-ſhadow our Vermilion Roſe?
* Or who will muzzle that vnruly Beare,
Whoſe preſence ſtrikes our peoples Hearts with feare?
Whilſt on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To ſaue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
Where like a mounting Cedar, he ſhould beare
His plumed Top aloft into the ayre;

And

And let theſe Shrubs ſit vnderneath his Shrowds,
Whilſt in his armes he doth imbrace the Clowds.
O, that he ſhould his Fathers Right inherit,
Yet be an Alien to that mightie Spirit!
How were thoſe Pow'rs diſpers'd, or whither gone,
Should ſympathize in Generation?
Or what oppoſed Influence had force,
So much t'abuſe and alter Natures courſe?
" All other Creatures follow after kind,
" But Man alone doth not beget the Mind.
* My Daiſie flower, which erſt perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes dayn'd to weare,
Now in the duſt lyes trodden on the ground,
And with YORKES Garlands eu'ry one is crown'd:
When now his Riſing waits on our Decline,
And in our Setting, he begins to ſhine;
Now in the Skies that dreadfull Comet waues.
* And who be Starres, but WARWICKS bearded Staues?
And all thoſe Knees which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, purſue me with deſpite,
Which moſt haue cry'd, God ſaue Queene MARGARITE.
When Fame ſhall brute thy Baniſhment abroad,
The YORKIST'S Faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Weſterne Coaſt,
O, how that Hag, Dame ELINOR, will boaſt!
And labour ſtraight, by all the meanes ſhe can,
To be call'd home out of the Ile of *Man*:
To which I know Great WARWICK will conſent,
To haue it done by Act of Parlament,
That to my Teeth my Birth ſhe may defie,
* Sland'ring Duke RAYNER with baſe Beggerie;
The onely way ſhe could deuiſe to grieue me,
Wanting ſweet SVFFOLKE, which ſhould moſt relieue me.
And from that Stocke doth ſprout another Bloome,
* A *Kentiſh* Rebell, a baſe vpſtart Groome;
* And this is he the White-Roſe muſt preferre,
* By CLARENCE Daughter, match'd with MORTIMER.
Thus by YORKES meanes, this raſcall Peſant, CADE,
Muſt in all haſte PLANTAGINET be made:
For that ambitious Duke ſets all on worke,
To ſound what Friends affect the Clayme of YORKE,
Whilſt he abroad doth practiſe to command,
* And makes vs weake, by ſtrength'ning *Ireland*;
More his owne power ſtill ſeeking to increaſe,
Then for King HENRIES good, or *Englands* peace.

* Great WINCHESTER vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my Woes ſhould be increas'd.
BEAVFORD, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches Prop, that famous Cardinall.
The Commons (bent to Miſchiefe) neuer let,
* With *France* t'vpbraid that valiant SOMERSET;
Rayling in Tumults on his Souldiers loſſe;
Thus all goes backward, croſſe comes after croſſe:
And now of late, Duke HVMPHREY's old Allies,
With baniſh'd EL'NORS baſe Accomplices,
Attending their Reuenge, grow wond'rous Crouſe,
And threaten Death and Vengeance to our Houſe;
And I alone the laſt poore remnant am,
* T'indure theſe ſtormes with wofull BVCKINGHAM.
I pray thee, POOLE, haue care how thou do'ſt paſſe,
Neuer the Sea yet halfe ſo dang'rous was;
* And one fore-told, by Water thou ſhould'ſt die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule Tongues Propheſie)
Yet I by Night am troubled in my Dreames,
That I doe ſee thee toſs'd in dang'rous Streames;
And oft-times ſhipwrack'd, caſt vpon the Land,
And lying breathleſſe on the queachy Sand;
And oft in Viſions ſee thee in the Night,
Where thou at Sea maintain'ſt a dang'rous Fight,
And with thy proued Target and thy Sword,
Beat'ſt backe the Pyrate which would come aboord.
Yet be not angry, that I warne thee thus,
" The trueſt loue is moſt ſuſpitious.
Sorrow doth vtter what it ſtill doth grieue:
But Hope forbids vs, Sorrow to beleeue;
And in my counſell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amiſſe:
Then liue in hope, in Triumph to returne,
When cleerer Dayes ſhall leaue in Clouds to mourne.
But ſo hath Sorrow girt my Soule about,
That that word Hope (me thinkes) comes ſlowly out;
The reaſon is, I know it here would reſt,
Where it might ſtill behold thee in my Breſt.
Farewell, ſweet POOLE, faine more I would indite,
But that my Teares doe blot what I doe write.

¶ Anno-

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Or brings in *Burgoyne* to aid *Lancaſter*.

PHilip, *Duke of* Burgoyne, *and his ſonne, were alwayes great Fauourites of the Houſe of* Lancaſter; *howbeit, they often diſſembled both with* Lancaſter *and* Yorke.

Who, in the North, our lawfull Clayme commends,
To winne vs Credite with our valiant Friends?

The chiefe Lords of the North parts, in the time of Henry *the ſixt, withſtood the Duke of* Yorke *at his Kiſing, giuing him two great Ouerthrowes.*

To that Allegeance, *Yorke* was bound by Oath,
To *Henries* Heires, for ſafetie of vs both;
No longer now he meanes Records ſhall beare it,
He will diſpenſe with Heauen, and will vnſweare it.

The Duke of Yorke, *at the death of* Henry *the fifth, and at this Kings Coronation, tooke his Oath, to be true ſubiect to him and his Heires for euer: but afterward diſpenſing therewith, claymed the Crowne, as his rightfull and proper Inheritance.*

If three ſonnes fayle, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke *had foure ſonnes*; Edward, *Earle of* March, *that afterward was Duke of* Yorke, *and King of* England, *when he had depoſed* Henry *the ſixt*; *and* Edmund, *Earle of* Rutland, *ſlaine by the Lord* Clifford, *at the Battell at* Wakefield; *and* George, *Duke of* Clarence, *that was murthered in the* Tower; *and* Richard, *Duke of* Glouceſter, *who was (after he had murthered his Brothers ſonnes) King, by the Name of* Richard *the third.*

He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
That foule ill-fauour'd crook-back'd Stigmatick, *&c.*
Till this Verſe, As though begot an age, *&c.*

This Richard *(whom ironically ſhe here calls* Dick*) that by Treaſon, after the murther of his Nephewes, obtained the Crowne, was a Man low of ſtature, croke-back'd, the left ſhoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and ſowre Countenance: His Mother could not be deliuered of him; hee was borne Toothed, and with his Feet forward, contrarie to the courſe of Nature.*

To ouer-ſhaddow our Vermilion Roſe.

The Red Roſe was the Badge of the Houſe of Lancaſter, *and the White Roſe,*

Rose, of Yorke; *which, by the Marriage of* Henry *the seuenth with* Elizabeth, *indubitate Heire of the House of* Yorke, *was happily united.*

Or who will muzzle that vnruly Beare?

The Earle of Warwicke, *the setter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the White Beare rampant, and the Ragged Staffe.*

My Daisie flower, which erst perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes dayn'd to weare,
Now in the dust lyes, *&c.*

The Daisie in French *is called* Margarite, *which was Queene* Margarets *Badge; wherewithall the Nobilitie and Chiualrie of the Land, at her first Arriuall, were so delighted, that they wore it in their Hats, in token of Honour.*

And who be starres, but *Warwicks* bearded staues?

The ragged, or bearded Staffe, was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwicke.

Sland'ring Duke *Rayner* with base Beggerie.

Rayner, *Duke of* Aniou, *called himselfe King of* Naples, Cicile, *and* Ierusalem, *who had neyther Inheritance, nor receiued any Tribute from those Parts; and was not able, at the Marriage of the Queene, at his owne Charges, to send her into* England, *though hee gaue no Dower with her: Which, by the Duchesse of* Glouceſter, *was often, in disgrace, cast in her Teeth.*

A *Kentish* Rebell, a base vpstart Groome.

This was Iack Cade, *which caused the* Kentish *Men to rebell, in the eight and twentieth yeere of King* Henry *the sixt.*

And this is he the White Rose must preferre,
By *Clarence* Daughter match'd to *Mortimer.*

This Iack Cade, *instructed by the Duke of* Yorke, *pretended to be descended from* Mortimer, *which married Ladie* Philip, *Daughter to the Duke of* Clarence.

And makes vs weake, by strengthning *Ireland.*

The Duke of Yorke *being made Deputie of* Ireland, *first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthening himselfe by all meanes possible, that hee might, at his returne into* England, *by open warre, clayme that, which so long before hee had priuily gone about to obtaine.*

Great

Great *Winchester* vntimely is deceas'd.

Henry Beauford, *Bishop and Cardinall of* Winchester, *sonne to* Iohn *of* Gaunt, *begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene and the Duke of* Suffolke, *continually heaping vp inumerable Treasure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himselfe on his Death-bed confessed.*

With *France* t'vpbraid the valiant *Somerset.*

Edmund, *Duke of* Somerset, *in the foure and twentieth yeare of* Henry *the sixt, was made Regent of* France, *and sent into* Normandie, *to defend the* English *Territories against the* French *Inuasions: but in short time he lost all that King* Henry *the fifth wonne; for which cause, the Nobles and Commons euer after hated him.*

T'indure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham.*

Humphrey, *Duke of* Buckingham, *was a great Fauourite of the Queenes Faction, in the time of* Henry *the sixt.*

And one fore-told, by Water thou shouldst die.

The Witch of Eye *receiued answere from her Spirit, That the* Duke *of* Suffolke *should take heed of Water: Which the Queene fore-warnes him of, as remembring the Witches Prophesie; which afterwards came to passe.*

FINIS.

EDWARD THE FOVRTH TO MISTRES *SHORE.*

THE ARGVMENT.

EDWARD the Fourth bewitch'd with the Report
Of Mistres SHORE, resounded through his Court;
Steales to the Citie in a strange Disguise,
To view that Beautie, whose transpiercing Eyes
Had shot so many: which did so content
The amorous King, that instantly he sent
These Lines to her, whose Graces did allure him;
Whose Answere backe, doth of her love assure him.

1

TO thee, the fair'st that euer breath'd this ayre,
* From *English* EDWARD, to thee faireſt faire:
Ah, would to God thy Title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of SHORE,
To countermaund a Monarchs high desire,
And barre mine Eyes of what they most admire!
O, why should Fortune make the Citie proud,
To giue that more, then is the Court allow'd?
Where they (like Wretches) hoord it vp to spare,
And doe ingrosse it, as they doe their Ware.
When Fame first blaz'd thy Beautie here in Court,
Mine Eares repuls'd it, as a light Report:
But when mine Eyes saw what mine Eare had heard,
They thought Report too niggardly had spar'd;
And strucken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then it had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy Husband is possest,
When I maligne the Wealth wherewith hee's blest;

* When

" When much abundance makes the needie mad,
" Who hauing all, yet knowes not what is had;
" Into Fooles Bosomes this good fortune creepes,
" And Summes come in, whilst the base Miser sleepes.
If now thy Beautie be of such esteeme,
Which all of so rare excellencie deeme;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a Kingly State?
Which being now but in so meane a Bed,
Is like an vn-cut Diamond in Lead,
Ere it be set in some high-prized Ring,
Or garnished with rich enamelling;
We see the beautie of the Stone is spilt,
Wanting the gracious Ornament of Gilt.
* When first attracted by thy heauenly Eyes,
I came to see thee in a strange Disguise,
Passing thy Shop, thy Husband call'd me backe,
Demanding what rare Iewell I did lacke.
I want (thought I) One that I dare not craue,
And One (I feare) thou wilt not let me haue:
He calls for Caskets forth, and shewes me store;
But yet I knew he had one Iewell more,
And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for Loue or Money buy it.
O, might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but such a Lustre as thine Eye,
Would not my Treasure serue, my Crowne should goe,
If any Iewell could be prized so!
An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
A Saphire, but so azur'd as thy veines;
My Kingly Scepter onely should redeeme it,
At such a price if Iudgement could esteeme it.
How fond and senseleſſe be those Strangers then,
Who bring in Toyes, to please the *English* men?
I smile to thinke, how fond th'*Italians* are,
To iudge their artificiall Gardens rare;
When *London* in thy Cheekes can shew them heere
Roses and Lillies growing all the yeere:
The *Portugall*, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing Stones from fartheſt *India* in;
When happie SHORE can bring them forth a Girle,
Whose Lips be Rubies, and her Teeth be Pearle.
* How silly is the *Polander* and *Dane*,
* To bring vs Cryſtall from the frozen Maine?
When thy cleare Skins transparence doth surpasse
Their Cryſtall, as the Diamond doth Glasse.

The fooliſh *French*, which bring in Trash and Toyes,
To turne our Women, Men, our Girles to Boyes,
When with what Tyre thou do'ſt thy ſelfe adorne,
That for a Faſhion onely ſhall be worne;
Which though it were a Garment but of Haire,
More rich then Robe that euer Empteſſe ware.
Me thinkes thy Husband takes his marke awry,
To ſet his Plate to ſale, when thou art by;
When they which doe thy Angell-locks behold,
As the baſe Droſſe, doe but reſpect his Gold,
And wiſh one Haire, before that maſſie Heape,
And but one Locke, before the Wealth of *Cheape*:
And for no cauſe elſe hold we Gold ſo deare,
But that it is ſo like vnto thy Haire.
And ſure I thinke, SHORE cannot chuſe but flout
Such as would find the great *Elixar* out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchymiſts, that choke
Themſelues with Fumes, and waſte their Wealth in Smoke;
When if thy Hand but touch the groſſeſt Mold,
It is conuerted to refined Gold:
When theirs is chaff'red at an eaſie rate,
Well knowne to all, to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is ſet,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized Ieat.
Let others weare Perfumes, for thee vnmeet,
If there were none, thou couldſt make all things ſweet;
Thou comfort'ſt eu'ry Senſe with ſweet repaſt,
To heare, to ſee, to ſmell, to feele, to taſte;
Like a rich Ship, whoſe very refuſe Ware,
Aromatikes, and precious Odors are.
If thou but pleaſe to walke into the *Pawne*,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whiteneſſe of the ſame wouldſt proue,
From thy more whiter Hand plucke off thy Gloue;
And thoſe which buy, as the Beholders ſtand,
Will take thy Hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy Hand:
A thouſand Eyes, clos'd vp by enuious Night,
Doe wiſh for Day, but to inioy thy ſight;
And when they once haue bleſt their Eyes with thee,
Scorne eu'ry Obiect elſe, what ere they ſee;
So like a Goddeſſe Beautie ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch pow'rfull working in our Soules.
The Merchant, which in Traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a daintie Wife;
The blunt-ſpoke Cynicke, poring on his Booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at Beautie loues to looke;

The

The Church-man, by whoſe Teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the Marriage Bed;
The bloudie Souldier, ſpent in dang'rous Broyles,
With Beautie yet content to ſhare his Spoyles;
The buſie Lawyer, wrangling in his Pleas,
Findeth, that Beautie giues his labour eaſe;
The toyling Tradeſ-man, and the ſweating Clowne,
Would haue his Wench faire, though his Bread be browne;
So much is Beautie pleaſing vnto all,
That Prince and Peſant equally doth call;
Nor neuer yet did any Man deſpiſe it,
Except too deare, and that he could not prize it.
Vnlearn'd is Learning, Artleſſe be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to prayſe thy ſeu'rall Parts:
Poore plodding Schoole-men they are farre too low,
Which by Probations, Rules, and Axiomes goe;
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the Skies,
Which notes the Reuolutions of thine Eyes:
And by that Skill which meaſures Sea and Land,
See Beauties *All*, thy Waſte, thy Foot, thy Hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare Delights, as are both ſtrange and new;
And other Worlds of Beautie, more and more,
Which neuer were diſcouered before:
And to thy rare Proportion, to apply
The Lines and Circles in Geometry;
Vſing alone Arithmetikes ſtrong ground,
Numbring the Vertues that in thee are found:
And when theſe all haue done what they can doo,
For thy Perfections, all too little too.
When from the Eaſt the Dawne hath gotten out,
And gone to ſeeke thee all the World about,
Within thy Chamber hath ſhe fix'd her Light,
Where, but that place, the World hath all beene Night:
Then is it fit, that eu'ry vulgar Eye
Should ſee Loue banquet in her Maieſtie?
" We deeme thoſe things our Sight doth moſt frequent,
" To be but meane, although moſt excellent;
" For ſtrangers, ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and ſtrow'd,
" Few looke on ſuch as dayly come abroad;
" Things much reſtrain'd, doe make vs much deſire them,
" And Beauties ſeldome ſeene, make vs admire them.
Nor is it fit, a Citie-ſhop ſhould hide
The Worlds Delight, and Natures onely Pride;
But in a Princes ſumptuous Gallerie,
Hung all with Tiſſue, floor'd with Tapeſtrie;

Where thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy State ſhalt ſee
The Tilts and Triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the diff'rence (if thou liſt to proue)
Betwixt a Vulgar and a Kingly loue;
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt, the troth,
Be thou thy ſelfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
Where Hearts be knit, what helpes, if not inioy?
Delay breedes doubts, no Cunning to be coy;
Whilſt lazie Time his turne by tarriance ſerues,
Loue ſtill growes ſickly, and Hope dayly ſtarues:
Meane while, receiue that Warrant by theſe Lines,
Which Princely Rule and Sou'raigntie reſignes;
Till when, theſe Papers, by their Lords command,
By me ſhall kiſſe thy ſweet and daintie Hand.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

THis Epiſtle of Edward *to Miſtres* Shore, *and of hers to him, being of vnlawfull Affection, miniſtreth ſmall occaſion of Hiſtoricall Notes; for had he mentioned the many Battels betwixt the* Lancaſtrian *Faction and him, or other Warlike Dangers, it had beene more like to* Plautus *boaſting Souldier, then a Kingly Courtier. Notwithſtanding, it ſhall not be amiſſe to annexe a Line, or two.*

From *Engliſh Edward* to the faireſt faire.

Edward *the fourth was by nature very Chiualrous, and very Amorous, applying his ſweet and amiable Aſpect to attaine his wanton Appetite the rather: which was ſo well knowne to* Lewes *the* French *King, who at their interview inuited him to* Paris, *that as* Comineus *reports, being taken at his word, he notwithſtanding brake off the matter, fearing the* Pariſian *Dames, with their wittie conuerſation, would detaine him longer then ſhould be for his benefit: by which meanes,* Edward *was diſappointed of his Iourney. And albeit Princes, whileſt they liue, haue nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not miſtruſt the flatterie of the Court in thoſe Times: For certaine it is, that his ſhape was excellent; his Haire drew neere to a blacke, making his Faces fauour to ſeeme more delectable: though the ſmalneſſe of his Eyes, full of a ſhining moiſture, as it tooke away ſome Comelineſſe; ſo it argued much ſharpeneſſe of Vnderſtanding, and Crueltie, mingled together. And indeed,* George Buchanan *(that imperious* Scot) *chargeth him, and other Princes of thoſe Times, with affection of Tyrannie; as* Richard *the third manifeſtly did.*

When firſt attracted by thy heauenly Eyes.

Edwards *intemperate deſires, with which he was wholly ouercome, how tragically*

gically they in his Off-ſpring were puniſhed, is vniuerſally knowne. A Mirrour, repreſenting their Ouer-ſight, that rather leaue their Children what to poſſeſſe, then what to imitate.

How ſilly is the *Polander* and *Dane*,
To bring vs Cryſtall from the frozen Maine?

Alluding to their Opinions, who imagine Cryſtall to be a kind of Ice; and therefore it is likely, they who come from thoſe frozen parts, ſhould bring great ſtore of that tranſparent Stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreme Cold. Whether Cryſtall be Ice, or ſome other Liquor, I omit to diſpute; yet by the examples of Amber and Corall, there may be ſuch an induration: for Solinus *out of* Pliny *mentioneth, That in the Northerly Region a yellow Gelly is taken vp out of the Sea at low Tides, which he calls* Succinum, *we, Amber; ſo likewiſe, out of the* Liguſtick *Deepe, a part of the* Mediterranean *Sea, a greeniſh Stalke is gathered, which hardened in the Ayre, comes to be Corall, either White, or Red. Amber notwithſtanding is thought to droppe out of Trees; as appeares by* Martials *Epigram:*

Et latet, & lucet, *Phaëtontide* condita gutta,
Vt videatur apis nectare clauſa ſuo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.

To behold a Bee incloſed in Electrum, *is not ſo rare, as that a Boyes Throat ſhould be cut with the fall of an Ice-ſicle, the which Epigram is excellent, the* 18. *li.* 4. *He calls it* Phaëtontis Gutta, *becauſe of that Fable which* Ouid *rehearſeth, concerning the* Heliades, *or* Phaetons *ſiſters, metamorphoſed into thoſe Trees, whoſe Gumme is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes tranſlucently impriſoned.*

The Epiſtle of Miſtres SHORE, To King EDWARD the *Fourth.*

AS the weake Child, that from the Mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At eu'ry ſtrings ſoft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his Maſters curious liſt'ning Eare;
Whoſe trembling Hand, at eu'ry ſtraine bewrayes,
In what doubt he his new-ſet Leſſon playes:
As this poore Child, ſo ſit I to indite,
At eu'ry word ſtill quaking as I write.
* Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
* Nor knowne the Name of SHORES admired Wife,

And

And liu'd with them, in Countrey fields that range,
Nor seene the golden Cheape, nor glitt'ring Change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the Skies,
Subiect to all Tongues, obiect to all Eyes:
Oft haue I heard my Beautie prays'd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-Eye to find out that,
Which common Men doe seldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke Affection flatters Sight,
Or in the Obiect some thing exquisite.
" T3 housed Beautie seldome stoop's Report,
" Fame must attend on that, which liues in Court.
What Swan of bright APOLLO's Brood doth sing,
To vulgar Loue, in Courtly Soncting?
Or what immortall Poets sugred Pen
Attends the glory of a Citizen?
Oft haue I wondred, what should blind your Eye,
Or what so farre seduced Maiestie,
That hauing choise of Beauties so diuine,
Amongst the most, to chuse this least of mine?
More glorious Sunnes adorne faire *Londons* pride,
Then all rich *Englands* Continent beside;
That who t'account their Multitudes, would wish,
* Might number *Rumney's* Flowers, or *Isis* Fish.
Who doth frequent our Temples, Walkes, and Streets,
Noting the sundry Beauties that he meets,
Thinkes not, that Nature left the wide World poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her store;
As Heau'n and Earth had lately falne at Iarres,
And growne to vying Wonders, dropping Starres:
That if but some one Beautie should incite
Some sacred Muse, some rauish'd Spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true *Promethian* fire,
That after-Ages should his Lines admire;
Gathering the Honey from the choisest Flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd Weeds in Countrey Bow'rs.
Here in this Garden (onely) springs the Rose,
In eu'ry common Hedge the Bramble growes:
Nor are we so turn'd *Neapolitan*,
* That might incite some foule-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the World to lay out our defects,
And haue iust cause to rayle vpon our Sex;
To pranke old Wrinckles vp in new Attyre,
To alter Natures course, proue Time a lyer,
To abuse Fate, and Heau'ns iust doome reuerse,
On Beauties Graue to set a Crimson Hearse;

With

With a deceitfull Foile to lay a ground,
To make a Glaſſe to ſeeme a Diamond:
Nor cannot, without hazzard of our Name,
In Faſhion follow the *Venetian* Dame;
Nor the fantaſticke *French* to imitate,
Attyr'd halfe *Spaniſh*, halfe *Italionate*;
With Waſte, nor Curle, Body nor Brow adorne,
That is in *Florence* or in *Genua* borne.
But with vaine Boaſts how wisleſſe fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne Indignitie?
And what though married when I was but yong,
Before I knew what did to Loue belong;
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the roome,
Crop'd Beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away inriched with the ſtore,
Whilſt others gleane, where he hath reap'd before:
And he dares ſweare, that I am true and iuſt,
And ſhall I then deceiue his honeſt truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſaile,
Where the ſtrong'ſt Batt'rie neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke, that I repuls'd the reſt,
To leaue a King the conqueſt of my Breſt,
And haue thus long preſeru'd my ſelfe from all,
To haue a Monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vildeſt death,
Then liue to draw that ſinne-polluted breath.
But our kind Hearts, Mens Teares cannot abide,
And we leaſt angry oft, when moſt we chide.
Too well know Men what our Creation made vs,
And Nature too well taught them to inuade vs:
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to ſpeake, to ſue, and to forbeare,
By ſignes, by ſighes, by motions, and by teares, (Pray'rs:
When Vowes ſhould ſerue, when Oathes, when Smiles, when
What one Delight our Humors moſt doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nouriſh Loue.
If any naturall Blemiſh blot our Face,
You doe proteſt, it giues our Beautie grace;
And what Attyre we moſt are vs'd to weare,
That, of all other, excellent'ſt, you ſweare:
And if we walke, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Deitie;
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer ſounding in our eare;
And yet ſo ſhameleſſe, when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on Beautie and on vs.

Romes

Romes wanton OVID did those Rules impart,
O, that your Nature should be help'd with Art!
Who would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by Loue, so Poet-like should faine?
To say, that Beautie, Times sterne rage to shunne,
In my Cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her East, and here she broke her Day:
And that faire Summer still is in my sight,
And but where I am, all the World is Night;
As though the fair'st ere since the World began,
To me, a Sunne-burnt base *Egyptian*.
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well!)
That Women oft their most admirers rayse,
Though publiquely not flatt'ring their owne prayse.
Our churlish Husbands, which our Youth inioy'd,
Who with our Dainties haue their stomacks cloy'd,
Doe loath, our smooth Hands with their Lips to feele,
T'inrich our Fauours, by our Beds to kneele,
At our Command to wait, to send, to goe,
As cu'ry Houre our amorous seruants doe;
Which makes, a stolne Kisse often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe:
When he all day torments vs with a Frowne,
Yet sports with VENVS in a Bed of Downe;
Whose rude imbracement but too ill beseemes
Her span-broad Waste, her white and daintie Limmes;
And yet still preaching abstinence of Meat,
When he himselfe of eu'ry Dish will eat.
Blame you our Husbands then, if they denie
Our publique Walking, our loose Libertie?
If with exception still they vs debarre
* The Circuit of the publique Theater;
To heare the Poet in a Comick straine,
Able t'infect with his lasciuious Scene;
And the young wanton Wits, when they applaud
The slie perswasion of some subtill Bawd;
Or passionate Tragedian, in his rage
Acting a Loue-sick Passion on the Stage:
When though abroad restraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home;
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich Prizes soonest tempt a Thiefe?
What Sports haue we, whereon our Minds to set?
Our Dogge, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;

Or

Or once a weeke to walke into the field.
Small is the pleaſure that theſe Toyes do yeeld,
But to this griefe a medicine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet Libertie;
And Soueraigntie(O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King;
And more, that Honour which doth moſt intice
The holi'ſt Nunne, and ſhe that's ne're ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtriue, yet ouercome at length,
For men want mercie, and poore women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe, SHORE pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his embraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe I to my ſelfe am ſtrange,
Thy comming is my Full, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou heere,
Short minutes, if thou abſent, be a yeere.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me loue euen in the mid'ſt of hate.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife.

TWo or three Poems written by ſundry men, haue magnified this womans beautie; whom, that ornament of England *and* Londons *more particular glorie, Sir* Thomas Moore, *verie highly hath praiſed for her beautie, ſhe being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her ſtature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her bodie fat, white, and ſmooth, her countenance cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue ſeene of hers, was ſuch as ſhee roſe out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich Mantle, caſt vnder one arme ouer her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a chaire, on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where ſhe was borne, is not certainly knowne: but* Shore, *a yong man of right goodly perſon, wealth, and behauiour, abandoned her bed, after the King had made her his Concubine.* Richard *the third cauſing her to doe open penance in* Pauls *Church-yard, commanded that no man ſhould relieue her, which the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to ſinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treaſons the more cunningly.*

May number *Rumneyes* Flowers, or *Iſis* Fiſh.

Rumney *is that famous Marſh in* Kent, *at whoſe ſide* Rie, *a Hauen Towne, doth ſtand. Hereof the excellent* Engliſh *Antiquarie, Maſter* Camden, *and Maſter* Lambert *in his Perambulation, doe make mention. And Mariſhes are commonly called thoſe low Grounds which abut vpon the Sea, and from the* Latine *Word are ſo denominated.* Iſis *is here vſed for* Thameſis *by a* Synecdochicall *kind of ſpeech, or by a Poeticall libertie, in vſing one for another: for it is ſaid, that* Thameſis *is compounded of* Tame *and* Iſis, *making, when they are met, that renowmed Water, running by* London; *a Citie much more renowmed then that Water: Which being plentifull of Fiſh, is the cauſe alſo why all things elſe are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perſwaded, that there is no Riuer in the world beholds more ſtately Buildings on either ſide, cleane thorow, then the* Thames. *Much is reported of the Grand* Canale *in* Venice, *for that the Fronts on either ſide are ſo gorgeous.*

That might intice ſome foule-mouth'd *Mantuan.*

Mantuan, *a Paſtorall Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueyeth againſt Womankind; ſome of the which, by the way of an Appendix, might be here inſerted, ſeeing the fantaſticke and inſolent Humours of many of that Sexe, deſerue much ſharper Phyſicke, were it not, that they are growne wiſer, then to amend for ſuch an idle Poets ſpeech as* Mantuan, *yea, or for* Euripides *himſelfe, or* Seneca's *inflexible* Hippolitus.

The Circuit of the publique Theater.

Ouid, *a moſt fit Author for ſo diſſolute a Sectarie, calls that place, Chaſtities Shipwracke: for though* Shores *Wife wantonly plead for Libertie, which is the true humour of a Curtizan; yet much more is the prayſe of Modeſtie, then of ſuch Libertie. Howbeit, the Veſtall Nunnes had Seats aſſigned them in the* Roman *Theatre: Whereby it ſhould appeare, it was counted no impeachment to Modeſtie; though they offending therein, were buried quicke: A ſharpe Law for them; who may ſay as* Shores *Wife doth:*

When though abroad reſtraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home.

FINIS.

MARY, THE FRENCH QVEENE, TO CHARLES BRANDON, DVKE OF SVFFOLKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

HENRY *the eight, firme friendſhip to vnite*
With France, *beſtowes the Lady* MARY *bright,*
His younger ſiſter, on King LEWES, *then*
Being lame and aged; but ſhe of all Men,
CHARLES BRANDON, *Duke of* Suffolke, *moſt affected,*
One whom her Brother highly had reſpected,
And had aduanc'd: but ſcarſely had ſhe beene
Fiue months in France, *when the braue beautious Queene*
Buried the old King; who no ſooner dead,
But ſhe in Heart determining to wed
Her long-lou'd BRANDON, *this Epiſtle writes,*
Who backe to her, the Anſwere ſoone indites.

SVch health from Heau'n my ſelfe may wiſh to mee,
Such health from *France* Qu. MARY ſends to thee.
BRANDON, how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we Women brooke delay?
If one poore Channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkind) what would an Ocean doe?
LEANDER had an *Helleſpont* to ſwim,
Yet this from HERO could not hinder him;
His Barke (poore Soule) his Breſt, his Armes, his Oares,
But thou a Ship, to land thee on our Shoares:
And oppoſite to famous *Kent*, doth lie
The pleaſant Fields of flowrie *Picardie*,

Where our faire *Callice*, walled in her Sands,
In kenning of the Cliffie *Douer* ſtands.
Here is no Beldam Nurſe, to powt nor lowre,
When wantoning, we reuell in my Towre;
Nor need I top my Turret with a Light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwim'ſt by Night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe ſo kind,
Thy Sighs ſhould ſtuffe thy Sayles, though wanting Wind:
But thy Breſt is becalm'd, thy Sighs be ſlacke,
And mine too ſtiffe, and blow thy broad Sayles backe.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the Floud,
Becauſe the Wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou waſt ſo ſlow;
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away:
But that thou vainely let'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt haue wafted hither with the Tide.
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry Brow,
Blame me not, BRANDON, thou haſt broke thy Vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dumbe,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come:
Nay come, ſweet CHARLES, haue care thy Ship to guide,
Come, my ſweet Heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my Brother and his louely Queene,
In ſad attyre for my depart were ſeene,
* The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
* When I from *Douer* did depart away;
Thou know'ſt what Woe I ſuff'red for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd, of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'ſt, with what a heauie Heart
I tooke my farewell, when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gaue ſignall with my Hand
Vp to the Cliffe, where I did ſee thee ſtand;
Nor could refraine, in all the peoples view,
But cryed to thee, Sweet CHARLES, adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little Infant, that hath loſt
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
Wearie with ſeeking, to ſome corner creepes,
And there (poore Soule) it ſits it downe and weepes;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mournes, for that it cannot find:
Thus in my carefull Cabbin did I lye,
When as the Ship out of the Road did flie.
* Think'ſt thou my Loue was faithfull then to thee,
* When young CASTILE to *England* ſu'd for mee?

Be

Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an Empire for my Dower.
To *Englands* Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in *France* didſt reuell with the King,
✻ When he in triumph of his victorie,
✻ Vnder a rich imbrod'red Canopie,
✻ Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercie at his conqu'ring hand;
To heare of his endeerements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſuddenly deſtroy'd.
✻ When CHARLES of *Caſtile* there to banquet came,
✻ With him his ſiſter, that ambitious Dame,
✻ *Sauoy's* proud Duches, knowing how long ſhe
✻ All meanes had try'd to winne my loue from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy MARY for a MARGARITE,
✻ When in King HENRIES Tent of Cloth of Gold,
She often did thee in her armes enfold;
Where you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Then CLEOPATRA did MARKE ANTHONY,
Where ſports all day did intertaine your ſight,
And then in Maskes you paſs'd away the night.
But thou wilt ſay, 'tis proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealous:
" I muſt confeſſe 'tis oft found in our Sex,
" But who not loue, not any thing ſuſpects:
" True loue doth looke with pale ſuſpitions eye,
" Take away loue, if you take iealouſie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King HENRY tooke,
For this great change who then did euer looke?
✻ When MAXIMILIAN to thoſe warres addreſt,
✻ Ware *Englands* Croſſe on his Imperiall breſt,
✻ And in our armie let his Eagle flie,
✻ That view'd our Enſignes with a wond'ring eye,
Little thought I when *Bullen* firſt was won,
Wedlocke ſhould end, what angry Warre begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
✻ But this alone by WOLSEIES wit was wrought.
To his aduice the King gaue free conſent;
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My Virgins right, thy ſtate could not aduance,
But now enriched with the Dower of *France*;
Then but poore SVFFOLKES Duches had I beene,
Now, the great Dowager, the moſt Chriſtian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy Griefe doth lie,
LEVVES of *France* had my Virginitie;

He

He had indeed, but ſhall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me, BRANDON, he had ſcarſely that:
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But Age muſt needs haue ſomething that is warme;
" Small drops (God knowes) doe quench that heatleſſe fire,
" When all the ſtrength is onely in deſire.
And I could tell (if Modeſtie might tell)
There's ſomewhat elſe, that pleaſeth Louers well;
To reſt his Cheeke vpon my ſofter Cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not ſeeke;
So might the little Baby clip the Nurſe,
And it content, ſhe neuer a whit the worſe:
Then thinke this, BRANDON, if that make thee frowne,
For Maydenhead, he on my Head ſet a Crowne.
Who would not change a Kingdome for a Kiſſe?
Hard were the Heart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe ſo ſwiftly doth not paſſe,
Not yet full fiue moneths elder then I was.
When thou to *France* conducted waſt by Fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries came,
To ſee me at Saint DENNIS on my Throne,
Where LEWES held my Coronation;
✻ Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour ſake,
✻ Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take;
When as the Staues vpon thy Caske did light,
Grieued therewith, I turn'd away my ſight,
And ſpake aloud, when I my ſelfe forgot,
'Tis my ſweet CHARLES, my BRANDON, hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good ſilly Man, I pleas'd him with a Kiſſe,
And to extoll his valiant Sonne began,
That *Europe* neuer bred a brauer Man;
And when (poore King) he ſimply prayſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhouldſt bee?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make.
Whilſt this old King vpon a Pallat lyes,
And onely holds a combat with mine Eyes;
Mine Eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
Which might too well their Miſtres Thoughts bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud vnconquer'd Launce
To beare the prize from all the flow'r of *France*;
To ſee what pleaſure did my Soule imbrace,
Might eas'ly be diſcerned in my Face.
Looke, as the Dew vpon a Damaske Roſe,
How through that liquid pearle his bluſhing ſhowes,

And

And when the ſoft ayre breathes vpon his top,
From the ſweet Leaues falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my Cheeke, diſtilling from mine Eyes,
One Teare for Ioy anothers Roome ſupplyes.
Before mine Eye (like Touch) thy ſhape did proue,
Mine Eye condemn'd my too too partiall Loue;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe trie,
My Loue condemnes my too too partiall Eye.
The precious ſtone, moſt beautifull and rare,
When with it ſelfe we onely it compare,
We deeme all other of that kind to be
As excellent, as that we onely ſee;
But when we iudge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our Eye,
Which then appeares more orient, and more bright,
Hauing a Foyle whereon to ſhew its light.
ALANSON, a fine timb'red Man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall;
VANDOME good Carriage, and a pleaſing Eye,
Yet hath not SVFFOLK's Princely Maieſtie;
Couragious BVRBON, a ſweet Manly Face,
Yet in his Lookes lacks BRANDONS Courtly Grace.
Proud LONGAVILE ſuppos'd to haue no Peere,
A Man ſcarſe made was thought, whilſt thou waſt here.
County SAINT-PAVL, our beſt at Armes in *France*,
Would yeeld himſelfe a Squire, to beare thy Lance.
✲ GALLEAS and BOVNARME, matchleſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring Blade haue couch'd in fight.
If with our Loue my Brother angry bee,
Ile ſay, to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kind.
Worthy my Loue, the vulgar iudge no Man,
Except a YORKIST, or LANCASTRIAN;
Nor thinke, that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the Line of great PLANTAGINET.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee CHARLES make haſte, and come away.
To thee what's *England*, if I be not there?
Or what to me is *France*, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I ſhould gladly ſmile.
When laſt of me, his leaue my BRANDON tooke,
He ſware an Oath (and made my Lips the Booke)
He would make haſte, which now thou do'ſt denie;
Thou art forſworne: O wilfull Periurie!

Sooner

Sooner would I with greater ſinnes diſpence,
Then by intreatie pardon this Offence.
But yet I thinke, if I ſhould come to ſhriue thee,
Great were the Fault that I ſhould not forgiue thee:
Yet wert thou here, I ſhould reuenged bee,
But it ſhould be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt feare to taſte;
I pray thee BRANDON come, ſweet CHARLES, make haſte.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I for *Douer* did depart away.

KIng Henry *the eight, with the Queene and Nobles, in the ſixt yeere of his Reigne, in the Moneth of September, brought this Ladie to* Douer, *where ſhe tooke ſhipping for* France.

Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When young *Caſtile* to *England* ſu'd for mee.

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry *the ſeuenth, and* Philip, *King of* Caſtile, *ſonne to* Maximilian *the Emperour, That* Charles, *eldeſt ſonne of the ſaid* Philip, *ſhould marrie the Lady* Mary, *daughter to King* Henry, *when they came to age: Which agreement was afterward, in the eight yeere of* Henry *the eight, annihilated.*

When he, in triumph of his Victorie,
Vnder a rich imbroyd'red Canopie,
Entred proud *Turney*, which did trembling ſtand, *&c.*

Henry *the eight, after the long Siege of* Turney, *which was deliuered to him vpon Compoſition, entred the Citie in Triumph, vnder a Canopie of Cloth of Gold, borne by foure of the Chiefe and moſt Noble Citizens; the King himſelfe mounted vpon a gallant Courſer barbed with the Armes of* England, France, *and* Ireland.

When *Charles* of *Caſtile* there to banquet came,
With him, his Siſter, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoy's proud Duches.

The King being at Turney, *there came to him the Prince of* Caſtile, *and the Lady* Margaret, *Duches of* Sauoy, *his Siſter, to whom King* Henry *gaue great entertainment.*

Sauoy's proud Duches, knowing how long ſhe
All means had try'd to winne my loue from me.

At this time there was ſpeech of a Marriage to be concluded, betweene Charles Brandon,

Brandon, *then Lord* Liſle, *and the Duches of* Sauoy; *the Lord* Liſle *being highly fauoured, and exceedingly beloued of the Duches.*

When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold.

The King cauſed a rich Tent of Cloth of Gold to be erected, where he feaſted the Prince of Caſtile, *and the Duches, and intertained them with ſumptuous Maskes and Banquets, during their abode.*

When *Maximilian* to thoſe Warres addreſt,
Wore *Englands* Groſſe on his Imperiall Breſt.

Maximilian *the Emperour, with all his Souldiers, which ſerued vnder King* Henry, *wore the Croſſe of Saint* George, *with the Roſe on their Breſts.*

And in our Armie let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the Badge Imperiall, which here is vſed for the displaying of his Enſigne, or Standard.

That view'd our Enſignes with a wond'ring Eye.

Henry *the eight, at his Warres in* France, *retained the Emperour and all his Souldiers in Wages, which ſerued vnder him during thoſe Warres.*

But this alone by *Wolſey's* wit was wrought.

Thomas Wolſey, *the Kings Almoner, then Biſhop of* Lincolne, *a Man of great Authoritie with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cauſe that this Lady* Mary *was married to the old* French *King, with whom the* French *had dealt vnder-hand, to befriend him in that Match.*

Where the proud Dolphin, for thy Valour ſake,
Choſe thee at Tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis, *Duke of* Valoys, *and Dolphin of* France, *at the Marriage of the Lady* Mary, *in honour thereof proclaymed a Iuſts; where he choſe the Duke of* Suffolke *and the Marques* Dorſet *for his aides, at all Martiall Exerciſes.*

Galeas and *Bounarme*, matchleſſe for their might.

This County Galeas, *at the Iuſts ranne a Courſe with a Speare, which was at the Head fiue inches ſquare on euery ſide, and at the But nine inches ſquare, whereby he ſhewed his wondrous force and ſtrength. This* Bounarme, *a Gentleman of* France, *at the ſame time came into the field, armed at all points, with tenne Speares about him: in each Stirrop three, vnder each Thigh one, one vnder his left Arme, and one in his Hand; and putting his Horſe to the Carriere, neuer ſtopped him, till he had broken euery Staffe.* Hall.

CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of SVFFOLKE, to MARY the French *Queene*.

BVt that my Faith commands me to forbeare,
The fault's your owne, if I impatient were;
Were my diſpatch ſuch as ſhould be my ſpeed,
I ſhould want time your louing Lines to reede.
Here, in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that Creature, onely feed on Ayre;
All Day I wait, and all the Night I watch,
And ſtarue mine Eares, to heare of my diſpatch.
If *Douer* were th'*Abydos* of my Reſt,
Or pleaſant *Calice* were my MARIES *Ceſt*,
You ſhould not need, briht Queene, to blame me ſo,
Did not the Diſtance, to Deſire ſay no:
No tedious Night from Trauell ſhould be free,
Till through the Seas, with ſwimming ſtill to thee,
A Snowie Path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtayned Way.
The reſtleſſe Sunne by trauelling doth weare,
Paſſing his Courſe, to finiſh vp the Yeare;
But *Paris* lockes my Loue within the Maine,
And *London* yet thy BRANDON doth detaine.
Of thy firme loue thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my Faith, not one word can I find.
✻ When LONGAVILE to MARY was affy'd,
And thou by him waſt made King LEWES Bride,
How oft I wiſh'd, that thou a Prize might'ſt bee,
That I in Armes might combate him for thee!
And in the madneſſe of my loue diſtraught,
A thouſand times his Murther haue fore-thought:
" But that th'all-ſeeing Pow'rs, which ſit aboue,
" Regard not Mad-mens Oathes, nor faults in Loue,
" And haue confirm'd it, by the Grant of Heauen,
" That Louers ſinnes on Earth ſhould be forgiuen;
" For neuer Man is halfe ſo much diſtreſs'd,
" As he that loues to ſee his Loue poſſeſs'd.
Comming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
(*Richmond*, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my Heart)

Me

Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne and desolate,
In whose faire walkes thou often hast beene seene,
To sport with KATHERINE, HENRIES beautious Queene,
Astonishing sad Winter with thy sight,
So that for thee the day hath put backe night;
And the small Birds, as in the pleasant Spring,
Forgot themselues, and haue begun to sing.
So oft as I by *Thames* goe and returne,
Me thinkes for thee the Riuer yet doth mourne,
Whom I haue seene to let his streame at large,
Which like a hand-maide waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'st against the floud to row,
Which way it eb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops vpon the labouring Oares,
For ioy that it had got thee from the shoares.
The Swans with musicke that the Roothers make,
Ruffling their plumes, came gliding on the lake,
As the swift Dolphins by ARIONS strings,
Were brought to Land with Syren rauishings;
The flockes and heards that pasture neere the Flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
And sat downe sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by Nature were not made to swim.
When as the Post to *Englands* Royall Court,
Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
* How in a storme thy well-rigg'd Ships were tost;
And thou thy selfe in danger to be lost,
I knew 'twas VENVS loath'd that aged Bed,
Where Beautie so should be dishonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nymphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but seene, their Goddesse should forsake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view the Nauie then in lanching out,
Her ayrie Mantle loosely doth vnbinde.
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of winde,
Wasted thy Sayles with speed vnto the land,
And ran thy Ships on *Bullins* harboring strand.
How should I ioy of thy arriue to heare?
But as a poore Sea-faring passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-tome and wrack'd,
By some vnpitty'ng Pyrat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the inualuable store,
For which he long had trauailed before.

✻ When thou to *Abuile* held'ſt th'appointed day,
We heard how LEWES met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring Tiſſue ſtrangely dight,
✻ Appear'dſt vnto him like the Queene of Light;
In Cloth of Siluer, all thy Virgin Trayne,
In Beautie ſumptuous, as the Northerne Wayne;
And thou alone the formoſt glorious Starre,
Which led'ſt the Teame of that great *Waggoner*.
What could thy Thought be, but as I did thinke,
When thine Eyes taſted what mine Eares did drinke?
✻ A cripple King, layd Bedred long before,
Yet at thy comming, crept out of the dore:
'Twas well he rid, he had no Legges to goe,
But this thy Beautie forc'd his Body to;
For whom a Cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden Bed, a gallant Queene.
To vſe thy Beautie, as the Miſer Gold,
Which hoards it vp but onely to behold;
Still looking on it with a iealous Eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing Vſurie:
O Sacriledge (if Beautie be diuine)
The prophane Hand to touch the hallow'd Shrine!
To ſurfet Sickneſſe on the ſound Mans Diet,
To rob Content, yet ſtill to liue vnquiet;
And hauing all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet ſtill longing like a little Child.
✻ When Marques DORSET, and the valiant GRAYES,
To purchaſe Fame, firſt croſt the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my Aſſociates went,
In honour of thy Nuptiall Tournament;
Think'ſt thou I ioy'd not in thy Beauties pride,
✻ When thou in Triumph didſt through *Paris* ride?
Where all the Streets, as thou didſt pace along,
With Arras, Biſſe, and Tapiſtrie were hung;
Ten thouſand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich Attyre thy Princely ſelfe to guard:
Next them, three thouſand choiſe Religious Men,
In golden Veſtments follow'd on agen;
And in Proceſſion as they came along,
With HYMENEVS ſang thy Marriage Song.
✻ Next theſe, fiue Dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them, a Princely Cardinall;
Then thou, on thy Imperiall Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich impearled Coronet;
Whilſt the *Pariſian* Dames, as thy Trayne paſt,
Their precious Incenſe in abundance caſt.

As

As CYNTHIA, from her Waue-embattel'd Shrowds,
Op'ning the Weſt, comes ſtreaming through the Clouds,
With ſhining Troupes of Siluer-treſſed Starres,
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers;
And all the leſſer Lights about her Throne,
With admiration ſtand as lookers on;
Whilſt ſhe alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queene of Light along her Sphere doth glide.
When on the Tilt my Horſe like Thunder came,
No other Signall had I, but thy Name;
Thy Voyce my Trumpet, and my Guide thine Eyes,
And but thy Beautie, I eſteem'd no Prize.
✻ That large-lim'd *Almaine*, of the Giants Race,
Which bare ſtrength on his Breſt, feare in his Face,
Whoſe ſinew'd Armes, with his ſteele-temper'd Blade,
Through Plate and Male ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe Might the *Frenchmens* glorie lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou ſaw'ſt thy BRANDON beat him on his Knee,
Off'ring his Shield a conquer'd Spoyle to thee.
But thou wilt ſay, perhaps, I vainely boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou alreadie know'ſt.
No ſacred Queene, my Valour I denie,
It was thy Beautie, not my Chiualrie:
One of thy treſſed Curles there falling downe,
As loth to be impriſoned in thy Crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft Ayre ſportiuely to take it,
And into ſtrange and ſundry formes to make it;
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, then it vntwiſt againe;
Then make the threds to dally with thine Eye,
A Sunnie Candle for a golden Flye.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling downe as though a Starre had ſhot,
My vp-turn'd Eye purſu'd it with my Sight,
The which againe redoubled all my Might.
'Tis but in vaine, of my Deſcent to boaſt;
When Heau'ns Lampe ſhines, all other Lights be loſt;
Faulcons ſeeme poore, the Eagle ſitting by,
Whoſe Brood ſurueyes the Sunne with open Eye:
✻ Elſe might my Bloud find iſſue from his force,
✻ Who beat the Tyrant RICHARD from his Horſe
On *Boſworth* Plaine, whom RICHMOND choſe to wield
His glorious Enſigne in that conqu'ring Field;
And with his Sword, in his deare Sou'raignes fight,
To his laſt breath ſtood faſt in HENRIES Right.

Then,

Then, beautious Empreſſe, thinke this ſafe delay,
Shall be the Euen to a ioyfull Day:
" Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all aduantage lye,
" Wiſe-men muſt giue place to neceſſitie;
" To put backe ill, our good we muſt forbeare.
" Better firſt feare, then after ſtill to feare.
'Twere ouer-ſight in that, at which we ayme,
To put the Hazzard on an after-Game;
With patience then let vs our Hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue theſe Lines I ſend.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affy'd.

THe Duke of Longauile, *which was Priſoner in* England, *vpon the Peace to be concluded betweene* England *and* France, *was deliuered, and married the Princeſſe* Mary, *for* Lewes *the* French *King, his Maſter.*

How in a ſtorme thy well-rig'd Ships were toſt,
And thou, &c.

As the Queene ſayled for France, *a mightie ſtorme aroſe at Sea, ſo that the Nauie was in great danger, and was ſeuered, ſome driuen vpon the Coaſt of* Flanders, *ſome on* Britaine: *the Ship wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at* Bullen, *with very great danger.*

When thou to *Abuile* held'ſt th'appointed day.

King Lewes *met her by* Abuile, *neere to the Forreſt of* Arders, *and brought her into* Abuile *with great Solemnitie.*

Appeard'ſt vnto him like the Queene of Light.

Expreſſing the ſumptuous Attyre of the Queene and her Traine, attended by the chiefe of the Nobilitie of England, *with ſixe and thirtie Ladies, all in Cloth of Siluer, their Horſes trapped with Crimſon Veluet.*

A cripple King, lyd Bedred long before.

King Lewes *was a Man of great yeeres, troubled much with the Gout, ſo that he had long time before little vſe of his Legges.*

When

When Marques *Dorſet*, and the valiant *Grayes.*

The Duke of Suffolke, *when the Proclamation came into* England, *of Iuſts to be holden in* France, *at* Paris; *he, for the Queenes ſake, his Miſtres, obtained of the King to goe thither: With whom, went the Marques* Dorſet, *and his foure Brothers, the Lord* Clinton, *Sir* Edward Neuill, *Sir* Giles Capell, Thomas Cheyney, *which went all ouer with the Duke, as his Aſſiſtants.*

When thou in Triumph didſt through *Paris* ride.

A true deſcription of the Queenes entring into Paris, *after her Coronation performed at S.* Denis.

Then fiue great Dukes, as did their Places fall.

The Dukes of Alanſon, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolke, *with fiue Cardinals.*

That large-lim'd *Almaine*, of the Giants Race.

Francis Valoys, *the Dolphin of* France, *enuying the glorie that the* Engliſh *Men had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an* Almaine *ſecretly, a Man thought almoſt of incomparable ſtrength, which incountred* Charles Brandon *at the Barriers: but the Duke grappling with him, ſo beat him about the Head with the Pummell of his Sword, that the Bloud came out of the ſight of his Caske.*

Elſe might my Bloud find iſſue from his force,
Who beat, &c.

Sir William Brandon, *Standard-bearer to the Earle of* Richmond, *(after,* Henry *the ſeuenth) at* Boſworth *Field, a braue and gallant Gentleman, who was ſlaine by* Richard *there; this was Father to this* Charles Brandon, *Duke of* Suffolke.

FINIS.

HENRY HOWARD,
EARLE OF SVRREY,
TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Earle of Surrey, *that renowned Lord,*
Th'old Englisſh *Glory braſely that reſtor'd;*
That Prince, and Poet (a Name more diuine)
Falling in loue with beautious GERALDINE,
Of the GERALDI, *which deriue their Name*
From Florence: *whither, to aduance her Fame,*
He trauels, and in publique Iuſts maintayn'd
Her Beautie peereleſſe, which by Armes he gayn'd:
But ſtaying long, faire Italy *to ſee,*
To let her know, him conſtant ſtill to bee,
From Tuskany *this Letter to her writes;*
Which her Reſcription inſtantly inuites.

FRom learned *Florence* (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy Race, thy noble grandſirs came,
To famous *England*, that kind Nurſe of mine,
Thy SVRREY ſends to heau'nly GERALDINE:
Yet let not *Tuſcan* thinke I doe it wrong,
That I from thence write in my Natiue Tongue,
That in theſe harſh-tun'd Cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo neere the Muſes ſacred Spring;
But rather thinke it ſelfe adorn'd thereby,
That *England* reades the prayſe of *Italy*.
Though to the *Tuſcans* I the ſmoothneſſe grant,
Our Dialect no Maieſtie doth want,

To

To ſet thy praiſes in as high a Key,
As *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Germanie*, or they.
What day I quit the Fore-land of faire *Kent*,
And that my Ship her courſe for *Flanders* bent,
Yet thinke I with how many a heauy looke,
My leaue of *England* and of thee I tooke,
And did intreate the Tide (if it might be)
But to conuey me one ſigh backe to thee.
Vp to the Decke a Billow lightly skips,
Taking my ſigh, and downe againe it ſlips;
Into the Gulfe, it ſelfe it headlong throwes,
And as a Poſt to *England*-ward it goes.
As I ſate wondring how the rough Seas ſtird,
I might farre off perceiue a little Bird,
Which as ſhe faine from Shore to Shore would flie,
Had loſt her ſelfe in the broad vaſtie Skie,
Her feeble Wing beginning to deceiue her,
The Seas of life ſtill gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the Ship ſhe makes, which ſhe diſcouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers;
And when at length her flagging Pinnion failes,
Panting ſhe hangs vpon the rattling Sailes,
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtraight lights on againe,
And tos'd with flawes, with ſtormes, with wind, with weather,
Yet ſtill departing thence, ſtill turneth thither:
Now with the Poope, now with the Prow doth beare,
Now on this ſide, now that, now here, now there:
Me thinks theſe Stormes ſhould be my ſad depart;
The ſilly helpleſſe Bird is my poore heart,
The Ship, to which for ſuccour it repaires,
That is your ſelfe, regardleſſe of my cares.
Of euery Surge doth fall, or Waues doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I ſit and moralize.
When for thy loue I left the *Belgicke* Shore,
Diuine ERASMVS, and our famous MOORE,
Whoſe happy preſence gaue me ſuch delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
With whom a while I ſtaid at *Roterdame*,
Now ſo renowned by ERASMVS name.
Yet euery houre did ſeeme a world of time,
Till I had ſeene that ſole-reuiuing Clime,
And thought the foggie *Netherlands* vnfit,
A watry Soyle to clogge a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy *Germany* I paſt,
Comming vnto the Emperours Court at laſt,

✻ Great learn'd AGRIPPA, ſo profound in Art,
Who the infernall ſecrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did deſire to know,
Me in a Glaſſe my GERALDINE did ſhow,
Sicke in thy Bed, and for thou could'ſt not ſleepe,
By a Waxe Taper ſet the Light to keepe;
I doe remember thou did'ſt reade that Ode,
Sent backe whil'ſt I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where when thou cam'ſt vnto that word of Loue,
Euen in thine eyes I ſaw how paſſion ſtroue;
That Snowie Lawne which couered thy Bed,
Me thought look'd white, to ſee thy Cheeke ſo red,
Thy Roſie Cheeke oft changing in my ſight,
Yet ſtill was red, to ſee the Lawne ſo white;
The little Taper which ſhould giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dimme, to ſee thine Eye ſo bright;
Thine Eye againe ſupply'd the Tapers turne,
And with his Beames more brightly made it burne,
The ſhrugging Ayre about thy Temples hurles,
And wrapt thy Breath in little clowded curles,
And as it did aſcend, it ſtraight did ſeaze it,
And as it ſunke, it preſently did raiſe it;
Canſt thou by ſickneſſe baniſh beautie ſo?
Which if put from thee, knowes not where to goe,
To make her ſhift, and for her ſuccour ſeeke,
To euery riuel'd Face, each bankrupt Cheeke.
" If health preſcru'd, thou Beautie ſtill do'ſt cheriſh,
" If that neglected, Beautie ſoone doth periſh.
Care drawes on Care, Woe comforts Woe againe,
Sorrow breeds Sorrow, one Griefe brings forth twaine:
If liue or die, as thou do'ſt, ſo doe I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One Heart, one Loue, one Ioy, one Griefe, one Troth,
One Good, one Ill, one Life, one Death to both.
If HOWARDS bloud thou hold'ſt as but too vile,
Or not eſteem'ſt of NORFOLK's Princely Stile,
If *Scotlands* Coate no marke of Fame can lend,
✻ That Lyon plac'd in our bright Siluer bend,
Which as a Trophy beautifies our Shield,
✻ Since Scottiſh Bloud diſcolour'd *Floden* field;
When the Proud CHEVIOT our braue Enſigne bare,
As a Rich Iewell in a Ladyes Haire,
And did faire *Bramſtons* neighbouring Vallies choke
With Clouds of Canons, fire-diſgorged Smoke,
Or SVRREYS Earledome inſufficient be,
And not a Dower ſo well contenting thee;

Yet

Yet am I one of great APOLLO's Heires,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs.
By Princes, my immortall Lines are ſung,
My flowing Verſes grac'd with eu'ry Tongue;
The little Children when they learne to goe,
By painefull Mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my ſugred Numbers to rehearſe,
And haue their ſweet Lips ſeaſon'd with my Verſe.
When Heau'n would ſtriue to doe the beſt it can,
And put an Angels Spirit into a Man,
The vtmoſt pow'r it hath, it then doth ſpend,
When to the World a Poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the Gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd onely thus:
Whom they, in Birth, ordaine to happy dayes,
The Gods commit their glory to our prayſe;
T'eternall Life when they diſſolue their breath,
We likewiſe ſhare a ſecond Pow'r by Death.
When Time ſhall turne thoſe Amber Lockes to Gray,
My Verſe againe ſhall guild and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted Curles anew,
And to thy Autumne giue a Summers hiew;
That ſacred Pow'r that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put freſh Bloud into thy wither'd Veines,
And on thy Red decay'd, thy Whiteneſſe dead,
Shall ſet a White, more White, a Red, more Red:
When thy dimme Sight thy Glaſſe cannot deſcry,
Nor thy craz'd Mirrour can diſcerne thine Eye;
My Verſe, to tell th'one what the other was,
Shall repreſent them both, thine Eye and Glaſſe:
Where both thy Mirrour and thine Eye ſhall ſee,
What once thou ſaw'ſt in that, that ſaw in thee;
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
What that in pureneſſe was, what thou in youth.
If *Florence* once ſhould loſe her old renowne,
As famous *Athens*, now a Fiſher-Towne;
My Lines for thee a *Florence* ſhall erect,
Which great APOLLO euer ſhall protect,
And with the Numbers from my Penne that falls,
Bring Marble Mines, to re-erect thoſe Walls.
* Nor beautious STANHOPE, whom all Tongues report
To be the glory of the *Engliſh* Court,
Shall by our Nation be ſo much admir'd,
If euer SVRREY truely were inſpir'd.
* And famous WYAT, who in Numbers ſings,
To that inchanting *Thracian* Harpers ſtrings,

To whom PHŒBVS (the Poets God) did drinke
A Bowle of Nectar, fill'd vp to the Brinke;
And ſweet-tongu'd BRYAN (whom the Muſes kept,
And in his Cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept)
In ſacred Verſes (moſt diuinely pen'd)
Vpon thy prayſes euer ſhall attend.
What time I came into this famous Towne,
And made the cauſe of my Arriuall knowne,
Great MEDICES a Liſt (for Triumphs) built;
Within the which, vpon a Tree of Gilt,
(Which was with ſundry rare Deuices ſet)
I did erect thy louely Counterfet,
To anſwere thoſe *Italian* Dames deſire,
Which dayly came thy Beautie to admire:
By which, my Lion, in his gaping Iawes
Held vp my Lance, and in his dreadfull Pawes
Reacheth my Gauntlet vnto him that dare
A Beautie with my GERALDINES compare.
Which, when each Manly valiant Arme aſſayes,
After ſo many braue triumphant dayes,
The glorious Prize vpon my Lance I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaym'd to be thy ſhare;
The ſhiuer'd Staues, here for thy Beautie broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at eu'ry ſhocke,
When ſtormie Courſes anſwer'd Cuffe for Cuffe,
Denting proud Beuers with the Counter-buffe,
Vpon an Altar, burnt with holy Flame,
I ſacrific'd, as Incenſe to thy Fame:
Where, as the Phœnix from her ſpiced fume
Renues her ſelfe, in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred Aſhes liue we both,
Eu'n as that one *Arabian* Wonder doth.
When to my Chamber I my ſelfe retire,
Burnt with the Sparkes that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of *England*, which my Hope containes,
The happie Ile where GERALDINE remaines;
✻ Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtiall Eyne
At firſt did pierce this tender Breſt of mine;
✻ Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windſor*, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found;
Neere that faire Caſtle is a little Groue,
With hanging Rocks all couer'd from aboue,
Which on the Banke of goodly *Thames* doth ſtand,
Clipt by the Water from the other Land,
Whoſe buſhie Top doth bid the Sunne forbeare,
And checks his proud Beames, that would enter there;

Whoſe

Whoſe Leaues ſtill mutt'ring, as the Ayre doth breathe,
With the ſweet bubbling of the Streame beneath,
Doth rocke the Senſes (whilſt the ſmall Birds ſing)
Lulled aſleepe with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fayries ſport at Priſon-Baſe,
(No doubt there is ſome Pow'r frequents the place)
There the ſoft Poplar and ſmooth Beech doe beare
Our Names together carued eu'ry where,
And Gordian Knots doe curiouſly entwine
The Names of HENRY and of GERALDINE.
O, let this Groue in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Louers bleſs'd Elizium*;
Whither my Miſtres wonted to reſort,
In Summers heat, in thoſe ſweet ſhades to ſport:
A thouſand ſundry Names I haue it giuen,
And call'd it, Wonder-hider, Couer-Heauen,
The Roofe where Beautie her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whoſe compaſſe all the Starres doe ſleepe.
There is one Tree, which now I call to minde,
Doth beare theſe Verſes carued in his Rinde:
When GERALDINE *ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,*
Fanne her ſweet Treſſes with perfumed Aire,
Let thy large Boughes a Canopie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my Faire;
And when thy ſpreading branched Armes be ſunke,
And thou no Sap nor Pith ſhalt more retaine,
Eu'n from the duſt of thy vnweldie Trunke,
I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed Root will bring
A new-borne Stem, another ÆSONS *Spring.*
I find no cauſe, nor iudge I reaſon why,
My Countrey ſhould giue place to *Lumbardy*;
* As goodly flow'rs on *Thameſis* doe grow,
As beautifie the Bankes of wanton *Po*;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* ſtrand,
By ſiluer *Seuerne* tripping hand in hand:
Our ſhade's as ſweet, though not to vs ſo deere,
Becauſe the Sunne hath greater power there:
This diſtant place doth giue me greater woe;
Farre off, my Sighes the farther haue to goe.
Ah abſence! why thus ſhould'ſt thou ſeeme ſo long?
Or wherefore ſhould'ſt thou offer Time ſuch wrong,
Summer ſo ſoone to ſteale on Winters Cold,
Or Winters Blaſts ſo ſoone make Summer old?
Loue did vs both with one-ſelfe Arrow ſtrike,
Our Wound's both one, our Cure ſhould be the like;

Except

Except thou haſt found out ſome meane by Art,
Some pow'rfull Med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and abſence being proued,
It ſtickes too faſt, it cannot be remoued.
Adiew, adiew, from *Florence* when I goe,
By my next Letters GERALDINE ſhall know,
Which if good fortune ſhall by courſe direct,
From *Venice* by ſome meſſenger expect;
Till when, I leaue thee to thy hearts deſire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

From learned *Florence*, long time rich in Fame.

FLorence, *a City of* Tuſcan, *ſtanding vpon the riuer* Arnus *(celebrated by* Dante, Petrarch, *and other the moſt Noble Wits of* Italie) *was the originall of the Family, out of which, this* Geraldine *did ſpring, as* Ireland *the place of her birth, which is intimated by theſe Verſes of the Earle of* Surrey.

From *Tuſcan* came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire *Florence* was ſometimes her ancient ſeate,
The Weſterne Iſle, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wilde *Cambers* Cliffes, did giue her liuely heate.

Great learn'd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art.

Cornelius Agrippa, *a man in his time ſo famous for Magicke (which the bookes publiſhed by him, concerning that argument, doe partly proue) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as thoſe abſtruſe and gloomie Arts are but illuſions: ſo in the honour of ſo rare a Gentleman as this Earle (and therewithall ſo Noble a Poet; a qualitie, by which his other Titles receiue their greateſt luſtre) Inuention may make ſomewhat more bolde with* Agrippa *aboue the barren truth.*

That Lion ſet in our bright ſiluer Bend.

The blazon of the Howards *Honourable Armour, was,* Gules betweene ſixe croſſelets Fitchy a bend Argent, *to which afterwards was added by atchieuement,* In the Canton point of the Bend, an eſcutcheon, *or* within the *Scottiſh* treſſure, a Demi-lion-rampant Gules, &c. *as Maſter* Camden, *now* Clerenceaux, *from authoritie noteth. Neuer ſhall Time or bitter Enuie be able to obſcure the brightneſſe of ſo great a Victorie as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Hiſtorian of* Scotland, George Buchanan, *reporteth, That the Earle of* Surrey *gaue for his badge a* Siluer Lion *(which from antiquitie belonged to that name) tearing in pieces* A Lion proſtrate Gules; *and withall, that this which he termes inſolence, was puniſhed in him and his poſteritie, as if it were fatall to the Conquerour, to doe his Soueraigne ſuch Loyall ſeruice, as a thouſand ſuch ſeuere cenſurers were neuer able to performe.*

Since

Since *Scottiſh* Bloud diſcolour'd *Floden* Field.

The Battell was fought at Bramſton, *neere* Floden *Hill, being a part of the* Cheuiot, *a Mountaine that exceedeth all the Mountaines in the North of* England *for bigneſſe; in which, the wilfull Periurie of* Iames *the fifth was puniſhed from Heauen by the Earle of* Surrey, *being left by* King Henry *the eight (then in* France *before* Turwin) *for the defence of his Realme.*

Nor beautious *Stanhope*, whom all Tongues report
To be the glory, &c.

Of the Beautie of that Lady, he himſelfe teſtifies, in an Elegie which he writ of her, refuſing to dance with him, which he ſeemeth to allegorize vnder a Lion and a Wolfe. And of himſelfe he ſaith:

A Lion ſaw I late, as white as any Snow.

And of her,

I might perceiue a Wolfe, as white as a Whales Bone,
A fairer Beaſt, of freſher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her Lookes were coy, and froward was her Grace.

And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers ſings.

Sir Thomas Wyat *the elder, a moſt excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witneſſe; beſides certaine* Encomions, *written by the Earle of* Surrey, *vpon ſome of* Dauids *Pſalmes, by him tranſlated:*

What holy Graue, what worthy Sepulchre,
To *Wyats* Pſalmes ſhall Chriſtians purchaſe then?

And afterward, vpon his Death, the ſaid Earle writeth thus:

What vertues rare were temp'red in thy Breſt?
Honour that *England*, ſuch a Iewell bred,
And kiſſe the Ground whereas thy Corps did reſt.

Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtiall Eyne.

It is manifeſt by a Sonnet, written by this Noble Earle, that the firſt time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunſdon:

Hunſdon did firſt preſent her to mine Eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a deſcription of his Loue, I doe alledge in diuers places of this Gloſſe, as proofes of what I write.

Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windſor*, where abound
All Pleaſures, &c.

That he inioyed the preſence of his faire and vertuous Miſtres in thoſe two places, by reaſon of Queene Katherines *vſuall abode there (on whom this Lady* Geraldine *was attending) I proue by theſe Verſes of his:*

Hampton me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine,
Windſor (alas) doth chaſe me from her ſight.

And

And in another Sonnet following:

When *Windſor* Walls ſuſtain'd my wearied Arme,
My Hand, my Chin, to eaſe my reſtleſſe Head.

And that his Delight might draw him to compare Windſor *to Paradiſe, an Elegie may proue; where he remembreth his paſſed Pleaſures in that place.*

With a Kings ſonne my childiſh yeeres I paſs'd,
In greater Feaſts then *Priams* ſonne of *Troy*.

And againe in the ſame Elegie:

Thoſe large greene Courts, where we were wont to roue,
With Eyes caſt vp vnto the Maidens Tower,
With eaſie ſighes, ſuch as Men draw in loue.

And againe in the ſame:

The ſtately Seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The Dances ſhort, long Tales of ſweet Delight.

And for the pleaſantneſſe of the place, theſe Verſes of his may teſtifie, in the ſame Elegie before recited:

The ſecret Groues which we haue made reſound,
With ſiluer drops the Meads yet ſpred for ruth.

As goodly flow'rs on *Thameſis* doe grow, *&c.*

I had thought, in this place, not to haue ſpoken of Thames, *being ſo oft remembred by me before, in ſundry other places, on this occaſion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which, as I iudge, eyther to be done by the ſaid Earle, or Sir* Francis Brian; *for the worthineſſe thereof, I will here inſert: which, as it ſeemes to me, was compyled at the Authors being in* Spaine.

Tagus, farewell, which Weſtward with thy Streames
Turn'ſt vp the graines of Gold, alreadie try'de,
For I with Spur and Sayle goe ſeeke the *Thames*,
Againſt the Sunne that ſhewes his wealthie pride,
And to the Towne that *Brutus* ſought by Dreames,
Like bended Moone, that leanes her luſtie ſide,
To ſeeke my Countrey now, for whom I liue,
O mightie *Ioue*, for this the Windes me giue.

The

The Lady GERALDINE, to HENRY HOWARD, Earle of *Surrey*.

SVch greeting as the Noble SVRREY ſends,
The like to thee thy GERALDINE commends;
A Maidens thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other Termes or Complements to ſtand,
Which (might my Speech be as my Heart affords)
Should come attyred in farre richer Words:
But all is one, my Faith as firme ſhall proue,
As hers that makes the greateſt ſhew of Loue.
In CVPID's Schoole I neuer read thoſe Bookes,
Whoſe Lectures oft we practiſe in our Lookes,
Nor euer did ſuſpitious riuall Eye
Yet lye in wait my Fauours to eſpie;
My Virgin Thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaſte Bluſhes ſitting on my Cheeke:
As in a Feauer, I doe ſhiuer yet,
Since firſt my Pen was to the Paper ſet.
If I doe erre, you know my Sexe is weake,
Feare proues a Fault, where Maids are forc'd to ſpeake.
Doe I not ill? Ah ſooth me not herein;
O, if I doe, reproue me of my ſinne:
Chide me in faith, or if my Fault you hide,
My Tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide.
Nay, Noble SVRREY, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much Boldneſſe ſhould returne my Guilt:
For that ſhould be cu'n from our ſelues conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our Thoughts reueal'd;
For the leaſt Motion, more the ſmalleſt Breath,
That may impeach our Modeſtie, is Death.
The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Me thinkes) ſhould maruell at my ſtrange demand:
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie
The nakedneſſe of my Immodeſtie,
Which in my Face he greater might haue ſeene,
But that my Fanne I quickly put betweene;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward Guilt could hide,
" Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all is ſpy'd.

Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintaine his Light;
The Blaze aſcending, forced by the ſmoke,
Liuing by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke;
The Flame ſtill hanging in the Ayre, doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it backe againe returne:
Then cleare, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſſe loſeth;
As well the beſt diſcerning Eye may doubt,
Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my Cheeke my ſundry Paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhie pale, and now againe it glow'd.
If in your Verſe there be a pow'r to moue,
It's you alone, who are the cauſe I loue;
It's you bewitch my Boſome, by mine Eare;
Vnto that end I did not place you there:
Ayres to aſſwage the bloudie Souldiers mind,
Poore Women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'le thinke, that I theſe termes inforce,
For that in Court this kindneſſe is of courſe;
Or that it is that Honey-ſteeped Gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our Loues withall;
That in one Eye we carrie ſtrong deſire,
In th'other, drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah, what ſo falſe can Enuie ſpeake of vs,
But it ſhall find ſome vainely credulous?
I doe not ſo, and to adde proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith, ſweet Lord I doe;
Nor let the enuie of inuenom'd Tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies Wrongs,
Thy Noble Breſt diſaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my loue the leſſe.
My Houſe from *Florence* I doe not pretend,
Nor from thoſe GERALDS clayme I to deſcend;
Nor hold thoſe Honours inſufficient are,
That I receiue from *Deſmond*, or *Kildare*:
Nor adde I greater worth vnto my Bloud,
Then *Iriſh* Milke to giue me Infant-food;
Nor better Ayre will euer hoaſt to breathe,
Then that of *Lemſter*, *Munſter*, or of *Meath*;
Nor craue I other forraine farre Allies,
✻ Then WINDSOR'S, or FITZ-GERALD'S Families:
It is enough to leaue vnto my Heires,
If they but pleaſe t'acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the Houſe giues matter to my Loue?

At *Windſor* ſtill I ſee thee ſit, and walke,
There mount thy Courſer, there deuiſe, there talke;
The Robes, the Garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my Thoughts thy hoped Greatneſſe brings:
None-ſuch, the Name imports (me thinkes) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord, none ſuch;
In *Hamptons* great Magnificence I find
The liuely Image of thy Princely Mind;
Faire *Richmonds* Tow'rs like goodly Trophies ſtand,
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious Hand;
White-Halls triumphing Galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich Deuices of thy Wit;
In *Greenwich* ſtill, as in a Glaſſe, I view,
Where laſt thou bad'ſt thy GERALDINE adiew:
With eu'ry little perling breath that blowes,
How are my Thoughts confus'd with Ioyes and Woes;
As through a Gate, ſo through my longing Eares
Paſſe to my Heart whole multitudes of Feares.
O, in a Map that I might ſee thee ſhow
The place where now in danger thou do'ſt goe!
Whilſt we diſcourſe, to trauell with our Eye
Romania, *Tuſcan*, and faire *Lumbardy*;
Or with thy Pen exactly to ſet downe
The Modell of that Temple, or that Towne;
And to relate at large where thou haſt beene,
As there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeene:
Expreſſing in a Figure, by thy Hand,
How *Naples* lyes, how *Florence* faire doth ſtand;
Or as the *Grecians* finger dip'd in Wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little Line,
And with a drop, a Gulfe to figure out,
To modell *Venice*, moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfet a Sea,
And draw the Front of ſtately *Genoa*.
Theſe from thy Lips were like harmonious Tones,
Which now doe ſound like Mandrakes dreadfull Grones.
Some trauell hence, t'inrich their Minds with Skill,
Leaue here their Good, and bring home others Ill;
Which ſeeme to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting moſt, where they the leaſt are knowne;
Their Leg, their Thigh, their Back, their Neck, their Head,
As they had beene in ſeu'rall Countries bred;
In their Attyre, their Geſture, and their Gate,
Found in each one, in all Italionate;
So well in all deformitie in faſhion,
Borrowing a Limbe of eu'ry ſeu'rall Nation;

And nothing more then *England* hold in scorne,
So liue as Strangers whereas they were borne:
But thy returne in this I doe not reade,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed;
O God forbid that HOVVARDS Noble line,
From ancient Vertue should so farre decline;
The *Muses* traine (whereof you selfe are chiefe)
Onely to me participate their griefe:
To sooth their humors, I doe lend them eares.
" He giues a Poet, that his Verses heares.
Till thy returne, by hope they only liue;
Yet had they all, they all away would giue:
The world and they, so ill according be,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The *Muses* friends are euery-where so rare;
Some praise thy Worth (that it did neuer know,)
Onely because the better sort doe so,
Whose iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill vpon desert doth chance,
When it doth passe by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slacke, whilst no man puts his hand
* To raise the mount where SVRREY's Towers must stand?
Or who the groundfill of that worke doth lay,
Whilst like a Wand'rer thou abroad do'st stray,
Clip'd in the Armes of some lasciuious Dame,
When thou shouldst reare an *Ilion* to thy Name?
When shall the *Muses* by faire *Norwich* dwell,
To be the Citie of the learned Well?
Or PHŒBVS Altars there with Incense heap'd,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when shall that faire hoofe-plow'd Spring distill
From great *Mount-Surrey*, out of *Leonards* hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange
For some poore Cottage, or some Country Grange,
Where to our Distaues, as we sit and Spin,
My Maide and I will tell what things haue bin,
Our Lutes vnstrung shall hang vpon the Wall,
Our Lessons serue to wrap our Towe withall,
And passe the Night, whiles Winter tales we tell,
Of many things, that long agoe befell;
Or tune such homely Carrols as were sung
In Country sport, when we our selues were yong,
In pretty Riddles to bewray our Loues,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing Gloues.

The

The Nobleſt Spirits, to Vertue moſt inclin'd,
Theſe here in Court thy greateſt want doe find;
Others there be, on which we feed our Eye,
✻ Like Arras-worke, or ſuch like Imagerie:
Many of vs deſire Queene KATH'RINES ſtate,
But very few her Vertues imitate.
Then, as VLYSSES Wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy ſelfe to mee.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

Then *Windſors*, or *Fitz-Geralds* Families.

THE coſt of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Caſtle at Windſor *with their Princely Magnificence, hath made it more Noble, then that it need to be ſpoken of now, as though obſcure; and I hold it more meet, to referre you to our vulgar Monuments, for the Founders and Finiſhers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neere the purpoſe. As for the Family of the* Fitz-Geralds, *of whence this excellent Lady was lineally deſcended, the originall was* Engliſh, *though the Branches did ſpread themſelues into diſtant Places, and Names nothing conſonant, as is former times it was vſuall to denominate themſelues of their Manours, or Fore-names: as may partly appeare in that which enſueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthie Friend, Maſter* Francis Thinne. Walter *of* Windſor, *the ſonne of* Oterus, *had to iſſue* William, *of whom,* Henry, *now Lord* Windſor, *is deſcended, and* Robert *of* Windſor, *of whom,* Robert, *the now Earle of* Eſſex, *and* Gerald *of* Windſor, *his third ſonne, who married the daughter of* Rees, *the great Prince of* Wales, *of whom came* Neſta, *Paramour to* Henry *the firſt: Which* Gerald *had Iſſue,* Maurice Fitz-Gerald, *Anceſtor to* Thomas Fitz-Maurice, *Iuſtice of* Ireland, *buried at* Trayly; *leaning Iſſue,* Iohn *his eldeſt ſonne, firſt Earle of* Kildare, *Anceſtor to* Geraldine, *and* Maurice *his ſecond ſonne, firſt Earle of* Deſmond.

To rayſe the Mount where *Surrey's* Tow'rs muſt ſtand.

Alluding to the ſumptuous Houſe which was afterward builded by him vpon Leonards *Hill, right againſt* Norwich; *which, in the Rebellion of* Norfolke, *vnder* Ket, *in King* Edward *the ſixts time, was much defaced by that impure Rabble. Betwixt the Hill and the Citie, as* Alexander Neuel *deſcribes it, the Riuer of* Yarmouth *runnes, hauing Weſt and South thereof, a Wood, and a little Village, called* Thorpe, *and on the North, the Paſtures of* Mouſholl, *which containe about ſix miles in length and breadth. So, that beſides the ſtately greatneſſe of* Mount-Surrey, *which was the Houſes Name, the Proſpect and Sight thereof was paſſing pleaſant and commodious; and no*

where

where elſe did that increaſing euill of the Norfolke *Furie enkennell it ſelfe then, but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent, to debaſe all high things, and to prophane all holy.*

Like Arras-worke, or other Imagerie.

Such was he whom Iuuenal *taxeth in this manner:*

——Truncoque ſimilimus Herme
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua viuit Imago.

Seeming to be borne for nothing elſe but Apparell, and the outward appearance, intituled Complement: with whom, the ridiculous Fable of the Ape in Æſope *ſorteth fitly; who comming into a Caruers houſe, and viewing many Marble Workes, tooke vp the Head of a Man, very cunningly wrought: who greatly, in prayſing, did ſeeme to pittie it, that hauing ſo comely an out-ſide, it had nothing within; like emptie Figures, walke and talke in euery place: at whom, the Noble* Geraldine *modeſtly glanceth.*

FINIS.

THE LADY *IANE GRAY*, TO THE LORD *GILFORD DVDLEY.*

THE ARGVMENT.

EDWARD *the ſixt his timeleſſe Life bereſt;*
(Though doubtfully) yet his Dominion left
To his Sister MARY: *but by* HENRY GRAY,
Then Duke of Suffolke, *bearing mightie ſway,*
With the Conſent, and by the pow'rfull Hand
Of IOHN, *the ſtout Duke of* Northumberland,
His fourth ſonne GILFORD DVDLEY, *they affy'd*
To faire IANE GRAY, *which by the Mothers ſide*
Some Title claym'd: this Marriage them betweene,
The Lady IANE *was here proclaymed Queene.*
But MARY *ſoone preuayling by her Pow'r,*
Cauſes thoſe two preſerued in the Tow'r,
There to be priſon'd; where, their blame to quite,
They each to other theſe Epiſtles write.

MIne owne deare Lord, ſith thou art lock'd from me,
In this diſguiſe my loue muſt ſteale to thee,
Since to renue all Loues, all Kindneſſe paſt,
This Refuge ſcarcely left, yet this the laſt.
My Keeper comming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting anſweres my deſire;
Which my Tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe ſtops my words, and I but ſtriue in vaine:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haſte he goes,
When through my Lips my Heart thruſts forth my Woes.

But

But then the Dores that make a dolefull ſound,
Driue backe my Words, that in the noyſe are drown'd,
Which ſomewhat huſh'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my Word;
When like an aduerſe Winde in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the Tide bending his boiſtrous force;
But when the Floud hath wrought it ſelfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thruſt it out;
Thus ſtriue my Sighes with Teares e're they begin,
And breaking out, againe Sighes driue them in.
A thouſand formes preſent my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue e're they forth are brought.
" The depth of Woe with words we hardly ſound,
" Sorrow is ſo inſenſibly profound.
As Teares doe fall and riſe, Sighes come and goe,
So doe theſe numbers ebbe, ſo doe they flow.
Theſe briny Teares doe make my Incke looke pale,
My Incke clothes Teares in this ſad mourning vale,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim Eye,
The Paper pale, grieu'd at my miſerie.
Yet miſerable our ſelues why ſhould we deeme,
Sith none are ſo, but in their owne eſteeme?
" Who in diſtreſſe from reſolution flies,
" Isrightly ſaid, to yeeld to miſeries.
* They which begot vs, did beget this Sinne,
They firſt begun, what did our griefe beginne,
We taſted not, 'twas they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell;
They which a Crowne would to my Lord haue linck'd,
All hope of Life and Libertie extinct;
A Subiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor Subiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile Ambition, how doſt thou deceiue vs,
Which ſhew'ſt vs Heau'n, and yet in Hell doſt leaue vs?
" Seldome vntouch'd doth Innocence eſcape,
" When Errour commeth in good Counſels ſhape,
" A lawfull title countercheckes proud Might,
" The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to right.
Then my deare Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our ſpotleſſe Innocence relieue vs.
" Death but an acted paſſion doth appeare,
" Where truth giues Courage, and the Conſcience cleare.
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I beare part of whatſoe're is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with theſe diſgraces,
When as our Kingdome was our deare embraces;

✻ At *Durham* Palace, where ſweet HYMEN ſang,
Whoſe Buildings with our Nuptiall Muſike rang:
When *Prothalamions* prays'd that happie day,
Wherein great DVDLEY match'd with Noble GRAY,
When they deuis'd to linke by Wedlocks Band,
The Houſe of SVFFOLKE to NORTHVMBERLAND;
Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this Building on ſo weake a Ground.
For what auayles a lawleſſe Vſurpation,
Which giues a Scepter, but not rules a Nation?
Onely the ſurfet of a vaine Opinion:
" What giues Content, giues what exceeds Dominion.
✻ When firſt mine Eares were pierced with the Fame
Of IANE, proclaymed by a Princes Name,
A ſudden fright my trembling Heart appalls:
" The feare of Conſcience entreth yron Walls.
Thrice happy for our Fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had fore-ſeene,
And kept a meane gate, in an humble Path,
To haue eſcap'd the Heau'ns impetuous Wrath.
The true-bred Eagle ſtrongly ſtems the Wind,
And not each Bird reſembling their braue Kind;
He like a King, doth from the Clouds command
The fearefull Fowle, that moue but neere the Land.
Though MARY be from mightie Kings deſcended,
My Bloud not from PLANTAGINET pretended;
✻ My Grandſire BRANDON did our Houſe aduance,
By Princely MARY, Dowager of *France*;
The Fruit of that faire Stocke, which did combine,
And YORK'S ſweet Branch with LANCASTER'S entwine,
And in one Stalke did happily vnite
The pure Vermillion Roſe, and purer White;
I, the vntimely Slip of that rich Stem,
Whoſe golden Bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh, forgiue me Lord, it is not I,
Nor doe I boaſt of this, but learne to die:
Whilſt we were as our ſelues, conioyned then,
Nature to Nature, now an Alien.
" To gaine a Kingdome, who ſpares their next Blood?
" Neereneſſe contemn'd, if Sou'raigntie withſtood.
" A Diadem once dazeling the Eye,
" The day too darke to ſee Affinitie;
" And where the Arme is ſtretch'd to reach a Crowne,
" Friendſhip is broke, the deareſt things throwne downe:
✻ For what great HENRY moſt ſtroue to auoid,
The Heau'ns haue built, where Earth would haue deſtroy'd.

And ſeating EDVVARD on his Regall Throne,
He giues to MARY all that was his owne,
By Death aſſuring what by Life is theirs,
The Lawfull claime of HENRIES lawfull heires.
By mortall Lawes the bond may be diuorc'd,
But Heauens decree by no meanes can be forc'd :
That rules the caſe, when men haue all decreed,
Who tooke him hence foreſaw who ſhould ſucceed,
For we in vaine relie on humane Lawes,
When Heauen ſtands forth to pleade the righteous cauſe,
Thus rule the Skies in their continuall courſe,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
" Mans wit doth build for Time but to deuoure,
" But Vertue's free from Time and Fortunes pow'r.
Then, my kinde Lord, ſweet GILFORD, be not grieu'd,
The Soule is Heauenly, and from Heauen relieu'd;
And as we once haue plighted Troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of Mindes to either;
To thy faire breſt take my reſolued Minde,
Arm'd againſt blacke Deſpaire, and all her kinde,
Into my boſome breathe that Soule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So ſhall our Faiths as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This Life, no Life, wert thou not deare to me,
Nor this no Death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my deare Husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to Die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now liue by Prayer, on Heauen fixe all thy thought,
And ſurely finde, what e're by zeale is ſought;
For each good motion that the Soule awakes,
A Heauenly figure ſees, from whence it takes
That ſweet Reſemblance, which by power of kinde,
Formes (like it ſelfe) an Image in the minde,
And in our Faith the operations bee,
Of that Diuineneſſe which through that we ſee;
Which neuer erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile Fleſhes imbecillity;
By each Temptation ouer-apt to ſlide,
Except our Spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as theſe Towers our bodies doe encloſe,
So our Soules priſons verily are thoſe;
Our bodies, ſtopping that Celeſtiall light,
As theſe doe hinder our exterior ſight;
Whereon Death ſeazing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And vs at bleſſed Libertie doth ſet.

Then draw thy Forces all vp to thy Heart,
The ſtrongeſt Fortreſſe of this Earthly part,
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lye,
On Faith, Repentance, and Humilitie;
By which, to Heau'n aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in Prayer vpon your bended Knees:
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtay'd,
You need in Perill not to be diſmay'd,
Which ſtill ſhall keepe you, that you ſhall not fall,
For any Perill that can you appall:
The Key of Heau'n thus with you, you ſhall beare,
And Grace you guiding, get you entrance there;
And you of thoſe Celeſtiall Ioyes poſſeſſe,
Which mortall Tongue's vnable to expreſſe.
Then thanke the Heau'n, preparing vs this Roome,
Crowning our Heads with glorious Martyrdome,
Before the blacke and diſmall dayes begin,
The dayes of all Idolatrie and Sinne;
Not ſuff'ring vs to ſee that wicked Age,
When Perſecution vehemently ſhall rage;
When Tyrannie new Tortures ſhall inuent,
To inflict Vengeance on the Innocent.
Yet Heau'n forbid, that MARIES Wombe ſhould bring
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King;
* But ſhe to faire ELIZABETH ſhall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receiue it:
And on her Temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Root out the dregges Idolatry hath ſowne;
And *Sions* glory ſhall againe reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſte, and deſolate before;
And from blacke Sinders, and rude heapes of Stones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs ſacred Bones;
And ſhall extirpe the Pow'r of *Rome* againe,
And caſt aſide the heauie Yoke of *Spaine*.
Farewell, ſweet GILFORD, know our End is neere,
Heau'n is our Home, we are but ſtrangers heere:
Let vs make haſte to goe vnto the Bleſt,
Which from theſe wearie Worldly Labours reſt.
And with theſe Lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
Vntill in Heau'n thy IANE againe ſhall meet thee.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

They which begot vs, did beget this sinne.

Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes, their Fathers, whose pride was the cause of the vtter ouerthrow of their Children.

At *Durham* Palace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
The Buildings, &c.

The Lord Gilford Dudley, *fourth sonne to* Iohn Dudley, *Duke of* Northumberland, *married the Lady* Iane Gray, *daughter to the Duke of* Suffolke, *at* Durham *House in the* Strand.

When first mine Eares were pierced with the fame
Of *Iane*, proclaymed by a Princesse Name.

Presently vpon the death of King Edward, *the Lady* Iane *was taken as Queene, conueyed by Water to the* Tower *of* London, *for her safetie, and after proclaymed in diuers parts of the Realme, as so ordained by King* Edwards *Letters Patents, and his Will.*

My Grandsire *Brandon* did our House aduance,
By Princely *Mary*, Dowager of *France*.

Henry Gray, *Duke of* Suffolke, *married* Francis, *the eldest daughter of* Charles Brandon, *Duke of* Suffolke, *by the* French *Queene*; *by which* Francis, *he had this Lady* Iane: *This* Mary, *the* French *Queene, was daughter to King* Henry *the seuenth, by* Elizabeth *his Queene*; *which happie Marriage conioyned the two Noble Families of* Lancaster *and* Yorke.

For what great *Henry* most stroue to auoid.

Noting the distrust that King Henry *the eight euer had in the Princesse* Mary, *his daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confessing the Right that King* Henries *Issue had to the Crowne.*

But vnto faire *Elizabeth* shall leaue it.

A Prophesie of Queene Maries *Barrennesse, and of the happie and glorious Reigne of Queene* Elizabeth; *her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the* Romish *Seruitude, and casting aside the Yoke of* Spaine.

GILFORD

GILFORD DVDLEY to the Lady IANE GRAY.

AS the Swan ſinging at his dying How'r,
So I reply from my impris'ning Tow'r:
O, could there be that pow'r but in my Verſe,
T'expreſſe the Griefe which my ſad Heart doth pierce!
The very Walls that ſtraitly thee incloſe,
Would ſurely weepe at reading of my woes;
Let your Eyes lend, Ile pay you euery Teare,
And giue you int'reſt, if you doe forbeare,
Drop for a Drop, and if youle needs haue Lone,
I will repay you frankely, two for one.
Perhaps you'le thinke (your ſorrowes to appeaſe)
That words of comfort fitter were then theſe.
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liueth,
As in moſt griefe, me now moſt comfort giueth:
But thinke not (IANE) that cowardly I faint,
To begge mans mercy by my ſad complaint,
That Death ſo much my courage can controule,
At the departing of my liuing ſoule.
For if one life a thouſand liues could bee,
All thoſe too few to conſummate with thee,
When thou this Croſſe ſo patiently doeſt beare,
As if thou wert incapable of feare,
And doeſt no more this diſſolution flie,
Then if long Age conſtrained thee to die.
Yet it is ſtrange thou art become my Foe,
And only now add'ſt moſt vnto my woe;
Not that I loath what moſt did me delight,
But that ſo long depriued of thy ſight:
For when I ſpeake and would complaine my wrong,
Straight-wayes thy Name poſſeſſeth all my Tong,
As thou before me euermore didſt lie
The preſent Obiect to my longing eie.
No ominous Starre did at thy Birth-tide ſhine
That might of thy ſad deſtinie diuine;
Tis only I that did thy fall perſwade,
And thou by me a Sacrifice art made,

As

As in thoſe Countries, where the louing Wiues
With their kind Husbands end their happy Liues,
And crown'd with Garlands, in their Brides attyre,
Burne with his Body, in the Fun'rall fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reck'ned is of all,
Whom leaſt the Perill ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of NORTHVMBERLANDS great Name,
✻ (Nor of KET conquer'd, adding to our Fame)
When he to *Norfolke* with his Armies ſped,
And thence in Chaynes the Rebels captiue led,
And brought ſafe Peace returning to our Dores,
Yet ſpred his Glory on the Eaſterne Shores;
✻ Nor of my Brothers, from whoſe naturall Grace
Vertue may ſpring, to beautifie our Race;
✻ Nor of GRAYES Match, my Children borne by thee,
Of the great Bloud vndoubtedly to bee:
But of thy Vertue onely doe I boaſt,
That wherein I, may iuſtly glory moſt.
I crau'd no Kingdomes, though I thee did craue,
It me ſuffic'd, thy onely ſelfe to haue:
Yet let me ſay, how euer it befell,
Me thinkes a Crowne ſhould haue becom'd thee well;
For ſure thy Wiſedome merited (or none)
✻ To haue beene heard with Wonder from a Throne.
When from thy Lips the counſell to each deed,
Doth as from ſome wiſe Oracle proceed;
And more eſteem'd thy Vertues were to mee,
Then all that elſe might euer come by thee:
So chaſte thy Loue, ſo innocent thy Life,
As being a Virgin when thou wert a Wife;
So great a Gift the Heau'n on me beſtow'd,
As giuing that, it nothing could haue ow'd:
Such was the Good I did poſſeſſe of late,
Ere Worldly Care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate;
Ere Trouble did in cu'ry place abound,
And angry Warre our former Peace did wound.
But to know this, Ambition vs affords,
" One Crowne is guarded with a thouſand Swords;
" To meane eſtates, meane Sorrowes are but ſhowne,
" But Crownes haue Cares, whoſe workings be vnknowne.
✻ When DVDLEY led his Armies to the Eaſt,
Of our whole Forces gen'rally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his Enterpriſe could let,
✻ Whom a graue Councell freely did abet,
That had the Iudgement of the pow'rfull Lawes,
In eu'ry Point to iuſtifie the Cauſe?

The

The holy Church a helping hand that laide,
Who would haue thought that theſe could not haue ſwaide?
But what alas can Parlaments auaile,
Where MARIES right muſt EDWARDS acts repeale? (ſtand,
✻ When SVFFOLKS power doth SVFFOLKS hopes with-
NORTHVMBERLAND doth leaue *Northumberland*;
And they that ſhould our Greatneſſe vndergoe,
Vs, and our actions only ouerthrow.
Ere greatneſſe gain'd, we giue it all our heart,
But being once come, wee wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which ouertaken puniſheth our haſte;
If any one doe pitty our offence,
Let him be ſure that he be farre from hence:
Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as (once) commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercy vainely ſhould but thinke,
Our timeleſſe Teares th' inſatiate earth doth drinke.
All lamentations vtterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that ſhould their wofull Children rue,
Fathers in death to kindly bid adue,
Friends their deare farewell louingly to take,
The faithfull Seruant weeping for our ſake;
Brothers and Siſters waiting on our Beere,
Mournes to tell what wee were liuing heere:
But we (alas) depriued are of all,
So fatall is our miſerable fall.
And where at firſt for ſafety we were ſhut
Now in darke Priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſwaſion thus I then replie;
Hold on thy courſe reſolued ſtill to die,
And when we ſhall ſo happily be gone,
Leaue it to heauen to giue the rightfull Throne,
And with that health regreet I thee againe,
Which I of late did gladly entertaine.

¶ Anno-

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Nor of *Ket* conquer'd, adding to our fame.

IOhn, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when before he was Earle of* Warwicke, *in his Expedition againſt* Ket, *ouerthrew the Rebels of* Norfolke *and* Suffolke, *incamped at* Mount-Surrey *in* Norfolke.

Nor of my Brothers, from whoſe naturall grace.

Gilford Dudley, *as remembring in this place the towardneſſe of his Brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue rayſed that Houſe of the* Dudleyes, *of which he was a fourth Brother, if not ſuppreſſed by their Fathers Ouerthrow.*

Nor of *Grayes* Match, my Children borne by thee.

Noting in this place the Alliance of the Lady Iane Gray *by her Mother, which was* Francis, *the daughter of* Charles Brandon, *by* Mary *the* French *Queene, daughter to* Henry *the ſeuenth, and ſiſter to* Henry *the eight.*

To haue beene heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldome hath it euer beene knowne of any Woman indued with ſuch wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her Wiſdome and Learning: Of whoſe ſkill in the Tongues, one reporteth by this Epigram;

Miraris *Ianam Graio* ſermone valere?
Quo primùm nata eſt tempore *Graia* fuit.

When *Dudley* led his Armie to the Eaſt.

The Duke of Northumberland *prepared his Power at* London, *for his Expedition againſt the Rebels in* Norfolke, *and making haſte away, appointed the reſt of his Forces to meet him at* New-Market Heath: *of whom, this ſaying is reported, That paſſing thorow* Shore-ditch, *the Lord* Gray *in his companie, ſeeing the People in great numbers came to ſee him, he ſaid; The People preſſe to ſee vs, but none bid God ſpeed vs.*

Whom a graue Councell freely did abet.

Iohn Dudley, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when hee went out againſt Queene* Mary, *had his Commiſſion ſealed for the Generalſhip of the Armie, by the conſent of the whole Councell of the Land: inſomuch, that paſſing thorow*

throw the Councell-Chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arundel *wiſhed, That he might haue gone with him in that Expedition, and to ſpend his Bloud in the Quarrell.*

When *Suffolkes* Pow'r doth *Suffolkes* Hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland.*

The Suffolke *men were the firſt that euer reſorted to Queene* Marie *in her Diſtreſſe, repayring to her Succours, whileſt ſhee remayned both at* Keningall, *and at* Fremingham *Caſtle, ſtill increaſing her Aides, vntill the Duke of* Northumberland *was left forſaken at* Cambridge.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of the Heroicall Loves.

THe World's faire Roſe, and HENRIES froſty fire,
IOHN's tyranny, and chaſte MATILDA's wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious MORTIMER,
The Scourge of *France*, and his chaſte Loue I ſung,
Depoſed RICHARD, ISABEL exil'd,
The gallant TVDOR, and faire KATHERINE,
Duke HVMPHREY, and old COBHAMS hapleſſe Child,
Couragious POOLE, and that braue ſpiritfull Queene,
EDWARD, and the delicious *London* Dame,
BRANDON, and that rich Dowager of *France*,
SVRREY, with his faire Paragon of Fame,
DVDLEY's Mis-hap, and vertuous GRAY's Miſchance:
Their ſeu'rall Loues ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now giue me leaue, at laſt, to ſing mine owne.

FINIS.

IDEA.

IN SIXTIE THREE SONNETS.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,
ESQVIRE.



LONDON,
Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICKE.
1619.

To the Reader of theſe SONNETS.

INto theſe Loues, who but for Paſſion lookes,
At this firſt ſight, here let him lay them by,
And ſeeke elſe-where, in turning other Bookes,
Which better may his labour ſatisfie.
No farre-fetch'd Sigh ſhall euer wound my Breſt,
Loue from mine Eye a Teare ſhall neuer wring,
Nor in Ah-mees *my whyning Sonnets dreſt,*
(A Libertine) fantaſtickly I ſing:
My Verſe is the true image of my Mind,
Euer in motion, ſtill deſiring change;
And as thus to Varietie inclin'd,
So in all Humors ſportiuely I range:
My Muſe is rightly of the Engliſh *ſtraine,*
That cannot long one Faſhion intertaine.

IDEA.

1.

LIke an aduenturous Sea-farer am I,
Who hath ſome long and dang'rous Voyage beene,
And call'd to tell of his Diſcouerie,
How farre he ſayl'd, what Countries he had ſeene,
Proceeding from the Port whence he put forth,
Shewes by his Compaſſe, how his Courſe he ſteer'd,
When Eaſt, when Weſt, when South, and when by North,
As how the Pole to eu'ry place was rear'd,
What Capes he doubled, of what Continent,
The Gulphes and Straits, that ſtrangely he had paſt,
Where moſt becalm'd, wherewith foule Weather ſpent,
And on what Rocks in perill to be caſt?
Thus in my Loue, Time calls me to relate
My tedious Trauels, and oft-varying Fate.

2.

MY Heart was ſlaine, and none but you and I:
Who ſhould I thinke the Murther ſhould commit?
Since, but your ſelfe, there was no Creature by,
But onely I, guiltleſſe of murth'ring it.
It ſlew it ſelfe; the Verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not acceſſarie:
Well, well, I feare it will be prou'd by you,
Th'euidence ſo great a proofe doth carrie.
But O, ſee, ſee, we need inquire no further,
Vpon your Lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your Eye, the Boy that did the Murther,
Your Cheekes yet pale, ſince firſt he gaue the Wound.
By this I ſee, how-euer things be paſt,
Yet Heau'n will ſtill haue Murther out at laſt.

Taking

3.

TAking my Penne, with Words to caſt my Woe,
Duely to count the ſumme of all my cares,
I finde, my Griefes innumerable growe,
The reck'nings riſe to millions of Deſpaires,
And thus diuiding of my fatall Houres,
The paiments of my Loue, I read, and croſſe,
Subſtracting, ſet my Sweets vnto my Sowres,
My Ioyes arrerage leades me to my loſſe;
And thus mine Eies a debtor to thine Eye,
Which by Extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My heart hath paid ſuch grieuous Vſurie,
That all their Wealth lies in thy beauties Bookes,
And all is Thine which hath been due to Me,
And I a Bankrupt, quite vndone by Thee.

4.

BRight ſtarre of Beauty, on whoſe eye-lids ſit
A thouſand Nimph-like and inamor'd Graces,
The Goddeſſes of Memory and Wit,
Which therein order take their ſeuerall places,
In whoſe deare Boſome, ſweet delicious Loue
Layes downe his Quiuer, which he once did beare:
Since he that bleſſed Paradiſe did proue,
And leaues his Mothers lap to ſport him there,
Let others ſtriue to entertaine with Words,
My Soule is of a brauer Mettle made,
I hold that vile, which Vulgar wit affords;
In Me's that Faith which Time cannot inuade.
Let what I praiſe, be ſtill made good by you:
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I am moſt true.

5.

NOthing but No and I, and I and No,
How fals it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell yee (Faire) ile not be anſwered ſo,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I ſay, I Loue, you ſleightly anſwere I:
I ſay, You Loue, you peule me out a No:
I ſay, I Die, you Eccho me with I:
Saue mee I Crie, you ſigh me out a No;
Muſt Woe and I, haue naught but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can haue;
Anſwere no more, with Silence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I doe craue,
Let No and I, with I and you be ſo:
Then anſwere No and I, and I and No.

How

6.

HOw many paltry, fooliſh, painted things,
That now in Coaches trouble eu'ry Street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no Poet ſings,
Ere they be well wrap'd in their winding Sheet?
Where I to thee Eternitie ſhall giue,
When nothing elſe remayneth of theſe dayes,
And Queenes hereafter ſhall be glad to liue
Vpon the Almes of thy ſuperfluous prayſe;
Virgins and Matrons reading theſe my Rimes,
Shall be ſo much delighted with thy ſtory,
That they ſhall grieue, they liu'd not in theſe Times,
To haue ſeene thee, their Sexes onely glory:
So ſhalt thou flye aboue the vulgar Throng,
Still to ſuruiue in my immortall Song.

7.

LOue, in a Humor, play'd the Prodigall,
And bad my Senſes to a ſolemne Feaſt;
Yet more to grace the Company withall,
Inuites my Heart to be the chiefeſt Gheſt:
No other Drinke would ſerue this Gluttons turne,
But precious Teares diſtilling from mine Eyne,
Which with my Sighes this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing Carowſes in this coſtly Wine;
Where, in his Cups o'rcome with foule Exceſſe,
Straight wayes he play's a ſwagg'ring Ruffins part,
And at the Banquet, in his Drunkenneſſe,
Slew his deare Friend, my kind and trueſt Heart:
A gentle warning (Friends) thus may you ſee,
What 'tis to keepe a Drunkard companie.

8.

THere's nothing grieues me, but that Age ſhould haſte,
That in my dayes I may not ſee thee old,
That where thoſe two cleare ſparkling Eyes are plac'd,
Onely two Loope-holes, then I might behold.
That louely, arched, yuorie, polliſh'd Brow,
Defac'd with Wrinkles, that I might but ſee;
Thy daintie Hayre, ſo curl'd, and criſped now,
Like grizzled Moſſe vpon ſome aged Tree;
Thy Cheeke, now fluſh with Roſes, ſunke, and leane,
Thy Lips, with age, as any Wafer thinne,
Thy Pearly Teeth out of thy Head ſo cleane,
That when thou feed'ſt, thy Noſe ſhall touch thy Chinne:
Theſe Lines that now ſcorn'ſt, which ſhould delight thee,
Then would I make thee read, but to deſpight thee.

9.

AS other Men, so I my selfe doe Muse,
Why in this sort I wrest Inuention so,
And why these giddy Metaphors I vse,
Leauing the Path the greater part doe goe;
I will resolue you; I am Lunaticke,
And euer this in Mad-men you shall finde,
What they last thought of, when the Braine grew sicke,
In most distraction they keepe that in Minde.
Thus talking idly in this Bedlam fit,
Reason and I(you must conceiue)are twaine,
Tis nine yeeres now since first I lost my Wit,
Beare with Me then, though troubled be my Braine;
With Diet and Correction, Men distraught,
(Not too farre past)may to their Wits be brought.

10.

TO nothing fitter can I Thee compare,
Then to the Sonne of some rich Penny-father,
Who hauing now brought on his end with Care,
Leaues to his Sonne all he had heap'd together;
This new rich Nouice, lauish of his chest,
To one Man giues, doth on another spend,
Then heere he riots, yet amongst the rest,
Haps to lend some to one true honest Friend.
Thy Gifts thou in Obscuritie doest waste,
False Friends thy kindnesse, borne but to deceiue Thee;
Thy Loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy Beautie, which with Age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to Me was lent,
I giue Thee backe, when all the rest is spent.

11.

YOu not alone, when You are still alone,
O God from You, that I could priuate be,
Since You one were, I neuer since was one,
Since You in Me, my selfe since out of Me,
Transported from my Selfe, into Your being,
Though either distant, present yet to either,
Senseless with too much Ioy, each other seeing,
And onely absent, when Wee are together.
Giue Me my Selfe, and take your Selfe againe,
Deuise some meanes, but how I may forsake You,
So much is Mine, that doth with You remaine,
That taking what is Mine, with Me I take You;
You doe bewitch Me, O that I could flie,
From my Selfe You, or from your owne Selfe I.

That

12.

To the Soule.

THat learned Father, which ſo firmely proues
The Soule of Man immortall and diuine,
And doth the ſeu'rall Offices define:
Anima Giues her that Name, as ſhe the Body moues,
Amor Then is ſhe Loue, imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a Will in vs, it is the Mind,
Mens Retayning Knowledge, ſtill the ſame in kind;
Memoria As intellectuall, it is Memorie,
Ratio In iudging, Reaſon onely is her Name,
Senſus In ſpeedie apprehenſion, it is Senſe,
Conſcientia In Right or Wrong, they call her Conſcience,
Spiritus The Spirit, when it to God-ward doth inflame:
Theſe of the Soule the ſeu'rall Functions bee,
Which my Heart, lightned by thy Loue, doth ſee.

13.

To the Shadow.

LEtters and Lines we ſee are ſoone defaced,
Metals doe waſte, and fret with Cankers Ruſt,
The Diamond ſhall once conſume to Duſt,
And freſheſt Colours with foule ſtaynes diſgraced:
Paper and Inke can paint but naked Words,
To write with Bloud, of force offends the Sight;
And if with Teares I find them all too light,
And Sighes and Signes a ſilly Hope affords,
O ſweeteſt Shadow, how thou ſeru'ſt my turne!
Which ſtill ſhalt be, as long as there is Sunne;
Nor whilſt the World is, neuer ſhall be done,
Whilſt Moone ſhall ſhine, or any Fire ſhall burne:
That eu'ry thing whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his Shadow my Loues ſtorie read.

14.

IF he, from Heau'n that filch'd that liuing Fire,
Condemn'd by IOVE to endleſſe Torment bee,
I greatly maruell, how you ſtill goe free,
That farre beyond PROMETHEVS did aſpire:
The Fire he ſtole, although of Heau'nly kind,
Which from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liueleſſe Clods, vs liuing Men to make,
He did beſtow in temper of the Mind.
But you broke into Heau'ns immortall ſtore,
Where Vertue, Honour, Wit, and Beautie lay;
Which taking thence, you haue eſcap'd away,
Yet ſtand as free as ere you did before:
Yet old PROMETHEVS puniſh'd for his Rape.
Thus poore Theeues ſuffer, when the greater ſcape.

15.

His Remedie for Loue.

SInce to obtaine thee, nothing me will ſted,
I haue a Med'cine that ſhall cure my Loue,
The powder of her Heart dry'd, when ſhe is dead,
That Gold nor Honour ne'r had pow'r to moue;
Mix'd with her Teares, that ne'r her true-Loue croſt,
Nor at Fifteene ne'r long'd to be a Bride,
Boyl'd with her Sighes, in giuing vp the Ghoſt,
That for her late deceaſed Husband dy'd;
Into the ſame then let a Woman breathe,
That being chid, did neuer word replie,
With one thrice-marry'd's Pray'rs, that did bequeath
A Legacie to ſtale Virginitie.
If this Receit haue not the pow'r to winne me,
Little Ile ſay, but thinke the Deuill's in me.

16.

An Alluſion to the Phœnix.

MOngſt all the Creatures in this ſpacious Round,
Of the Birds kind, the Phœnix is alone,
Which beſt by you, of liuing Things, is knowne;
None like to that, none like to you is found:
Your Beautie is the hot and ſplend'rous Sunne,
The precious Spices be your chaſte Deſire,
Which being kindled by that heau'nly fire,
Your Life ſo like the Phœnix's begun;
Your ſelfe thus burned in that ſacred flame,
With ſo rare ſweetneſſe all the Heau'ns perfuming,
Againe increaſing, as you are conſuming,
Onely by dying, borne the very ſame:
And wing'd by Fame, you to the Starres aſcend,
So you of Time ſhall liue beyond the End.

17.

To Time.

STay, ſpeedy Time, behold, before thou paſſe,
From Age to Age, what thou haſt ſought to ſee,
One, in whom all the Excellencies be,
In whom, Heau'n lookes it ſelfe as in a Glaſſe:
Time, looke thou too, in this Tralucent Glaſſe,
And thy Youth paſt, in this pure Mirrour ſee,
As the World's Beautie in his Infancie,
What it was then, and thou before it was;
Paſſe on, and to Poſteritie tell this,
Yet ſee thou tell, but truly, what hath beene:
Say to our Nephewes, that thou once haſt ſeene,
In perfect humane ſhape, all heau'nly Bliſſe;
And bid them mourne, nay more, deſpaire with thee,
That ſhe is gone, her like againe to ſee.

18.

To the Celeſtiall Numbers.

TO this our World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three Nines there are, to euery one a Nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both Diuine,
One Woman now, makes three odde Numbers euen;
Nine orders firſt of Angels be in Heauen,
Nine Muſ[illegible] with Learning ſtill frequent,
Theſe with the[illegible] euer reſident;
Nine worthie W[illegible] the World were giuen:
My worthy, One to theſe Nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muſe, one Muſe vnto the Nine,
And my good Angell (in my Soule diuine)
With one more Order, theſe nine Orders gladdeth:
My Muſe, my Worthy, and my Angel then,
Makes euery One of theſe three Nines a Ten.

19.

To Humour.

YOu cannot loue, my prettie Heart, and why?
There was a time, You told Me that you would,
But now againe You will the ſame denie,
If it might pleaſe You, would to God You could;
What, will You hate? nay that You will not neither,
Nor Loue, nor Hate, how then? what will You doe?
What will You keepe a meane then betwixt either?
Or will You loue Me, and yet hate Me too?
Yet ſerues not This: what next, what other Shift?
You Will, and Will not, what a coyle is here?
I ſee Your craft, now I perceiue Your drift,
And all this while, I was miſtaken there:
Your Loue and Hate is this, I now doe proue You,
You loue in Hate, by Hate to make Me loue You.

20.

AN euill ſpirit your beautie haunts Me ſtill,
Where with (alas) I haue beene long poſſeſt,
Which ceaſeth not to tempt Me to each ill,
Nor giues Me once, but one poore minutes reſt:
In Me it ſpeakes, whether I Sleepe or Wake,
And when by Meanes, to driue it out I try,
With greater Torments, then it Me doth take,
And tortures Me in moſt extremity;
Before my Face, it layes downe my Deſpaires,
And haſtes Me on vnto a ſudden Death;
Now tempting Me, to drowne my Selfe in teares,
And then in ſighing, to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I ſtill prouok'd, to euery Euill,
By this good wicked Spirit, ſweet Angell Deuill.

21.

A Witleſſe Gallant, a young Wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull Spirit her not one iot could moue)
Intreated me, as e'r I wiſh'd his good,
To write him but one Sonnet to his Loue:
When I, as faſt as e'r my Penne could trot,
Powr'd out what firſt from quicke Inuention came;
Nor neuer ſtood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his Wit, that was to vſe the ſame:
But with my Verſes he his Miſtres wonne,
Who doted on the Dolt beyond all meaſure.
But ſee, for you to Heau'n for Phraze I runne,
And ranſacke all APOLLO's golden Treaſure;
Yet by my Froth, this Foole his Loue obtaines,
And I loſe you, for all my Wit and Paines.

22.

To Folly.

WIth Fooles and Children good Diſcretion beares;
Then honeſt People, beare with Loue and Me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by yeeres,
Amongſt the reſt of Fooles and Children be:
Loue ſtill a Baby, playes with Gawdes and Toyes,
And like a Wanton, ſports with eu'ry Fether;
And Ideots ſtill are running after Boyes,
Then Fooles and Children fitt'ſt to goe together:
He ſtill as young as when he firſt was borne,
No wiſer I, then when as young as he.
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to ſcorne,
Giue Nature thankes, you are not ſuch as we:
Yet Fooles and Children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhew, more Fooles indeed then they.

23.

LOue baniſh'd Heau'n, in Earth was held in ſcorne,
Wand'ring abroad in Need and Beggerie;
And wanting Friends, though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crau'd the Almes of ſuch as paſſed by:
I, like a Man deuout, and charitable,
Clothed the Naked, lodg'd this wand'ring Gheſt,
With Sighes and Teares ſtill furniſhing his Table,
With what might make the Miſerable bleſt.
But this vngratefull, for my good deſert,
Intic'd my Thoughts, againſt me to conſpire,
Who gaue conſent to ſteale away my Heart,
And ſet my Breſt, his Lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my Friends, when Beggers grow thus bold,
No maruell then though Charitie grow cold.

I heare

24.

I Heare ſome ſay, this Man is not in loue:
Who? can he loue? a likely thing, they ſay;
Reade but his Verſe, and it will eas'ly proue.
O, iudge not raſhly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Becauſe I looſely trifle in this ſort,
As one that faine his Sorrowes would beguile:
You now ſuppoſe me all this time in ſport,
And pleaſe your ſelfe with this Conceit the while;
Yee ſhallow Cenſures, ſometime ſee yee not,
In greateſt Perils ſome Men pleaſant be,
Where Fame by Death is onely to be got,
They reſolute? ſo ſtands the caſe with me;
Where other Men in depth of Paſſion crie,
I laugh at Fortune, as in ieſt to die.

25.

O, Why ſhould Nature niggardly reſtraine!
That Foraine Nations relliſh not our Tongue,
Elſe ſhould my Lines glide on the Waues of *Rhene*,
And crowne the *Piren's* with my liuing Song:
But bounded thus, to *Scotland* get you forth,
Thence take you Wing vnto the *Orcades*,
There let my Verſe get glory in the North,
Making my Sighes to thaw the Frozen Seas;
And let the *Bards* within that *Iriſh* Ile,
To whom my Muſe with fierie Wings ſhall paſſe,
Call backe the ſtiffe-neck'd Rebels from Exile,
And mollifie the ſlaught'ring *Gallig!aſſe*;
And when my flowing Numbers they rehearſe,
Let Wolues and Beares be charmed with my Verſe.

26.

I Euer loue, where neuer Hope appeares, *To Deſpaire.*
Yet Hope drawes on my neuer-hoping Care,
And my Liues Hope would die, but for Deſpaire.
My neuer-certaine Ioy breeds euer-certaine Feares,
Vncertaine Dread giues Wings vnto my Hope;
Yet my Hopes Wings are laden ſo with Feare,
As they cannot aſcend to my Hope's Sphere;
Though Feare giues them more then a Heau'nly Scope,
Yet this large Roome is bounded with Deſpaire,
So my Loue is ſtill fett'red with vaine Hope,
And Liberty depriues him of his Scope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the Aire:
Then, ſweet Deſpaire, awhile hold vp thy head,
Or all my Hope for Sorrow will be dead.

27.

IS not Loue here, as 'tis in other Clymes,
And diff'reth it, as doe the seu'rall Nations?
Or hath it lost the Vertue, with the Times,
Or in this Iland alt'reth with the Fashions?
Or haue our Passions lesser pow'r then theirs,
Who had lesse Art them liuely to expresse?
Is Nature growne lesse pow'rfull in their Heires,
Or in our Fathers did she more transgresse?
I am sure my Sighes come from a Heart as true,
As any Mans, that Memory can boast,
And my Respects and Seruices to you
Equall with his, that loues his Mistres most:
Or Nature must be partiall in my Cause,
Or onely you doe violate her Lawes.

28.

TO such as say, Thy Loue I ouer-prize,
And doe not sticke to terme my Prayses folly;
Against these Folkes, that thinke themselues so wise,
I thus oppose my Reasons forces wholly:
Though I giue more then well affords my state,
In which expence, the most suppose me vaine,
Which yeelds them nothing, at the easiest rate,
Yet at this price returnes me treble gaine.
They value not, vnskilfull how to vse,
And I giue much, because I gaine thereby:
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceiued then, or I?
In eu'ry thing I hold this Maxim still,
The Circumstance doth make it good, or ill.

29.

To the Senses.

WHen conqu'ring Loue did first my Heart assayle,
Vnto mine aid I summon'd eu'ry Sense,
Doubting, if that proud Tyrant should preuayle,
My Heart should suffer for mine Eyes Offence;
But he with Beautie first corrupted Sight,
My Hearing brib'd with her Tongues Harmonie,
My Taste by her sweet Lips drawne with Delight,
My Smelling wonne with her Breath's Spicerie:
But when my Touching came to play his part,
(The King of Senses, greater then the rest)
He yeelds Loue vp the Keyes vnto my Heart,
And tells the other, how they should be blest.
And thus by those of whom I hop'd for ayd,
To cruell Loue my Soule was first betray'd.

Those

30.

THoſe Prieſts which firſt the Veſtall Fire begun, *To the Veſtals.*
Which might be borrow'd from no Earthly flame,
Deuis'd a Veſſell to receiue the Sunne,
Being ſtedfaſtly oppoſed to the ſame:
Where, with ſweet Wood, layd curiouſly by Art,
On which the Sunne might by reflection beat,
Receiuing ſtrength from eu'ry ſecret part,
The Fuell kindled with Celeſtiall Heat.
Thy bleſſed Eyes, the Sunne which lights this Fire,
My holy Thoughts, they be the Veſtall flame,
The precious Odors be my chaſte Deſires,
My Breſt's the Veſſell, which includes the ſame:
Thou art my VESTA, thou my Goddeſſe art,
Thy hallow'd Temple onely is my Heart.

31.

ME thinkes I ſee ſome crooked Mimicke ieere,
And taxe my Muſe with this fantaſticke Grace, *To the criticke.*
Turning my Papers, askes, What haue we heere?
Making withall ſome filthy Antike Face.
I feare no cenſure, nor what thou canſt ſay,
Nor ſhall my Spirit one iot of vigour loſe.
Think'ſt thou, my Wit ſhall keepe the pack-Horſe Way,
That eu'ry Dudgen low Inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in Bundles are impreſt,
And eu'ry Drudge doth dull our ſatiate Eare;
Think'ſt thou my Loue ſhall in thoſe Ragges be dreſt,
That eu'ry Dowdy, eu'ry Trull doth weare?
Vp, to my Pitch, no common Iudgement flyes,
I ſcorne all Earthly Dung-bred Scarabies.

32.

OVr Flouds-Queen *Thames*, for Ships & Swans is crowned, *To the Riuer Ankor.*
And ſtately *Seuerne* for her Shoare is prayſed,
The Cryſtall *Trent*, for Foords and Fiſh renowned,
And *Auons* Fame, to *Albions* Cliffes is rayſed,
Carlegion Cheſter vaunts her holy *Dee*,
Yorke many Wonders of her *Owſe* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Done*, whoſe Bankes ſo fertile be,
And *Kent* will ſay, her *Medway* doth excell,
Cotſwold commends her *Iſis* to the *Tame*,
Our Northerne Borders boaſt of *Tweeds* faire Floud,
Our Weſterne Parts extoll their *Wilis* Fame,
And the old *Lea* brags of the *Daniſh* Bloud;
Ardens ſweet *Ankor*, let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* onely liues by thee.

Whilſt

33.

To Imagination.

WHilſt yet mine Eyes doe ſurfet with Delight,
My wofull Heart, impriſon'd in my Breſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed to my Sight,
That it, like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt:
But whilſt mine Eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their Obiects ouer-ſoone depart,
Theſe now the others Happineſſe doe prayſe,
Wiſhing themſelues, that they had beene my Heart;
That Eyes were Heart, or that the Heart were Eyes,
As couetous the others vſe to haue:
But finding Nature their requeſt denyes,
This to each other mutually they craue;
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That Eyes could thinke of that my Heart could ſee.

34.

To Admiration.

MAruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Rauiſh'd a World beyond the fartheſt Thought,
And knowing more then euer hath beene taught,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Ayming at things exceeding all perfection,
To Wiſedome's ſelfe to miniſter direction,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my Conceit I further ſeeme to bend,
Then poſſibly Inuention can extend,
And yet am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire:
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

35.

To Miracle.

SOme misbeleeuing, and prophane in Loue,
When I doe ſpeake of Miracles by thee,
May ſay, that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onely write, my skill in Verſe to proue;
See Miracles, ye vnbeleeuing, ſee,
A dumbe-borne Muſe made to expreſſe the Mind,
A cripple Hand to write, yet lame by Kind,
One by thy Name, the other touching thee;
Blind were mine Eyes, till they were ſeene of thine,
And mine Eares deafe, by thy Fame healed bee,
My Vices cur'd, by Vertues ſprung from thee,
My Hopes reuiu'd, which long in Graue had lyne:
All vncleane Thoughts, foule Spirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by Vertue that proceeds from thee.

Thou

36.

THou purblind Boy, ſince thou haſt beene ſo ſlacke, Cupid coniured.
To wound her Heart, whoſe Eyes haue wounded me,
And ſuff'red her to glory in my Wracke,
Thus to my aid, I lattly coniure thee;
By Helliſh *Styx* (by which the THVND'RER ſweares)
By thy faire Mothers vnauoided Power,
By HECAT'S Names, by PROSERPINE'S ſad Teares,
When ſhe was rapt to the infernall Bower;
By thine owne loued PSYCHES, by the Fires
Spent on thine Altars, flaming vp to Heau'n;
By all true Louers Sighes, Vowes, and Deſires,
By all the Wounds that euer thou haſt giu'n;
I coniure thee by all that I haue nam'd,
To make her loue, or CVPID be thou damn'd.

37.

DEare, why ſhould you command me to my Reſt,
When now the Night doth ſummon all to ſleepe?
Me thinkes this Time becommeth Louers beſt;
Night was ordayn'd, together Friends to keepe:
How happy are all other liuing Things,
Which though the Day diſ-ioyne by ſeu'rall flight,
The quiet Eu'ning yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his Loue at Night?
O, Thou that art ſo courteous elſe to all!
Why ſhould'ſt thou, Night, abuſe me onely thus,
That eu'ry Creature to his kind do'ſt call,
And yet 'tis thou do'ſt onely ſeuer vs?
Well could I wiſh, it would be euer Day,
If when Night comes, you bid me goe away.

38.

SItting alone, Loue bids me goe and write;
Reaſon plucks back, commanding me to ſtay,
Boaſting, that ſhe doth ſtill direct the way,
Or elſe Loue were vnable to indite:
Loue growing angry, vexed at the Spleene,
And ſcorning Reaſon's maymed Argument,
Straight taxeth Reaſon, wanting to inuent,
Where ſhe with Loue conuerſing hath not beene;
Reaſon reproched with this coy Diſdaine,
Deſpiteth Loue, and laugheth at her Folly;
And Loue contemning Reaſons reaſon wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a Graine:
Reaſon put back, doth out of ſight remoue,
And Loue alone picks reaſon out of loue.

39.

SOme, when in Ryme, they of their Loues doe tell,
With Flames and Lightnings their Exordiums paint,
Some call on Heauen, ſome inuocate on Hell,
And Fates and Furies, with their woes acquaint,
Elizium is too high a ſeate for Me,
I will not come in *Stix* or *Phlegeton*,
The thrice-three Muſes but too wanton be,
Like they that Luſt, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull ERINNIS frights Me with her Lookes,
My man-hood dares not with foule ATE mell,
I quake to looke on HECAT's charming Bookes,
I ſtill feare Bug-beares in APOLLO's Cell.
I paſſe not for MINERVA, nor ASTREA,
Onely I call on my diuine IDEA.

40.

MY Heart the Anuile, where my Thoughts doe beate,
My Words the Hammers, faſhioning my deſire,
My Breſt the Forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the Fewell, which maintaines the fire;
My Sighes the Bellowes, which the Flame encreaſeth,
Filling mine Eares with Noiſe, and Nightly groning,
Toyling with Paine, my Labour neuer ceaſeth,
In grieuous Paſſions, my Woes ſtill bemoning:
My Eyes with Teares againſt the fire ſtriuing,
Whoſe ſcorching gleed, my heart to Cinders turneth;
But with thoſe Drops, the Flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more it to my torment burneth:
With SISIPHVS thus doe I role the ſtone,
And turne the Wheele with damned IXION.

41.

Loues Lunacie.

WHy doe I ſpeake of Ioy, or write of Loue,
When my Heart is the very Den of Horror,
And in my Soule the paines of Hell I proue,
With all his Torments and Infernall terror?
What ſhould I ſay? what yet remaines to doe?
My Braine is drie with weeping all too long,
My Sighes be ſpent in vtt'ring of my Woe,
And I want words, wherewith to tell my Wrong:
But ſtill diſtracted in Loues Lunacie,
And Bedlam-like, thus rauing in my Griefe,
Now raile vpon her Haire, then on her Eye;
Now call her Goddeſſe, then I call her Thiefe;
Now I deny Her, then I doe confeſſe Her,
Now doe I curſe Her, then againe I bleſſe Her.

Some

42.

SOme Men there be, which like my Method well,
And much commend the ſtrangeneſſe of my Vaine:
Some ſay, I haue a paſſing pleaſing Straine,
Some ſay, That in my Humor I excell;
Some, who not kindly relliſh my Conceit,
They ſay (As Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my Paſſions paine;
Thus ſundry Men their ſundry Minds repeat:
I paſſe not, I, how Men affected bee,
Nor who commends, or diſcommends my Verſe;
It pleaſeth me, if I my Woes rehearſe,
And in my Lines, if ſhe my loue may ſee:
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
Writing her prayſe, I cannot write amiſſe.

43.

WHy ſhould your faire Eyes with ſuch ſou'raigne grace
Diſperſe their Rayes on eu'ry vulgar Spirit,
Whilſt I in darkeneſſe, in the ſelfe-ſame place,
Get not one glance, to recompence my Merit?
So doth the Plow-man gaze the wand'ring Starre,
And onely reſt contented with the Light,
That neuer learn'd what Conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his vnknowing Sight.
O, why ſhould Beautie (Cuſtome to obey)
To their groſſe Senſe apply her ſelfe ſo ill?
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made vnhappy by my skill;
Onely compell'd on this poore good to boaſt,
Heau'ns are not kind to them, that know them moſt.

44.

WHilſt thus my Pen ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my Lines with Wrinkles in my Face,
Where, in the Map of all my Miſerie,
Is model'd out the World of my Diſgrace;
Whilſt in deſpite of tyrannizing Times,
MEDEA-like, I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my World-out-wearing Rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine:
And though in youth, my Youth vntimely periſh,
To keepe Thee from Obliuion and the Graue,
Enſuing Ages yet my Rimes ſhall cheriſh,
Where I intomb'd, my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this Earthly Body fade and die,
My Name ſhall mount vpon Eternitie.

45.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my Chayre,
Drown'd in the Teares, extorted by my Lines,
With heauie Sighes whilſt thus I breake the Ayre,
Painting my Paſſions in theſe ſad Deſignes;
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happie Verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her liuing Fame,
Euer henceforth my Boſome be your Hearſe,
Wherein the World ſhall now intombe her Name;
Incloſe my Muſike, you poore ſenſeleſſe Walls,
Sith ſhe is deafe, and will not heare my Mones,
Soften your ſelues with eu'ry Teare that falls,
Whilſt I like ORPHEVS ſing to Trees and Stones;
Which with my plaint ſeeme yet with pittie moued,
Kinder then ſhe whom I ſo long haue loued.

46.

PLaine-path'd Experience, th'vnlearneds guide,
Her ſimple Followers cuidently ſhewes
Sometimes what Schoole-men ſcarcely can decide,
Nor yet wiſe Reaſon abſolutely knowes:
In making tryall of a Murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the heynous deed
Neere the dead Body happily be brought,
Oft 't'ath been prou'd, the breathleſſe Coarſe will bleed.
She comming neere, that my poore Heart hath ſlaine,
Long ſince departed (to the World no more)
Th'ancient Wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? Should ſhe to death be led,
It furthers Iuſtice, but helpes not the dead.

47.

IN pride of Wit, when high deſire of Fame
Gaue Life and Courage to my lab'ring Pen,
And firſt the ſound and vertue of my Name
Wonne grace and credit in the Eares of Men;
With thoſe the thronged Theaters that preſſe,
I in the Circuit for the Lawrell ſtroue:
Where, the full Prayſe I freely muſt confeſſe,
In heat of Bloud, a modeſt Mind might moue.
With Showts and Claps at eu'ry little pawſe,
When the proud Round on eu'ry ſide hath rung,
Sadly I ſit, vnmou'd with the Applauſe,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publike Glorie vainely I purſue,
All that I ſeeke, is to eternize you.

CVPID,

48.

CVPID, I hate thee, which I'de haue thee know,
A naked Starueling euer may'ſt thou be,
Poore Rogue, goe pawne thy *Paſcia* and thy Bow,
For ſome few Ragges, wherewith to couer thee;
Or if thou'lt not, thy Archerie forbeare,
To ſome baſe Ruſtick doe thy ſelfe preferre,
And when Corne's ſowne, or growne into the Eare,
Practiſe thy Quiuer, and turne Crow-keeper;
Or being Blind (as fitteſt for the Trade)
Goe hyre thy ſelfe ſome bungling Harpers Boy;
They that are blind, are Minſtrels often made,
So may'ſt thou liue, to thy faire Mothers Ioy:
That whilſt with MARS ſhe holdeth her old Way,
Thou, her blind Sonne, may'ſt ſit by them, and play.

49.

THou Leaden Braine, which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſay'ſt, my Lines be dull, and doe not moue;
I maruell not, thou feel'ſt not my Delight,
Which neuer felt'ſt my fierie touch of Loue:
But thou, whoſe Pen hath like a Packe-Horſe ſeru'd,
Whoſe Stomack vnto Gall hath turu'd thy Food,
Whoſe Senſes, like poore Pris'ners, hunger-ſtaru'd,
Whoſe Griefe hath parch'd thy Body, dry'd thy Blood;
Thou which haſt ſcorned Life, and hated Death,
And in a moment Mad, Sober, Glad, and Sorrie;
Thou which haſt bann'd thy Thoughts, and curſt thy Birth,
With thouſand Plagues, more then in Purgatorie:
Thou, thus whoſe Spirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaud my Lines.

50.

AS in ſome Countries, farre remote from hence,
The wretched Creature, deſtined to die,
Hauing the Iudgement due to his Offence,
By Surgeons beg'd, their Art on him to trie,
Which on the Liuing worke without remorſe,
Firſt make inciſion on each maſt'ring Veine,
Then ſtanch the bleeding, then tranſ-pierce the Coarſe,
And with their Balmes recure the Wounds againe;
Then Poyſon, and with Phyſike him reſtore:
Not that they feare the hope-leſſe Man to kill,
But their Experience to increaſe the more:
Eu'n ſo my Miſtres workes vpon my Ill;
By curing me, and killing me each How'r,
Onely to ſhew her Beauties Sou'raigne Pow'r.

Calling

51.

CAlling to minde since first my Loue begun,
Th' incertaine Times oft varying in their Course,
How Things still vnexpectedly haue runne,
As't please the Fates, by their resistlesse force:
Lastly, mine Eyes amazedly haue seene
ESSEX great fall, TYRONE his Peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that Long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire Entrance, and our Peace with *Spaine*,
We and the *Dutch* at length our Selues to seuer;
Thus the World doth, and euermore shall Reele:
Yet to my Goddesse am I constant euer;
How e're blind Fortune turne her giddie Wheele:
Though Heauen and Earth, proue both to me vntrue
Yet am I still inuiolate to You.

52.

WHat do'st thou meane to Cheate me of my Hea
To take all Mine, and giue me none againe?
Or haue thine Eyes such Magike, or that Art,
That what They get, They euer doe retaine,
Play not the Tyrant, but take some Remorse,
Rebate thy Spleene, if but for Pitties sake;
Or Cruell, if thou can'st not; let vs scorse,
And for one piece of Thine, my whole heart take.
But what of Pitty doe I speake to Thee,
Whose Brest is proofe against Complaint or Prayer?
Or can I thinke what my Reward shall be
From that proud Beauty, which was my betrayer?
What talke I of a Heart, when thou hast none?
Or if thou hast, it is a flinty one.

Another to the Riuer Anker.

53.

CLeere *Anker*, on whose Siluer-sanded shore,
My Soule-shrin'd Saint, my faire IDEA lies,
O blessed Brooke, whose milke-white Swans adore,
Thy Cristall streame refined by her Eyes,
Where sweet Myrrh-breathing *Zephire* in the Spring,
Gently distills his Nectar-dropping showres,
Where Nightingales in *Arden* sit and sing,
Amongst the daintie Dew-impearled flowres;
Say thus faire Brooke, when thou shalt see thy Queene,
Loe, heere thy Shepheard spent his wandring yeeres;
And in these Shades, deare Nymph, he oft hath beene,
And heere to Thee he sacrific'd his Teares:
Faire *Arden*, thou my *Tempe* art alone,
And thou, sweet *Anker*, art my *Helicon*.

Yet

54.

YEt reade at laſt the ſtorie of my Woe,
The drerie abſtracts of my endleſſe Cares,
With my Life's Sorrow interlined ſo,
Smoak'd with my Sighes, and blotted with my Teares;
The ſad Memorialls of my Miſeries,
Pen'd in the griefe of mine afflicted Ghoſt,
My Liues complaint in dolefull Elegies,
With ſo pure Loue, as Time could neuer boaſt;
Receiue the Incenſe which I offer here,
By my ſtrong Faith aſcending to thy Fame,
My Zeale, my Hope, my Vowes, my Prayſe, my Pray'r,
My Soule's Oblations to thy ſacred Name:
Which Name my Muſe to higheſt Heau'ns ſhall rayſe,
By chaſte Deſire, true Loue, and vertuous Prayſe.

55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt regiſter my loue,
A World of Volumes ſhall thereof ariſe:
Preſerue my Teares, and thou thy Selfe ſhalt proue
A ſecond Floud, downe rayning from mine Eyes:
Note but my Sighes, and thine Eyes ſhall behold
The Sun-beames ſmothered with immortall Smoke,
And if by Thee my Prayers may be enrol'd
They Heauen and Earth to pitty ſhall prouoke;
Looke Thou into my breſt, and Thou ſhalt ſee
Chaſte holy Vowes for my Soules ſacrifice,
That Soule (ſweet Maid) which ſo hath honor'd Thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy Sacred Eyes,
Thoſe Eyes to my Heart ſhining euer bright,
When Darkneſſe hath obſcur'd each other Light.

56.

WHen like an Eaglet I firſt found my Loue,
For that the vertue I thereof would know,
Vpon the Neſt I ſet it forth, to proue
If it were of that Kingly kind, or no:
But it no ſooner ſaw my Sunne appeare,
But on her Rayes with open Eyes it ſtood,
To ſhew, that I had hatch'd it for the Ayre,
And rightly came from that braue mounting Brood;
And when the Plumes were ſumm'd with ſweet deſire,
To proue the Pynions, it aſcends the Skyes;
Doe what I could, it needſly would aſpire
To my Soules Sunne, thoſe two Celeſtiall Eyes:
Thus from my Breſt, where it was bred alone,
It after thee, is like an Eaglet flowne.

An alluſion to the Eaglets.

You

57.

YOu best discern'd of my Minds inward Eyes,
And yet your Graces outwardly Diuine,
Whose deare remembrance in my Bosome lyes,
Too rich a Relique for so poore a Shrine:
You, in whom Nature chose her selfe to view,
When she her owne perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her Excellence on you;
At whose pure Eyes, Loue lights his hallow'd Fire,
Eu'n as a Man that in some Trance hath seene
More then his wond'ring vtt'rance can vnfold,
That rapt in Spirit, in better Worlds hath beene,
So must your prayse distractedly be told;
Most of all short, when I should shew you most,
In your perfections so much am I lost.

58.

IN former times, such as had store of Coyne,
In Warres at home, or when for Conquests bound,
For feare that some their Treasure should purloyne,
Gaue it to keepe to Spirits within the Ground;
And to attend it, them as strongly ty'd,
Till they return'd: Home when they neuer came,
Such as by Art to get the same haue try'd,
From the strong Spirit by no meanes force the same;
Neerer Men come, That further flyes away,
Striuing to hold it strongly in the Deepe:
Eu'n as this Spirit, so you alone doe play
With those rich Beauties Heau'n giues you to keepe:
Pittie so left, to th'coldnesse of your Blood,
Not to auaile you, nor doe others good.

59.

To Prouerbe.

AS Loue and I, late harbour'd in one Inne,
With Prouerbs thus each other intertaine:
In Loue there is no lack, thus I begin,
Faire words make Fooles, replyeth he againe;
Who spares to speake, doth spare to speed (quoth I)
As well (sayth he) too forward, as too slow;
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply,
A hastie Man (quoth he) ne'r wanted Woe;
Labour is light, where Loue (quoth I) doth pay,
(Saith he) Light Burthen's heauy, if farre borne;
(Quoth I) The Maine lost, cast the By away;
You haue spunne a faire Thred, he replyes in scorne.
And hauing thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so Fooles againe we parted.

Define

60.

DEfine my Weale, and tell the ioyes of Heauen,
Expreſſe my Woes, and ſhew the paines of Hell,
Declare what Fate vnlucky Starres haue giuen,
And aske a World vpon my Life to dwell.
Make knowne the Faith, that Fortune could not moue,
Compare my Worth with others baſe Deſert,
Let Vertue be the Touch-ſtone of my Loue,
So may the Heauens read wonders in my Heart;
Behold the Clouds which haue eclips'd my Sunne,
And view the Croſſes which my courſe doe let,
Tell Me, if euer ſince the World begunne,
So Faire a riſing, had ſo Foule a ſet:
And ſee if Time (if he would ſtriue to proue)
Can ſhew a Second to ſo pure a Loue.

61.

SInce ther's no helpe, Come let vs kiſſe and part,
Nay, I haue done: You get no more of Me,
And I am glad, yea glad withall my heart,
That thus ſo cleanly, I my Selfe can free,
Shake hands for euer, Cancell all our Vowes,
And when We meet at any time againe,
Be it not ſeene in either of our Browes,
That We one iot of former Loue reteyne;
Now at the laſt gaſpe, of Loues lateſt Breath,
When his Pulſe fayling, Paſſion ſpeechleſſe lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,
And Innocence is cloſing vp his Eyes,
Now if thou would'ſt, when all haue giuen him ouer,
From Death to Life, thou might'ſt him yet recouer.

62.

WHen firſt I Ended, then I firſt Began,
Then more I Traueld, further from my Reſt,
Where moſt I Loſt, there moſt of all I Wan,
Pined with Hunger, riſing from a Feaſt.
Me thinkes I Flie, yet want I legges to Goe,
Wiſe in Conceit, in Act a very ſot,
Rauiſh'd with Ioy amid'ſt a hell of Woe,
What moſt I Seeme, that ſureſt am I Not.
I build my Hopes a world aboue the Skie,
Yet with the Mole I creepe into the Earth,
In Plenty I am ſtaru'd with Penurie,
And yet I Surfet in the greateſt Dearth:
I haue, I want, Deſpaire, and yet Deſire,
Burn'd in a Sea of yce, and drown'd amidſt a fire.

63.

TRuce, gentle Loue, a Parly now I craue,
Me thinkes 'tis long since first these Warres begun,
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can haue :
Bad is the Match, where neither partie wonne.
I offer free Conditions of faire Peace,
My Heart for Hostage that it shall remaine,
Discharge our Forces, here let Malice cease,
So for my Pledge thou giue me Pledge againe.
Or if no thing but Death will serue thy turne,
Still thirsting for subuersion of my state ;
Doe what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burne ;
Let the World see the vtmost of thy hate :
I send defiance, since if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquishing, the Conquest is mine owne.

FINIS.

ODES.

WITH OTHER LYRICK POESIES.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,
ESQVIRE.



LONDON,
Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICKE.
1619.

TO THE WORTHY KNIGHT, AND MY NOBLE FRIEND, SIR HENRY GOODERE, a Gentleman of His Maiesties Priuie *Chamber*.

THESE *Lyrick* Pieces, ſhort, and few,
Moſt worthy Sir, I ſend to you,
To reade them, be not wearie:
They may become IOHN HEWES (his Lyre,
Which oft at *Powlſworth* by the fire
Hath made vs grauely merry.

Beleeue it, he muſt haue the Trick
Of Ryming; with Inuention quick,
That ſhould doe *Lyricks* well:
But how I haue done in this kind,
Though in my ſelfe I cannot find,
Your Iudgement beſt can tell.

Th'old

Th'old *Britiſh* BARDS, vpon their Harpes,
For falling Flatts, and riſing Sharpes,
That curiouſly were ſtrung;
To ſtirre their Youth to Warlike Rage,
Or their wyld Furie to aſſwage,
In theſe looſe Numbers ſung.

No more I for Fooles Cenſures paſſe,
Then for the braying of an Aſſe,
Nor once mine Eare will lend them:
If you but pleaſe to take in gree
Theſe *Odes*, ſufficient 'tis to mee;
Your liking can commend them.

Yours,

MICH. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

ODES *I haue called theſe my few Poems; which how happie ſoeuer they proue, yet Criticiſme it ſelfe cannot ſay, that the Name is wrongfully vſurped: For (not to begin with Definitions againſt the Rule of Oratorie, nor* ab ouo, *againſt the preſcript Rule of Poetrie in a Poeticall Argument, but ſomewhat only to ſeaſon thy Pallat with a ſlight deſcription) an Ode is knowne to haue been properly a Song, moduled to the ancient Harpe, and neither too ſhort-breathed, as haſting to the end, nor compoſed of the longeſt Verſes, as vnfit for the ſudden Turnes and loftie Tricks with which* Apollo *vſed to manage it. They are (as the Learned ſay) diuers: Some tranſcendently loftie, and farre more high then the Epick (commonly called the Heroique Poeme) witneſſe thoſe of the inimitable* Pindarus, *conſecrated to the glorie and renowne of ſuch as returned in triumph from* Olympus, Elis, Iſthmus, *or the like: Others, among the Greekes, are amorous, ſoft, and made for Chambers, as other for Theaters; as were* Anacreon's, *the very Delicacies of the Grecian* Erato, *which Muſe ſeemed to haue beene the Minion of that Teian old Man, which compoſed them: Of a mixed kinde were* Horaces, *and may truely therefore be called his mixed; whatſoeuer elſe*

are

are mine, little partaking of the high Dialect of the firſt:

Though we be all to ſeeke
Of *Pindar*, that great Greeke.

Nor altogether of Anacreon, *the Arguments being Amorous, Morall, or what elſe the Muſe pleaſeth. To write much in this kind, neither know I how it will reliſh, nor in ſo doing, can I but iniuriouſly preſuppoſe Ignorance or Slouth in thee, or draw cenſure vpon my ſelfe, for ſinning againſt the* Decorum *of a Preface, by reading a Lecture, where it is inough to ſumme the Points: New they are, and the worke of playing Houres; but what other commendation is theirs, and whether inherent in the ſubiect, muſt be thine to iudge. But to act the goe-betweene of my Poems and thy Applauſe, is neither my Modeſtie nor Confidence, that oftner then once haue acknowledged thee kind, and doe not doubt hereafter to doe ſomewhat, in which I ſhall not feare thee iuſt: And would at this time alſo gladly let thee vnderſtand, what I thinke aboue the reſt, of the laſt Ode of this Number, or if thou wilt, Ballad in my Booke: for both the great Maſter of Italian Rymes,* Petrarch, *and our* Chaucer, *and other of the vpper Houſe of the Muſes, haue thought their Canzons honoured in the Title of a Ballad; which, for that I labour to meet truely therein with the old Engliſh Garbe, I hope as able to iuſtifie, as the learned* Colin Clout *his Roundelay. Thus requeſting thee, in thy better Iudgement, to correct ſuch Faults as haue eſcaped in the Printing,*

I bid thee fare-
well.

M. DRAYTON.

ODES.

To Himselfe, And The Harpe.

AND why not I, as hee
That's greatest, if as free,
(In sundry strains that striue,
Since there so many be)
Th'old *Lyrick* kind reuiue?

I will, yea, and I may;
Who shall oppose my way?
For what is he alone,
That of himselfe can say,
Hee's Heire of *Helicon*?

APOLLO, and the Nine,
Forbid no Man their Shrine,
That commeth with hands pure;
Else they be so diuine,
They will him not indure.

For they be such coy Things,
That they care not for Kings,
And dare let them know it;
Nor may he touch their Springs,
That is not borne a Poet.

The *Phocean* it did proue,
Whom when foule Lust did moue,
Those Mayds vnchaste to make,
Fell, as with them he stroue,
His Neck and iustly brake.

Pyrenæus, *King of* Phocis, *attempting to ravish the Muses,*

That inſtrument ne'r heard,
Strooke by the skilfull Bard,
It ſtrongly to awake;
But it th'infernalls skard,
And made *Olympus* quake.

Sam.lib.1. cap.16.

As thoſe Prophetike ſtrings
Whoſe ſounds with fiery Wings,
Draue Fiends from their abode,
Touch'd by the beſt of Kings,
That ſang the holy Ode.

Orpheus *the* Thracian *Poet.* Caput Hebre lyramque Exip. &c. Ouid.lib.11. Metam.

So his, which Women ſlue,
And it int' *Hebrus* threw,
Such ſounds yet forth it ſent,
The Bankes to weepe that drue,
As downe the Streame it went.

Mercury *inuentor of the Harpe, as* Horace Ode 10. lib. 7. curuæq; lyræ parentē.

That by the Tortoyſe ſhell,
To MAYAS Sonne it fell,
The moſt thereof not doubt
But ſure ſome Power did dwell,
In Him who found it out.

Thebes *fayned to haue beene rayſed by Muſicke.*

The Wildeſt of the field,
And Ayre, with Riuers t'yeeld,
Which mou'd; that ſturdy Glebes,
And maſſie Oakes could weeld,
To rayſe the pyles of *Thebes.*

And diuerſly though Strung,
So anciently We ſung
To it, that Now ſcarce knowne,
If firſt it did belong
To *Greece*, or if our Owne.

The ancient Britiſh *Prieſts, ſo called of their abode in woods.*

The *Druydes* imbrew'd,
With Gore, on Altars rude
With Sacrifices crown'd,
In hollow Woods bedew'd,
Ador'd the Trembling ſound.

Pindar *Prince of the* Greeke lyricks, *of whom* Horace: Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet, &c. Ode 2. lib. 4.

Though wee be All to ſeeke,
Of PINDAR that Great *Greeke*,
To Finger it aright,
The Soule with power to ſtrike,
His hand retayn'd ſuch Might.

Or

Or him that *Rome* did grace,
Whoſe Ayres we all imbrace,
That ſcarcely found his Peere,
Nor giueth PHŒBVS place,
For Strokes diuinely cleere.

Horace *firſt of the* Romans *in that kind.*

The *Iriſh* I admire,
And ſtill cleaue to that Lyre,
As our Muſike's Mother,
And thinke, till I expire,
APOLLO's ſuch another.

The Iriſh *Harpe*

As *Britons*, that ſo long
Haue held this Antike Song,
And let all our Carpers
Forbeare their fame to wrong,
Th'are right skilfull Harpers.

Southerne, I long thee ſpare,
Yet wiſh thee well to fare,
Who me pleaſed'ſt greatly,
As firſt, therefore more rare,
Handling thy Harpe neatly.

Southerne, *an* Engliſh *Lyrick.*

To thoſe that with deſpight
Shall terme theſe Numbers ſlight,
Tell them their Iudgement's blind,
Much erring from the right,
It is a Noble kind.

Nor is't the Verſe doth make,
That giueth, or doth take,
'Tis poſſible to clyme,
To kindle, or to ſlake,
Although in SKELTON's Ryme.

An old Engliſh *Rymer.*

TO THE NEW YEERE.

RIch Statue, double-faced,
With Marble Temples graced,
To rayſe thy God-head hyer,
In flames where Altars ſhining,
Before thy Prieſts diuining,
Doe od'rous Fumes expire.

Great IANVS, I thy pleaſure,
With all the *Theſpian* Treaſure,
Doe ſeriouſly purſue;
To th' paſſed yeere returning,
As though the old adiourning,
Yet bringing in the new.

Thy ancient Vigils yeerely,
I haue obſerued cleerely,
Thy Feaſts yet ſmoaking bee;
Since all thy ſtore abroad is,
Giue ſomething to my Goddeſſe,
As hath been vs'd by thee.

Giue her th'*Eoan* brightneſſe,
Wing'd with that ſubtill lightneſſe,
That doth tranſ-pierce the Ayre;
The Roſes of the Morning
The riſing Heau'n adorning,
To meſh with flames of Hayre.

Thoſe ceaſeleſſe Sounds, aboue all,
Made by thoſe Orbes that moue all,
And euer ſwelling there,
Wrap'd vp in Numbers flowing,
Them actually beſtowing,
For Iewels at her Eare.

O Rapture great and holy,
Doe thou tranſport me wholly,
So well her forme to vary,
That I aloft may beare her,
Whereas I will inſphere her
In Regions high and ſtarry.

And in my choiſe Compoſures,
The ſoft and eaſie Cloſures,
So amorouſly ſhall meet;
That eu'ry liuely Ceaſure
Shall tread a perfect Meaſure,
Set on ſo equall feet.

That Spray to fame ſo fertle,
The Louer-crowning Mirtle,
In Wreaths of mixed Bowes,
Within whoſe ſhades are dwelling
Thoſe Beauties moſt excelling,
Inthron'd vpon her Browes.

Thoſe

Thoſe Paralels ſo euen,
Drawne on the face of Heauen,
That curious Art ſuppoſes,
Direct thoſe Gems, whoſe cleereneſſe
Farre off amaze by neereneſſe,
Each Globe ſuch fire incloſes.

Her Boſome full of Bliſſes,
By nature made for Kiſſes,
So pure and wond'rous cleere,
Whereas a thouſand Graces
Behold their louely Faces,
As they are bathing there.

O, thou ſelfe-little blindneſſe,
The kindneſſe of vnkindneſſe,
yet one of thoſe diuine;
Thy Brands to me were leuer,
Thy Faſcia, and thy Quiuer,
And thou this Quill of mine.

This Heart ſo freſhly bleeding,
Vpon it owne ſelfe feeding,
Whoſe wounds ſtill dropping be;
O Loue, thy ſelfe confounding,
Her coldneſſe ſo abounding,
And yet ſuch heat in me.

Yet if I be inſpired,
Ile leaue thee ſo admired,
To all that ſhall ſucceed,
That were they more then many,
'Mongſt all, there is not any,
That Time ſo oft ſhall reed.

Nor Adamant ingraued,
That hath been choiſely'ſt ſaued,
IDEA's Name out-weares;
So large a Dower as this is,
The greateſt often miſſes,
The Diadem that beares.

TO HIS VALENTINE.

MVSE, bid the Morne awake,
Sad Winter now declines,
Each Bird doth chuſe a Make,
This day's Saint VALENTINES;
For that good Biſhops ſake
Get vp, and let vs ſee,
What Beautie it ſhall bee,
That Fortune vs aſſignes.

But lo, in happy How'r,
The place wherein ſhe lyes,
In yonder climbing Tow'r,
Gilt by the glitt'ring Riſe;
O IOVE! that in a Show'r,
As once that Thund'rer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her ſurprize.

Her Canopie Ile draw,
With ſpangled Plumes bedight,
No Mortall euer ſaw
So rauiſhing a ſight;
That it the Gods might awe,
And pow'rfully tranſ-pierce
The Globie Vniuerſe,
Out-ſhooting eu'ry Light.

My Lips Ile ſoftly lay
Vpon her heau'nly Cheeke,
Dy'd like the dawning Day,
As poliſh'd Iuorie ſleeke:
And in her Eare Ile ſay;
O, thou bright Morning-Starre,
'Tis I that come ſo farre,
My Valentine to ſeeke.

Each

Each little Bird, this Tyde,
Doth chuſe her loued Pheere,
Which conſtantly abide
In Wedlock all the yeere,
As Nature is their Guide:
So may we two be true,
This yeere, nor change for new,
As Turtles coupled were.

The Sparrow, Swan, the Doue,
Though VENVS Birds they be,
Yet are they not for Loue
So abſolute as we:
For Reaſon vs doth moue;
They but by billing woo:
Then try what we can doo,
To whom each ſenſe is free.

Which we haue more then they,
By liuelyer Organs ſway'd,
Our Appetite each way
More by our Senſe obay'd:
Our Paſſions to diſplay,
This Seaſon vs doth fit;
Then let vs follow it,
As Nature vs doth lead.

One Kiſſe in two let's breake,
Confounded with the touch,
But halfe words let vs ſpeake,
Our Lip's imploy'd ſo much;
Vntill we both grow weake,
With ſweetneſſe of thy breath;
O ſmother me to death:
Long let our Ioyes be ſuch.

Let's laugh at them that chuſe
Their Valentines by lot,
To weare their Names that vſe,
Whom idly they haue got:
Such poore choiſe we refuſe,
Saint VALENTINE befriend;
We thus this Morne may ſpend,
Elſe Muſe, awake her not.

THE

THE HEART.

IF thus we needs muſt goe,
What ſhall our one Heart doe,
This One made of our Two?

Madame, two Hearts we brake,
And from them both did take
The beſt, one Heart to make.

Halfe this is of your Heart,
Mine in the other part,
Ioyn'd by our equall Art.

Were it cymented, or ſowne,
By Shreds or Pieces knowne,
We each might find our owne.

But 'tis diſſolu'd, and fix'd,
And with ſuch cunning mix'd,
No diff'rence that betwixt.

But how ſhall we agree,
By whom it kept ſhall be,
Whether by you, or me?

It cannot two Breſts fill,
One muſt be heartleſſe ſtill,
Vntill the other will.

It came to me to day,
When I will'd it to ſay,
With whether it would ſtay?

It told me, In your Breſt,
Where it might hope to reſt:
For if it were my Gheſt,

For certainety it knew,
That I would ſtill anew
Be ſending it to you.

Neuer, I thinke, had two
Such worke, ſo much to doo,
A Vnitie to woo.

Yours

Yours was ſo cold and chaſte,
Whilſt mine with zeale did waſte,
Like Fire with Water plac'd.

How did my Heart intreat,
How pant, how did it beat,
Till it could giue yours heat!

Till to that temper brought,
Through our perfection wrought,
That bleſſing eythers Thought.

In ſuch a Height it lyes,
From this baſe Worlds dull Eyes,
That Heauen it not enuyes.

All that this Earth can ſhow,
Our Heart ſhall not once know,
For it too vile and low.

THE SACRIFICE TO APOLLO.

PRIESTS of APOLLO, ſacred be the Roome,
For this learn'd Meeting: Let no barbarous Groome,
How braue ſoe'r he bee,
Attempt to enter;
But of the Muſes free,
None here may venter;
This for the *Delphian* Prophets is prepar'd:
The prophane Vulgar are from hence debar'd.

And ſince the Feaſt ſo happily begins,
Call vp thoſe faire Nine, with their Violins;
They are begot by IOVE,
Then let vs place them,
Where no Clowne in may ſhoue,
That may diſgrace them:
But let them neere to young APOLLO ſit;
So ſhall his Foot-pace ouer-flow with Wit.

Where be the Graces, where be thoſe fayre Three?
In any hand They may not abſent bee:
They to the Gods are deare,
And they can humbly
Teach vs, our Selues to beare,
And doe things comely:
They, and the Muſes, riſe both from one Stem,
They grace the Muſes, and the Muſes them.

Bring forth your Flaggons (fill'd with ſparkling Wine)
Whereon ſwolne BACCHVS, crowned with a Vine,
Is grauen; and fill out,
It well beſtowing,
To eu'ry Man about,
In Goblets flowing:
Let not a Man drinke, but in Draughts profound;
To our God PHŒBVS let the Health goe Round.

Let your Ieſts flye at large; yet therewithall
See they be Salt, but yet not mix'd with Gall:
Not tending to diſgrace,
But fayrely giuen,
Becomming well the place,
Modeſt, and euen;
That they with tickling Pleaſure may prouoke
Laughter in him, on whom the Ieſt is broke.

Or if the deeds of HEROES ye rehearſe,
Let them be ſung in ſo well-ord'red Verſe,
That each word haue his weight,
Yet runne with pleaſure;
Holding one ſtately height,
In ſo braue meaſure,
That they may make the ſtiffeſt Storme ſeeme weake,
And dampe IOVES Thunder, when it lowd'ſt doth ſpeake.

And if yee liſt to exerciſe your Vayne,
Or in the Sock, or in the Buskin'd Strayne,
Let Art and Nature goe
One with the other;
Yet ſo, that Art may ſhow
Nature her Mother;
The thick-brayn'd Audience liuely to awake,
Till with ſhrill Claps the Theater doe ſhake.

Sing

Sing Hymnes to BACCHVS then, with hands vprear'd,
Offer to IOVE, who moſt is to be fear'd:
From him the Muſe we haue,
From him proceedeth
More then we dare to craue;
'Tis he that feedeth
Them, whom the World would ſtarue; then let the Lyre
Sound, whilſt his Altars endleſſe flames expire.

TO CVPID.

MAYDENS, why ſpare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind Shooter?
Becauſe wanton VENVS,
So oft that doth paine vs,
Is her Sonnes Tutor.

Now in the Spring,
He proueth his Wing,
The Field is his Bower,
And as the ſmall Bee,
About flyeth hee,
From Flower to Flower.

And wantonly roues,
Abroad in the Groues,
And in the Ayre houers,
Which when it him deweth,
His Fethers he meweth,
In ſighes of true Louers.

And ſince doom'd by Fate,
(That well knew his Hate)
That Hee ſhould be blinde;
For very deſpite,
Our Eyes be his White,
So wayward his kinde.

If his Shafts looſing,
(Ill his Marke chooſing)
Or his Bow broken;
The Moane VENVS maketh,
And care that ſhe taketh,
Cannot be ſpoken.

To VVLCAN commending
Her loue, and ſtraight ſending
Her Doues and her Sparrowes,
With Kiſſes vnto him,
And all but to woo him,
To make her Sonne Arrowes.

Telling what he hath done,
(Sayth ſhe, Right mine owne Sonne)
In her Armes ſhe him cloſes,
Sweetes on him fans,
Layd in Downe of her Swans,
His Sheets, Leaues of Roſes.

And feeds him with Kiſſes;
Which oft when he miſſes,
He euer is froward:
The Mothers o'r-ioying,
Makes by much coying
The Child ſo vntoward.

Yet in a fine Net,
That a Spider ſet,
The Maydens had caught him;
Had ſhe not been neere him,
And chanced to heare him,
More good they had taught him.

AN AMOVRET ANACREONTICK.

MOſt good, moſt faire,
Or Thing as rare,
To call you's loſt;
For all the coſt

Words

Words can beſtow,
So poorely ſhow
Vpon your prayſe,
That all the wayes
Senſe hath, come ſhort:
Whereby Report
Falls them vnder;
That when Wonder
More hath ſeyzed,
Yet not pleaſed,
That it in kinde
Nothing can finde,
You to expreſſe:
Neuerthelesſe,
As by Globes ſmall,
This Mightie ALL
Is ſhew'd, though farre
From Life, each Starre
A World being:
So wee ſeeing
You, like as that,
Onely truſt what
Art doth vs teach;
And when I reach
At Morall Things,
And that my Strings
Grauely ſhould ſtrike,
Straight ſome miſlike
Blotteth mine ODE.
As with the Loade,
The Steele we touch,
Forc'd ne'r ſo much,
Yet ſtill remoues
To that it loues,
Till there it ſtayes;
So to your prayſe
I turne euer,
And though neuer
From you mouing,
Happie ſo louing.

LOVES

LOVES CONQVEST.

WEr't granted me to chooſe,
How I would end my dayes;
Since I this Life muſt looſe,
It ſhould be in Your praiſe;
For there is no *Bayes*
Can be ſet aboue you.

S'impoſſibly I loue You
And for You ſit ſo hie,
Whence none may remoue You
In my cleere Poeſie,
That I oft deny
You ſo ample Merit.

The freedome of my Spirit
Maintayning(ſtill) my Cauſe,
Your Sex not to inherit,
Vrging the *Salique* Lawes;
But your Vertue drawes
From Me euery due.

Thus ſtill You me purſue;
That no where I can dwell,
By Feare made iuſt to You,
Who Naturally rebell,
Of You that excell
That ſhould I ſtill Endyte,

Yet will You want ſome Ryte.
That loſt in Your high praiſe
I wander to and fro,
As ſeeing ſundry Waies:
Yet which the right not know
To get out of this Maze.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.

YOu braue Heroique Minds,
Worthy your Countries Name,
That Honour ſtill purſue,
Goe, and ſubdue,
Whilſt loyt'ring Hinds
Lurke here at home, with ſhame.

Britans, you ſtay too long,
Quickly aboord beſtow you,
And with a merry Gale
Swell your ſtretch'd Sayle,
With Vowes as ſtrong,
As the Winds that blow you.

Your Courſe ſecurely ſteere,
Weſt and by South forth keepe,
Rocks, Lee-ſhores, nor Sholes,
When EOLVS ſcowles,
You need not feare,
So abſolute the Deepe.

And cheerefully at Sea,
Succeſſe you ſtill intice,
To get the Pearle and Gold,
And ours to hold,
VIRGINIA,
Earth's onely Paradiſe.

Where Nature hath in ſtore
Fowle, Veniſon, and Fiſh,
And the fruitfull'ſt Soyle,
Without your Toyle,
Three Harueſts more,
All greater then your Wiſh.

And

And the ambitious Vine
Crownes with his purple Maſſe,
The Cedar reaching hie
To kiſſe the Sky
The Cypreſſe, Pine
And vſe-full Saſſafras.

To whoſe, the golden Age
Still Natures lawes doth giue,
No other Cares that tend,
But Them to defend
From Winters age,
That long there doth not liue.

When as the Luſhious ſmell
Of that delicious Land,
Aboue the Seas that flowes,
The cleere Wind throwes,
Your Hearts to ſwell
Approching the deare Strand.

In kenning of the Shore
(Thanks to God firſt giuen,)
O you the happy'ſt men,
Be Frolike then,
Let Cannons roare,
Frighting the wide Heauen.

And in Regions farre
Such *Heroes* bring yee foorth,
As thoſe from whom We came,
And plant Our name,
Vnder that Starre
Not knowne vnto our North.

And as there Plenty growes
Of Lawrell euery where,
APOLLO'S Sacred tree,
You it may ſee,
A Poets Browes
To crowne, that may ſing there.

Thy Voyages attend,
Induſtrious HACKLVIT,
Whoſe Reading ſhall inflame
Men to ſeeke Fame,
And much commend
To after-Times thy Wit.

AN ODE WRITTEN IN THE PEAKE.

THis while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our Lyre?
Shall we not ſing an ODE?
Shall that holy Fire,
In vs that ſtrongly glow'd,
In this cold Ayre expire?

Long ſince the Summer layd
Her luſtie Brau'rie downe,
The Autumne halfe is way'd,
And BOREAS 'gins to frowne,
Since now I did behold
Great BRVTES firſt builded Towne.

Though in the vtmoſt *Peake*,
A while we doe remaine,
Amongſt the Mountaines bleake
Expos'd to Sleet and Raine,
No Sport our Houres ſhall breake,
To exerciſe our Vaine.

What though bright PHŒBVS Beames
refreſh the Southerne Ground,
And though the Princely *Thames*
With beautious Nymphs abound,
And by old *Camber's* Streames
Be many Wonders found;

Yet many Riuers cleare
Here glide in Siluer Swathes,
And what of all moſt deare,
Buckſton's delicious Bathes,
Strong Ale and Noble Cheare,
T'aſſwage breeme Winters ſcathes.

Thoſe grim and horrid Caues,
Whoſe Lookes affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature ſaues,
What ſhe would not bewray,
Our better leaſure craues,
And doth inuite our Lay.

In places farre or neere,
Or famous, or obſcure,
Where wholeſome is the Ayre,
Or where the moſt impure,
All times, and euery-where,
The Muſe is ſtill in vre.

HIS DEFENCE AGAINST THE IDLE CRITICK.

THe Ryme nor marres, nor makes,
Nor addeth it, nor takes,
From that which we propoſe;
Things imaginarie
Doe ſo ſtrangely varie,
That quickly we them loſe.

And what's quickly begot,
As ſoone againe is not,
This doe I truely know:
Yea, and what's borne with paine,
That Senſe doth long'ſt retaine,
Gone with a greater Flow.

Yet this Critick ſo ſterne,
But whom, none muſt diſcerne,
Nor perfectly haue ſeeing,
Strangely layes about him,
As nothing without him
Were worthy of being.

That

That I my ſelfe betray
To that moſt publique way,
Where the Worlds old Bawd,
Cuſtome, that doth humor,
And by idle rumor,
Her Dotages applaud.

That whilſt ſhe ſtill prefers
Thoſe that be wholly hers,
Madneſſe and Ignorance,
I creepe behind the Time,
From ſpertling with their Crime,
And glad too with my Chance.

O wretched World the while,
When the euill moſt vile
Beareth the fayreſt face,
And inconſtant lightneſſe,
With a ſcornefull ſlightneſſe,
The beſt Things doth diſgrace.

Whilſt this ſtrange knowing Beaſt,
Man, of himſelfe the leaſt,
His Enuie declaring,
Makes Vertue to deſcend,
Her Title to defend,
Againſt him, much preparing.

Yet theſe me not delude,
Nor from my place extrude,
By their reſolued Hate;
Their vileneſſe that doe know,
Which to my ſelfe I ſhow,
To keepe aboue my Fate.

TO HIS RIVALL.

HEr lou'd I moſt,
By thee that's loſt,
Though ſhe were wonne with leaſure;
She was my gaine,
But to my paine,
Thou ſpoyl'ſt me of my Treaſure.

The Ship full fraught
With Gold, farre ſought,
Though ne'r ſo wiſely helmed,
May ſuffer wracke
In ſayling backe,
By Tempeſt ouer-whelmed.

But ſhee, good Sir,
Did not preferre
You, for that I was ranging;
But for that ſhee
Found faith in mee,
And ſhe lou'd to be changing.

Therefore boaſt not
Your happy Lot,
Be ſilent now you haue her;
The time I knew
She ſlighted you,
When I was in her fauour.

None ſtands ſo faſt,
But may be caſt
By Fortune, and diſgraced:
Once did I weare
Her Garter there,
Where you her Gloue haue placed.

I had the Vow
That thou haſt now,
And Glances to diſcouer
Her Loue to mee,
And ſhe to thee
Reades but old Leſſons ouer.

She hath no Smile
That can beguile,
But as my Thought I know it;
Yea, to a Hayre,
Both when and where,
And how ſhe will beſtow it.

What now is thine,
Was onely mine,
And firſt to me was giuen;
Thou laugh'ſt at mee,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are euen.

But Ile not mourne,
But ſtay my Turne,
The Wind may come about, Sir,
And once againe
May bring me in,
And helpe to beare you out, Sir.

A SKELTONIAD.

THe Muſe ſhould be ſprightly,
Yet not handling lightly
Things graue; as much loath,
Things that be ſlight, to cloath
Curiouſly: To retayne
The Comelineſſe in meane,
Is true Knowledge and Wit.
Nor me forc'd Rage doth fit,
That I thereto ſhould lacke
Tabacco, or need Sacke,
Which to the colder Braine
Is the true *Hyppocrene*;
Nor did I euer care
For great Fooles, nor them ſpare.
Vertue, though neglected,
Is not ſo deiected,
As vilely to deſcend
To low Baſeneſſe their end;
Neyther each ryming Slaue
Deſerues the Name to haue
Of Poet: ſo the Rabble
Of Fooles, for the Table,
That haue their Ieſts by Heart,
As an Actor his Part,
Might aſſume them Chayres
Amongſt the Muſes Heyres.
Parnaſſus is not clome
By euery ſuch Mome;
Vp whoſe ſteepe ſide who ſwerues,
It behoues t'haue ſtrong Nerues:

My

My Reſolution ſuch,
How well, and not how much
To write, thus doe I fare,
Like ſome, few good that care
(The euill ſort among)
How well to liue, and not how long.

THE CRYER.

GOod Folke, for Gold or Hyre,
But helpe me to a Cryer;
For my poore Heart is runne aſtray
After two Eyes, that paſs'd this way.
O yes, O yes, O yes,
If there be any Man,
In Towne or Countrey, can
Bring me my Heart againe,
Ile pleaſe him for his paine;
And by theſe Marks I will you ſhow,
That onely I this Heart doe owe.
It is a wounded Heart,
Wherein yet ſticks the Dart,
Eu'ry piece ſore hurt throughout it,
Faith, and Troth, writ round about it:
It was a tame Heart, and a deare,
And neuer vs'd to roame;
But hauing got this Haunt, I feare
'Twill hardly ſtay at home.
For Gods ſake, walking by the way,
If you my Heart doe ſee,
Either impound it for a Stray,
Or ſend it backe to me.

TO HIS COY LOVE,
A CANZONET.

I Pray thee leaue, loue me no more,
Call home the Heart you gaue me,
I but in vaine that Saint adore,
That can, but will not ſaue me:
Theſe poore halfe Kiſſes kill me quite;
Was euer Man thus ſerued?
Amidſt an Ocean of Delight,
For Pleaſure to be ſterued.

Shew me no more thoſe Snowie Breſts,
With Azure Riuerets branched,
Where whilſt mine Eye with Plentie feaſts,
Yet is my Thirſt not ſtanched.
O TANTALVS, thy Paines ne'r tell,
By me thou art preuented;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in Hell,
But thus in Heauen tormented.

Clip me no more in thoſe deare Armes,
Nor thy Life's Comfort call me;
O, theſe are but too pow'rfull Charmes,
And doe but more inthrall me.
But ſee how patient I am growne,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come nice Thing, let thy Heart alone,
I cannot liue without thee.

A HYMNE TO HIS LADIES BIRTH-PLACE.

COVENTRY, that do'ſt adorne
The Countrey wherein I was borne,
Yet therein lyes not thy prayſe,
Why I ſhould crowne thy Tow'rs with Bayes:

'Tis

Couentry finely walled.
The Shoulder-bone of a Bore of mighty bignesse.

'Tis not thy Wall, me to thee weds
Thy Ports, nor thy proud Pyrameds,
Nor thy Trophies of the Bore,
But that Shee which I adore,
Which scarce Goodnesse selfe can payre,
First their breathing blest thy Ayre;
IDEA, in which Name I hide
Her, in my heart Deifi'd,
For what good, Man's mind can see,
Onely Her IDEAS be;
She, in whom the Vertues came
In Womans shape, and tooke her Name,
She so farre past Imitation,
As but Nature our Creation
Could not alter, she had aymed,
More then Woman to haue framed:
She, whose truely written Story,
To thy poore Name shall adde more glory,
Then if it should haue beene thy Chance,
T'haue bred our Kings that Conquer'd *France*.
Had She beene borne the former Age,
That house had beene a Pilgrimage,
And reputed more Diuine,
Then *Walsingham* or BECKETS Shrine.
That Princesse, to whom thou do'st owe
Thy Freedome, whose Cleere blushing snow,
The enuious Sunne saw, when as she
Naked rode to make Thee free,
Was but her Type, as to foretell,
Thou should'st bring forth one, should excell
Her Bounty, by whom thou should'st haue
More Honour, then she Freedome gaue;
And that great Queene, which but of late
Ru'ld this Land in Peace and State,
Had not beene, but Heauen had sworne,
A Maide should raigne, when she was borne.
Of thy Streets, which thou hold'st best,
And most frequent of the rest,
Happy *Mich-Parke* eu'ry yeere,
On the fourth of *August* there,
Let thy Maides from FLORA's bowers,
With their Choyce and daintiest flowers
Decke Thee vp, and from their store,
With braue Garlands crowne that dore.
The old Man passing by that way,
To his Sonne in Time shall say,

Two famous Pilgrimages, the one in Norfolk, *the other in* Kent.
Godiua, *Duke* Leofricks *wife, who obtained the Freedome of the City, of her husband, by riding thorow it naked.*
Queene Elizabeth.

A noted Streete in Couentry.
His Mistresse birth-day.

There

There was that Lady borne, which long
To after-Ages ſhall be ſung;
Who vnawares being paſſed by,
Back to that Houſe ſhall caſt his Eye,
Speaking my Verſes as he goes,
And with a Sigh ſhut eu'ry Cloſe.
Deare Citie, trauelling by thee,
When thy riſing Spyres I ſee,
Deſtined her place of Birth;
Yet me thinkes the very Earth
Hallowed is, ſo farre as I
Can thee poſſibly deſcry:
Then thou dwelling in this place,
Hearing ſome rude Hinde diſgrace
Thy Citie with ſome ſcuruy thing,
Which ſome Ieſter forth did bring,
Speake theſe Lines where thou do'ſt come,
And ſtrike the Slaue for euer dumbe.

To The CAMBRO-BRITANS, and their Harpe, his Ballad of AGINCOVRT.

FAire ſtood the Wind for *France*,
When we our Sayles aduance,
Nor now to proue our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the Mayne,
At *Kaux*, the Mouth of *Sene*,
With all his Martiall Trayne,
Landed King HARRY.

And taking many a Fort,
Furniſh'd in Warlike ſort,
Marcheth tow'rds *Agincourt*,
In happy howre;
Skirmiſhing day by day,
With thoſe that ſtop'd his way,
Where the *French* Gen'rall lay,
With all his Power.

Which in his Hight of Pride,
King HENRY to deride,
His Ranſome to prouide
To the King ſending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a Nation vile,
Yet with an angry ſmile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his Men,
Quoth our braue HENRY then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet haue we well begunne,
Battels ſo bravely wonne,
Haue euer to the Sonne,
By Fame beene rayſed.

And for my Selfe (quoth he,
This my full reſt ſhall be,
England ne'r mourne for Me,
Nor more eſteeme me.
Victor I will remaine,
Or on this Earth lie ſlaine,
Neuer ſhall Shee ſuſtaine,
Loſſe to redeeme me.

Poiters and *Creſſy* tell,
When moſt their Pride did ſwell,
Vnder our Swords they fell,
No leſſe our skill is,
Then when our Grandſire Great,
Clayming the Regall Seate,
By many a Warlike feate,
Lop'd the *French* Lillies.

The Duke of *Yorke* ſo dread,
The eager Vaward led;
With the maine, HENRY ſped,
Among'ſt his Hench-men.
EXCESTER had the Rere,
A Brauer man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were,
On the falſe *French-men*!

The

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on Armour ſhone,
Drumme now to Drumme did grone,
To heare, was wonder;
That with Cryes they make,
The very Earth did ſhake,
Trumpet to Trumpet ſpake,
Thunder to Thunder.

Well it thine Age became,
O Noble ERPINGHAM,
Which didſt the Signall ayme,
To our hid Forces;
When from a Medow by,
Like a Storme ſuddenly,
The *Engliſh* Archery
Stuck the *French* Horſes,

With *Spaniſh* Ewgh ſo ſtrong,
Arrowes a Cloth-yard long,
That like to Serpents ſtung,
Piercing the Weather;
None from his fellow ſtarts,
But playing Manly parts,
And like true *Engliſh* hearts,
Stuck cloſe together.

When downe their Bowes they threw,
And forth their Bilbowes drew,
And on the *French* they flew,
Not one was tardie;
Armes were from ſhoulders ſent,
Scalpes to the Teeth were rent,
Downe the *French* Peſants went,
Our Men were hardie.

This while our Noble King,
His broad Sword brandiſhing,
Downe the *French* Hoaſt did ding,
As to o'r-whelme it;
And many a deepe Wound lent,
His Armes with Bloud beſprent,
And many a cruell Dent
Bruiſed his Helmet.

GLOSTER, that Duke ſo good,
Next of the Royall Blood,
For famous *England* ſtood,
With his braue Brother;
CLARENCE, in Steele ſo bright,
Though but a Maiden Knight,
Yet in that furious Fight,
Scarce ſuch another.

WARWICK in Bloud did wade,
OXFORD the Foe inuade,
And cruell ſlaughter made,
Still as they ran vp;
SVFFOLKE his Axe did ply,
BEAVMONT and WILLOVGHBY
Bare them right doughtily,
FERRERS and FANHOPE.

Vpon Saint CRISPIN's day
Fought was this Noble Fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To *England* to carry;
O, when ſhall *Engliſh* Men
With ſuch Acts fill a Pen,
Or *England* breed againe,
Such a King HARRY?

FINIS.

THE LEGENDS OF

ROBERT, Duke of *Normandie.*

MATILDIA the Faire.

PIERCE GAVESTON, Earle of *Cornwall.*

THOMAS CROMWELL, Earle of *Essex.*

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,
ESQVIRE.



LONDON,
Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICKE.
1619.

TO THE HONOVRABLE Knight, Sir WALTER ASTON.

I Will not ſtriue m'Inuention to inforce,
With needleſſe words your eyes to intertaine,
T'obſerue the formall ordinary courſe,
That euery one ſo vulgarly doth faine.
Our interchanged and deliberate choice
Is with more firme and true election ſorted,
Then ſtands in cenſure of the common voice,
That with light humor fondly is tranſported.
Nor take I patterne of anothers prayſe,
Then what my Pen may conſtantly auow,
Nor walke more publike, nor obſcurer wayes,
Then Vertue bids, and Iudgement will allow:
So ſhall my loue and beſt endeuours ſerue you,
And ſtill ſhall ſtudy, ſtill ſo to deſerue you.

M. DRAYTON.

To The Reader.

THe word LEGEND, *ſo called of the Latine Gerund,* Legendum, *and ſignifying, by the Figure* Hexoche, *things ſpecially worthy to be read, was anciently vſed in an Eccleſiaſticall ſenſe, and reſtrained therein to things written in Proſe, touching the Liues of Saints. Maſter* EDMVND SPENSER *was the very firſt among vs, who transferred the vſe of the word,* LEGEND, *from Proſe to Verſe: nor that vnfortunately; the Argument of his Bookes being of a kind of ſacred Nature, as comprehending in them things as well Diuine as Humane. And ſurely, that excellent Maſter, knowing the weight and vſe of Words, did competently anſwere the* Decorum *of a* LEGEND, *in the qualitie of his Matter, and meant to giue it a kind of Conſecration in the Title. To particularize the Lawes of this Poeme, were to teach the making of a Poeme; a Worke for a Volume, not an Epiſtle. But the principall is, that being a* Species *of an* Epick *or Heroick Poeme, it eminently deſcribeth the act or acts of ſome one or other eminent Perſon; not with too much labour, compaſſe, or extenſion, but roundly rather, and by way of Briefe, or* Compendium.

This maine Rule is not here forgotten: For there is giuen to thee in my Duke ROBERT, *the Life of a iuſt, though outwardly infortunate Prince; to ſhew the World, that Euents are not the meaſure of Counſels, Gods pleaſure ouer-ſwaying in all, for hidden Cauſes. In Noble* MATILDA, *a moſt worthie Example of that rareſt of all Morall Vertues, Chaſtitie. In* PIERCE *of* Gaueſton *there is giuen to the Minions, and Creatures of Princes, a very faire warning, to vſe their Grace with their Royall Patrons, modeſtly. Laſt of all, in* CROMWELL *thou haſt the Example of a new Mans fortune, made great by Arts of Court, and reach of a ſhrewd Wit, vpon the aduantages of a corrupt Prince, and Times; ſhewing, that nothing is certaine in newneſſe, where the Creatures Fall may in ſome meaſure deliuer the mortall Creator from the enuie of his proper Acts, and Inſolencies.*

Farewell.

THE LEGEND OF ROBERT, DVKE OF NORMANDY.

WHat time ſoft Night had ſilently begun
To ſteale by Minutes on the long-liu'd Dayes,
The furious Dog-ſtarre following the bright Sunne,
With noyſome Heat infeſts his chearefull Rayes,
Filling the Earth with many a ſad Diſeaſe;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate Fires,
Her ſelfe in light Habilliments attyres.

A Periphraſis of the height of Summer.

And the rathe Morning newly but awake,
Was with freſh Beautie burniſhing her Browes,
Her ſelfe beholding in the Gen'rall Lake,
To which ſhe payes her neuer-ceaſing Vowes,
With the new Day me willingly to rowze;
Downe to faire *Thames* I gently tooke my way,
With whom the Winds continually doe play.

A deſcription of the delightfull courſe of the renowned Thames *in two following Stanza's.*

Striuing to Fancie his chaſte Breſt to moue,
Whereas all Pleaſures plentifully flow,
When him along, the wanton Tyde doth ſhoue,
And to keepe backe, they eaſily doe blow,
Or elſe force forward, thinking him to flow;
Who with his Waues would check the Winds imbrace,
Whilſt they fanne Ayre vpon his cryſtall face.

Still forward ſallying from his bountious Sourſe,
Along the Shores laſciuiouſly doth ſtrayne,
Making ſuch ſtrange *Meanders* in his Courſe,
As to his Fountaine he would back agayne,
Or turn'd about to looke vpon his Trayne;
Whoſe ſundry Soyles with coy Regards he greets,
Till with cleare *Medway* happily he meets.

Medway, *a Riuer of* Kent, *comming by* Rocheſter, *and falling into the* Thames.

Steering my Compaſſe by this wand'ring Streame,
Whoſe flight preach'd to me Times ſwift-poſting How'rs,
Delighted thus as with ſome prettie Dreame,
Where Pleaſure wholly had poſſeſs'd my Pow'rs,
And looking back on *Londons* ſtately Tow'rs,
So *Troy*, thought I, her ſtately Head did rere,
Whoſe crazed Ribs the furrowing Plow doth eyre.

Wearie, at length a Willow Tree I found,
Which on the Banke of this braue Riuer ſtood,
Whoſe Root with rich Graſſe greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the ſwelling Flood;
Ordayn'd (it ſeem'd) to ſport his Nymphiſh Brood,
Whoſe curled Top, enuy'd the Heau'ns great Eye,
Should view the Stock it was maintained by.

The Larke, that holds obſeruance to the Sunne,
Quauer'd her cleare Notes in the quiet Ayre,
And on the Riuers murmuring Baſe did runne,
Whilſt the pleas'd Heau'n her fayreſt Liu'rie ware,
The Place ſuch Pleaſure gently did prepare;
The Flow'rs my Smell, the Floud my taſte to ſteepe,
And the much ſoftneſſe lulled me aſleepe.

The five Senſes all at once pleaſed.

When in a Viſion as it ſeem'd to me,
Triumphall Muſike from the Floud aroſe,
As when the Sou'raigne we embarged ſee,
And by faire *London* for his pleaſure rowes,
Whoſe tender Welcome the glad Citie ſhowes;
The People ſwarming on the peſt'red Shoares,
And the curl'd Water ouer-ſpred with Oares.

Simile.

A Troupe of Nymphs came ſuddenly on Land,
In the full end of this Triumphall Sound,
And me incompaſs'd, taking hand in hand,
Caſting themſelues about me in a Round,
And ſo downe ſet them on the eaſie Ground,
Bending their cleare Eyes with a modeſt Grace
Vpon my Swart and Melancholy Face.

Ner.

Next,'twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from ſome diſtreſſefull place,
To me who ſeemed ſome right worthy Wight,
Though his Attyre were miſerably baſe,
And Time had worne deepe Furrowes in his Face;
Yet,though cold Age had froſted his fayre Hayres,
It rather ſeem'd with Sorrow then with Yeares.

The one,a Lady of a Princely Port,
Leading this ſad Lord,ſcarcely that could ſtand;
The other fleering in diſdainefull ſort,
With ſcornefull Geſtures drew him by the hand:
Who lame and blind,yet bound with many a Band,
When I perceiued neerer as they came,
This Foole was *Fortune*, and the brauer, *Fame*.

Fame had the right Hand,in a Robe of Gold,
(Whoſe Trayne old *Time* obſequiouſly did beare)
Whereon,in rich Embrodrie, was enrol'd
The Names of all that Worthies euer were,
Which all might reade depainted liuely there,
Set downe in ofie well-compoſed Verſe,
Fit'ſt the great Deeds of HEROES to rehearſe.

A Deſcription of Fame, *and her Habit.*

On her faire Breſt ſhe two broad Tablets wore,
Of Cryſtall one, the other Ebonie:
On which,ingrauen were all Names of yore,
In the cleare Tombe of liuing Memorie,
Or the blacke Booke of endleſſe Obloquie;
The firſt with Poets and with Conqu'rors pyl'd,
That with baſe Worldlings euery where defil'd.

And in her words appeared (as a Wonder)
Her preſent Force and after-during Might,
Which ſoftly ſpoke,farre off were heard to thunder,
About the World that quickly tooke their flight,
And brought the moſt obſcureſt Things to light;
That ſtill, the farther off, the greater ſtill
Did make our Good, or manifeſt our Ill.

Fortune, as blind as he whom ſhe did lead,
Changing her Feature,often in an howre
Fantaſtically carrying her Head,
Soone would ſhe ſmile,and ſuddenly would lowre,
And with one breath her words were ſweet and ſowre;
Vpon ſtarke Fooles ſhe amorouſly would glance,
And vpon Wiſe-men coyly looke aſcance.

A Deſcription of Fortune, *and her Habit.*

About her neck, in maner of a Chaine,
Torne Diadems and broken Scepter's hung,
If any, on her ſtedfaſtly did leane,
Them to the ground deſpightfully She flung,
And in this Poſture, as She paſt along,
She bags of Gold out of her boſome drew,
Which ſhe to Sots and arrant Ideots threw.

A duskie Vaile did hide her ſightleſſe eyes,
Like Clouds that couer our vncertaine liues,
Whereon were portray'd direfull Tragedies,
Fooles wearing Crownes, and wiſemen clog'd in Gyues,
How all things ſhe prepoſtrouſly contriues,
Which as a Map, her Regency diſcouers
In Campes, in Courts, and in the way of Louers.

An eaſie Banke neere to this place there was,
A ſeat faire FLORA vs'd to ſit vpon,
Curling her cleere locks in this liquid glaſſe,
Putting her rich Gems, and attyrings on,
Fitter then this about vs there was none:
Where they ſet downe that poore diſtreſſed man,
When to the purpoſe FORTVNE thus began:

Robert, *ſurnam'd* Curthoyſe, *or* Short-hoſe.

Behold this Duke of *Normandy*, quoth ſhe,
The heire of WILLIAM Conqueror of this Ile,
Appealing to be iuſtifi'd by Thee,
(Whoſe Tragedy, this *Poet* muſt compile,)
He whom I euer haue eſteemed vile,
Marking his birth with an vnlucky brand;
And yet for him thou com'ſt prepar'd to ſtand.

Fortunes inuective *againſt* Fame, *in the* 8. *following Stanza's.*

What art thou, but a Tumor of the mind,
A bubble, blowne vp by deceitfull breath,
Which neuer yet exactly wert defin'd,
In whom no wiſe-man e'r repoſed faith,
Speaking of few well, vntill after Death,
That from looſe Humor haſt thy time-leſſe birth,
Vnknowne to Heauen, nor much eſteem'd on earth?

Firſt, by opinion had'ſt thou thy Creation,
On whom thou ſtill doſt ſeruilly attend,
And like whom, long thou keep'ſt not any faſhion,
But with the world incertainely do'ſt wend,
Which as a Poſte thee vp and downe doth ſend:
Without prophane Tongues thou canſt neuer riſe,
Nor be vp-holden, be it not with lies:

Is

In eu'ry corner prying like a Theefe,
And through each Cranny like the Wind do'ſt creepe,
Apt to Report, as eaſie of Beleefe.
What's he, whoſe Counſell thou didſt euer keepe?
Yet into Cloſets ſawcily dar'ſt peepe,
Telling for truth, what thou canſt but ſuppoſe,
Divulging that, which thou ſhouldſt not diſcloſe.

With extreme Toyle and Labour thou art ſought,
Death is the way which leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with Bloud thy fauour muſt be bought,
And who will haue thee, fetcheth thee from Hell,
Where thou, impal'd with Fire and Sword, do'ſt dwell;
And when thou art in all this Perill found,
What art thou, onely but a Tinkling Sound?

Such as the World doth hold to be but baſe,
Of Humane Creatures, and the moſt doth ſcorne,
That amongſt Men ſit in the ſeruil'ſt place,
Theſe, for the moſt part, thou do'ſt moſt ſuborne,
Thoſe follow *Fame*, whoſe Weeds are neerely worne;
Yet thoſe poore Wretches cannot come to Thee,
Vnleſſe prefer'd and dignify'd by Me.

Thy Trumpet ſuch ſuppoſed to aduance,
Is but, as thoſe fantaſtically deeme,
Whom Folly, Youth, or Frenzie doth intrance,
Nor doth it ſound, but onely ſo doth ſeeme,
(Which the wiſe ſort a Dotage but eſteeme)
Onely thereby the Humorous abuſing,
Fondly their Error, and thy Fault excuſing.

Except in Perill, thou do'ſt not appeare;
Yet ſcarcely then, but with Intreats and Wooing,
Flying farre off, when as thou ſhould'ſt be neere,
At hand diminiſh'd, and augmented going,
Vpon ſlight Toyes the greateſt Coſt beſtowing,
Oft promiſing, Mens Loſſes to repayre,
Yet the performance, but a little Ayre.

On balefull Herſes (as the fitteſt Grounds)
Written with Bloud, thy ſad Memorials lye,
Whoſe Letters are immedicable Wounds,
Onely fit Obiects for the weeping Eye;
Thou from the Duſt Mens Worths do'ſt onely try,
And what before thou falſely didſt depraue,
Thou do'ſt acknowledge onely in the Graue.

Fortune shewing her Power, and God-head, aboue Faine; in the six Stanza's following.

The World it ſelfe is witneſſe of my Pow'r,
Ou'r whom I raigne with the eternall Fates,
With whom I ſit in Counſell eu'ry How'r,
On th'alteration of all Times and States,
Setting them downe their Changes, and their Dates,
In fore-appointing eu'ry thing to come,
Vntill the great and vniuerſall Doome.

The Starres to me an euerlaſting Booke,
In that eternall Regiſter, the Skie,
Whoſe mightie Volumes I oft ouer-looke,
Still turning ou'r the Leaues of Deſtinie,
Which Man I too inuiolate denie,
And his frayle Will thereby I ſee control'd,
By ſuch ſtrong Clauſes as are there inrol'd.

Predeſtination giuing me a beeing,
Whoſe depth Mans Wiſdome neuer yet could ſound,
Into whoſe Secrets onely I haue ſeeing,
Wherein wiſe Reaſon doth her ſelfe confound,
Searching where Doubts doe more thereby abound;
For ſacred Texts vnlock the way to mee,
To lighten thoſe that will my Glory ſee.

Thoſe Names th'old Poets to their Gods did giue,
Were onely Figures to expreſſe my Might,
To ſhew the Vertues that in *Fortune* liue,
And my much Power in this all-mouing Wight,
Who all their Altars to my God-head dight;
Which Alterations vpon Earth doe bring,
And giue them matter ſtill whereon to ſing.

What though vncertaine, varying in my Courſe,
I make my Changes ayme one certaine End,
Croſſing Mans Fore-caſt, to make knowne my Force,
Still Foe to none, to none a perfect Friend,
To him leaſt hoping, ſoonneſt I doe ſend,
That all ſhould find, I worthily beſtow,
And 'tis a Reaſon, that I thinke it ſo.

Forth of my Lap I powre abundant Bliſſe,
All Good proceeds from my all-giuing Hand,
By me, Man happy, or vnhappy is,
For whom I ſticke, or whom I doe withſtand,
And it is I am Friendſhips onely Band;
And vpon Me, all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, all Worldly Loue growes cold.

Pawſing,

Pawſing, ſhe frown'd, when ſuddenly withall,
A fearefull noyſe ariſeth from the Flood,
As when a Tempeſt furiouſly doth fall
Within the thick Waſte of ſome ancient Wood;
That in amazement eu'ry Mortall ſtood,
As though her words ſuch pow'rfulneſſe did beare,
That each thing ſeem'd her Menaces to feare.

When Fame yet ſmyling, mildly thus replyes;
Alas (quoth ſhe) what labour thou haſt loſt?
What wond'rous Myſts thou caſt'ſt before our Eyes?
Yet will the Gayne not counter-uaile the Coſt.
What would'ſt thou ſay, if thou hadſt cauſe to boaſt?
Which ſet'ſt thy ſtate out in ſuch wond'rous ſort,
Which, but thy ſelfe, none euer could report.

The Inuectiue of Fame *againſt* Fortune, *in 7. following Stanz'a's.*

For what is Fortune onely, but Euent,
Breeding in ſome a tranſitorie Terror?
A what Men will, that falls by Accident,
And onely named to excuſe their Error?
What elſe is Fortune, or who doth preferre her?
Or who to her ſo fooliſh is to leane,
Which weake Tradition onely doth maintaine?

A Toy, whereon the doting World doth dreame,
Firſt ſoothed by vncertaine Obſeruation,
Of Mens Attempts that being the extreame,
Faſt'neth thereby on weake Imagination;
Yet notwithſtanding all this Vſurpation,
Muſt to thy ſelfe be incidently loathing,
Moſt when thou would'ſt be, that art rightly nothing.

And with the World inſinuating thus,
And vnder ſo allowable Pretence,
Cloſely incrocheſt on Mans *Genius*,
In good and euill taking Reſidence;
And hauing got this ſmall Preeminence,
When to thy ſelfe a Being thou would'ſt frame,
Art in concluſion onely but a Name.

Thoſe Ignorant, which made a God of Nature,
And Natures God diuinely neuer knew,
Were thoſe, to Fortune that firſt built a Stature,
From whom thy Worſhip ignorantly grew;
Which being adored fooliſhly by few,
Grounded thy looſer and vncertaine Lawes
Vpon ſo weake and indigent a Cauſe.

Firſt,

First Sloth did hatch thee in her sleepy Cell,
And Thee with ease dishonorably fed,
Deliuering thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with base Thoughts, continually thee bred,
By Superstition id'ly being led,
It an Imposture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddesse Fooles doe onely take.

Nor neuer do'st Thou any thing forecast,
But as thou art Improuident, so light,
And this most wicked property Thou hast,
That against Vertue thou bend'st all thy Might,
With whom Thou wagest, a continuall fight;
The yeelding Spirit, in Fetters thou do'st bind
But art a meere slaue to the Constant mind.

Such is thy Froward and Malignant kind,
That what thou do'st, Thou still do'st in despight,
And art inamor'd of the Barbarous Hind:
Whom thou do'st make thy onely Fauorite:
" None but the Base, in baseneſse doe delight:
For wer't thou Heauenly, thou in Loue would'st bee,
With that which neerest doth resemble thee.

Fame expresing her preeminence in Diuinity aboue Fortune, in eight Stanza's.

But I alone the Herald am of Heauen,
Whose spacious Kingdome stretcheth farre and wide,
Through eu'ry Coast vpon the light'ning driuen,
As on the Sunne-beames, gloriously I ride,
By them I mount, and downe by them I slide,
I register the Worlds long-during houres,
And know the hie Will of th'immortall powers.

Men to the Starres me guiding them doe clime,
That all Demensions perfectly expresse,
I am alone the vanquisher of Time:
Bearing those Sweets, which cure death's bitternesse:
I all good Labours plentifully blesse,
Yea, all abstruse profoundities impart,
Leading men through the Tedious wayes of Art.

A discription of the Palace of Fame, in the 4. following Stanza's.

My Palace placed, betwixt Earth and Skies,
Which many a Tower, ambitiously vp beares,
Whereof the Windowes are glaz'd all with Eyes,
The Wall's as neatly builded are of Eares,
Where eu'ry thing in Heauen and Earth appeares,
Nothing so softly whisper'd in the Round,
But through my Palace presently doth sound.

And

And vnder foot floor'd all about with Drummes,
The Rafters, Trumpets, admirably cleare,
Sounding alowd each Name that thither comes,
The Crannies, Tongues, and Talking eu'ry where,
And all Things paſt, in Memorie doe beare,
The Doores vnlocke with eu'ry little breath,
Nay, open wide with each word which Man ſayth.

And hung about with Armes and conqu'red Spoyles;
The Poſts whereon the goodly Roofe doth ſtand,
Are Pillars grauen with HERCVLIAN Toyles;
Th'Atchieuements great, of many a Warlike Hand,
As well in Chriſtned, as in Heathen Land,
Done by thoſe Nobles that are moſt renown'd,
That there by me immortally are crown'd.

Here, in the Bodies likeneſſe whilſt it liues,
Appeare the Thoughts, proceeding from the Mind,
To which the place a glorious Habit giues,
When once to me they freely are reſign'd,
To be preſeru'd here: and are ſo refin'd,
That when the Corps by death doth laſtly periſh,
Then doth this Place the Minds true Image cheriſh.

My Beautie neuer fades, but ſtill new-borne,
As Yeeres increaſe, ſo euer waxing young,
My Strength is not diminiſhed, nor worne,
Time weak'ning all Things, onely makes me ſtrong,
Nor am I ſubiect to baſe Worldly Wrong;
The Power of Kings I vtterly defie,
Nor am I aw'd by all their Tyrannie.

The Brow of Heau'n my Monuments containe,
(And is the mightie Regiſter of Fame)
Which there in fierie Characters remaine,
The gorgeous Seeling of th'immortall Frame,
The Conſtellations publiſhing my Name,
Where my Memorials euermore abide,
So by th'old Poets was I glorify'd.

Fame hauing ended, *Fortune* ſoone began,
Further to vrge what ſhe before had ſaid;
When lo (quoth ſhe) Duke ROBERT is the Man,
Which as my Priſoner, I in Bonds doe lead,
For whom thou com'ſt againſt me here to plead,
Whom I alone depriued of his Crowne.
"Who can rayſe him, that *Fortune* will haue downe?

A fitter inſtance, *Fame* replying, none,
Then is Duke ROBERT, *Fortune* doe thy worſt,
Greater on Man thy Might was neuer ſhowne,
Doing to him all that thou could'ſt, or durſt:
And ſince thy Turne allotted is the firſt,
Proceed; ſee which, the *Norman* Duke ſhall haue,
After ſo long being layd vp in his Graue.

Fortunes *Relation of her power in the Life of Duke* Robert.

Quoth *Fortune*, Then I found th'vnſtedfaſt Starre,
Whoſe luckleſſe working limited his Fate,
That mark'd his ſad Natiuitie with Warre,
And Brothers moſt vnnaturall Debate,
As to be puniſh'd by his Parents Hate;
For that the Kingdome which the Conqu'ror wonne,
Should be the wracke of him, his firſt-borne Sonne.

By that which Nature did on him beſtow,
In him her beſt, that ſtrayned her to try,
Thereby, himſelfe I made him ouerthrow,
In humane Birth ſo powerfull am I,
Marking his Breſt too openly to lye,
From both his Brothers different too farre,
Too mild for Peace, too mercifull for Warre.

Duke Robert *of high Courage, yet of a flexible nature.*

And yet the Courage that he did inherite,
And from the Greatneſſe of his Bloud did take,
Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a Spirit,
When once his Wrongs came roughly to awake,
Forth, with ſo ſtrange and violent Furie brake,
As made the World apparantly to ſee
All humane Actions managed by mee.

Robert, *in his moſt hopefull Attempts, moſt vnfortunate.*

That till Reuenge was wholly him bereft,
(In eu'ry Thing oppoſed by my Pow'r)
For him to leane to, nothing being left,
And Danger him moſt threat'ned to deuoure,
To the laſt Period of the vtmoſt Houre,
Oft by vaine Hopes, that he might get my loue,
There was no Perill, but I made him proue.

Duke Robert *claymed* Normandie, *by his Fathers promiſe, to be deliuered him, ſo ſoone as his ſaid Father had conquered* England: *vnder which colour he inuaded it, and got the better of his Father, at the Battell of* Archenbray.

For whilſt his Father, with the *Norman* Sword,
His proſp'rous entrance vpon *England* made,
I layd the Proiect, that this youthfull Lord
In the meane time did *Normandie* inuade,
Vpon his Syre, and made him draw his Blade;
The meane whereby he thought he could not miſſe
That which he elſe might fayle of, to make his.

That

That ROBERT dayly in diſgrace might runne,
With the Great Conqu'ror, as he ſtill did grow
Neerer his Death; who vexed by his Sonne,
(His Pride which but too openly did ſhow)
His State deuiſed wiſely to beſtow
Vpon his Second, that his Dayes to cloſe,
Himſelfe he might more quietly repoſe.

The Conqueror *euer laboured to ſettle the Kingdome of* England *vpon his ſecond ſonne* William.

And then, leſt Time might chance to coole his Blood,
That luckleſſe Warre by ling'ring I ſupply'd,
That whilſt Duke ROBERT iuſtly cenſured ſtood,
For Diſobedience and vnnaturall Pride,
In heat of this, the Conqu'ror WILLIAM dy'd,
Setting young RVFVS vpon *Englands* Throne,
Leauing his Eldeſt ſtruggling for his Owne.

Which in ſhort time ſo many Miſchiefes bred,
(As ſundry Plagues on WILLIAM's Off-ſpring ſent)
Which ſoone roſe to ſo violent a Head,
That Policie them no way could preuent,
When to deſtruction all things headlong went;
And in the end, as conſummating all,
Duke ROBERT's irrecouerable Fall.

Whom then I did auſpiciouſly perſwade,
Once more with Warre to fright the *Engliſh* Fields,
His Brother (then King WILLIAM) to inuade,
To make him know the diff'rence of their Shields;
Where though his Armes he ne'r ſo wiſely wields,
And though by him the Kingdome were not taken,
His Scepter ſhould be violently ſhaken.

Duke Robert *preparеth an Armie to inuade* England.

Theſe ſundry Soyles, in both of which was ſowne
(By ſo approu'd and Fortunate a Hand)
Seed, which to both might proſp'rouſly haue growne,
Had they remain'd in Friend-ſhips ſacred Band,
In oppoſition when they came to ſtand:
Farre wyder wounds to either of them lent,
Then all the power that *Europe* could haue ſent.

Thus did I winne King WILLIAM in his life,
His Conquer'd Realme on RVFVS to beſtowe,
What he had got by ſtrength, to leaue in ſtrife,
Thoſe to moleſt that from his Stock ſhould growe;
Which by my Cunning I contriued ſo,
To plague his Iſſue with a generall ill,
Yet the extreme to fall on ROBERT ſtill.

Normandy *left to* Robert, *and* England *to* William.

That Prelate ODO (that with WILLIAM held)
To Biſhop LANFRANK for his deadly Spight,
That WILLIAM lou'd, againſt the King rebel'd,
With all his Power abetting ROBERTS Right,
Ayded by MORTAYN'S and MONTGOMERIE'S Might,
Vpon this Land to bring a ſecond Warre,
Of her late Conqueſt, whilſt ſhe bare the Skarre.

Odo, *Biſhop of* Bayeux, *Brother to the Conqueror, though he loued King* William Rufus, *yet for the hate he bare to* Lanfranke, *Biſhop of* Canterbury, *whom* William *much affected, forſooke him, and tooke part with Duke* Robert, *drawing many of the Nobilitie to his ſide.*

And when he was in ſo direct a way,
Great Friends at hand his Enterprize to back,
Ready before him, when his Entrance lay;
Nor could he thinke of ought that he did lack,
Yet wonne I him his Enterprize to ſlack,
Stopping the Courſe which rightly he had runne,
All to vndoe that he before had done.

When Duke Robert *had landed at* Southampton *for inuaſion,* Rufus, *by his faire promiſes, of Homage & Tribute, wonne him to diſmiſſe his Army, and to returne into* Normandy.

Thus did I firſt prouoke him to that Rage,
Which had ſo farre preuayl'd vpon his Blood,
And at my pleaſure did the ſame aſſwage,
When this braue Heat in ſtead might him haue ſtood,
So to my Humor alt'red I his Mood,
By taking Armes, his Coſt and Coyne to loſe,
And leauing them, to animate his Foes.

That by concluding this vntimely Peace,
I might thereby a ling'ring Warre begin,
That whilſt theſe Tumults for a while did ceaſe,
WILLIAM on ROBERT might aduantage winne;
Thus let I Treaſon ſecretly in,
Giuing deceitfull Policie the Kay,
Into the Cloſet where his Counſels lay.

Thus, in the habit of a faithfull Friend,
I drew into him a moſt dang'rous Foe,
His Wit, that vſed to no other end,
But to cloath Treaſon in a vertuous ſhow,
Which he for currant ſo contriu'd to goe,
As he in ſecret hurt Duke ROBERT more
By this ſoft Peace, then in the Warre before.

And to thee, *Fame*, I then my Pow'r addreſt,
Nay, Thee mine onely Inſtrument I made,
That whilſt theſe Brothers at this point did reſt,
ROBERT to Warre, I wonne thee to perſwade,
With thoſe that went the *Soldan* to inuade,
With great Duke GODFREY preſſing forth his Bands,
From his proud Pow'r to free the Holy Lands.

Godfrey, *Duke of* Bulloyne, *Generall of the Chriſtian Army.*

Thus,

Thus, by thee, *Fame*, did I his Humor feed,
The only way to draw this Duke abroad,
That whilſt at home his preſence moſt ſhould need,
In forraine Parts to faſten his aboad:
Him in this manner wiſely I beſtow'd,
That WILLIAM dying, ROBERT being gone,
HENRY might ſeat him on the *Engliſh* Throne.

His Eare ſo ſeas'ning with the ſound of Armes,
As in ought elſe no Muſike it could find,
Neither had any feeling of his Harmes:
On *Paleſtine* ſo placed he his Mind,
(Clearely that ſhew'd the Greatneſſe of his Kind)
And him ſo high and with ſuch force did beare,
As when he had moſt cauſe, he leaſt did feare.

Thus was he throwne into his endleſſe Thrall;
Which though the meane deuiſed was by Me,
And eu'ry thing was fitted to his Fall,
Which none could hinder, though the moſt fore-ſee,
Yet here I made an Inſtrument of Thee;
" For where Deſtruction I doe once pretend,
" All that Man doth, ſtill ſorteth to that end.

He gone, and RVFVS being rob'd of Breath,
And HENRY BEAVCLEARK coueting to raigne,
Offred ſo fairely by King WILLIAMS Death,
Whilſt ROBERT doth in *Paleſtine* remaine,
Whereby a Kingdome he might eas'ly gaine;
What by his Pow'r, and Science to perſwade,
Himſelfe a Monarch abſolutely made.

Suffring an vntimely death, being ſlaine with an Arrow, in Hunting.

Henry, *called* Beaucleark, *for his great Learning.*

He gayned the good-will of the Laitie, by perſwading them, that his Brother was to be elected King of Ieruſalem; *and of the Clergy, by his promiſes, to reſtore the Church Liuings which his Father and Brother had taken from them.*

Whilſt this great Duke imbraced was by Thee,
Which Thou as Thine do'ſt abſolutely clayme,
But finds meere Shadowes, only miſſing Me,
And idle Caſtles in the Ayre doth frame;
Lo, ſuch a mightie Monarcheſſe is *Fame*,
That what ſhe giues, ſo eaſie is to beare,
As none therefore needs Violence to feare.

Till ROBERT ſafely from the Holy Warres
Returning, honour'd by the *Pagans* flight,
From forraine Battels, into ciuill Iarres,
From getting others, for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to vſe the vtmoſt of his Might,
With that braue Sword, in *Pagan* Bloud imbru'd,
To ſaue himſelfe, by his owne Friends purſu'd.

When

When wanting Summes, the Sinewes of a Force,
(Which his high Spirit too quickly came to find,
Ere he could put himſelfe into his Courſe)
Moſt ſtrangely ſeem'd to mollifie his Mind;
And on the ſudden HENRY ſeeming kind,
Offred, his loue at any rate to buy,
So that faſt to him, he the Duke might tye.

Thus had his Brother William Rufus *ouer-wrought him once before.*

Thus, of Duke ROBERT wiſely did he winne,
Not then ſo well eſtabliſh'd as he would,
Till he by Craft had cloſely cropen in,
Setting himſelfe ſubſtantially to hold,
Offring him great Summes of bewitching Gold,
As yeerely Tribute from this Realme to riſe,
Quite to blot out all former Iniuries.

Henry *too politike for plaine-dealing* Robert.

Which to the poore Duke yeelding much Reliefe,
HENRY to paſſe his Purpoſes ſo brought,
Whilſt ROBERT yet ſuſpected not that Theefe,
Which vnder-hand ſo cunningly him caught;
Of whom, the leaſt when Princely ROBERT thought,
Eu'n in a Moment did annoy him more,
Then all thoſe Ills, that hap'd to him before.

* *Three thouſand Markes by the yeere, and the Suruiuor to be Heire to the o-ther: Which* Henry, *after he had ſeated himſelfe ſtrongly in the Kingdome, neglected to pay, making a ſcorne of his Brother.*

Which to this Lord (beleeuing well) vnknowne,
And he not finding, eas'ly could not flie,
For it, a Bait into his way was throwne,
Which to auoid, Duke ROBERT look'd too hie:
" Into good Minds, Craft can the eas'lyeſt prie;
For in his plyant Nature, as a Mould,
Well could I caſt what forme ſoe'r I would.

Many that prepared to ayde Duke Robert, *who intended to haue landed at* Portſmouth, *with an Army out of* Normandy; *when they found* Roberts *flexabilitie, and vpon a Proclamation of their Pardon by King* Henry, *gaue him all their Power.*

For by this * Tribute cutting off the Clayme,
Which he, the Elder, to his *England* made,
His former Hopes he forcibly did mayme,
Which for a while by HENRY being pay'd,
But after by him fraudulently ſtay'd,
As from a Fountaine, plentiouſly did ſpring
Th'efficient Cauſe of ROBERT's ruining.

When as his Friends, ſo well to him that meant,
To take his part and did their Force prepare,
Finding him thus their Purpoſe to preuent,
And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare;
Vpon King HENRY planted all their care,
Giuing their Pow'rs, their Peace with him to make,
Gath'red at firſt the *Norman* part to take.

And

And I that friendly euermore had beene
To the ſtout *Normans*, which by me had wonne,
To proue my ſelfe the Earth's Imperious Queene,
And ſhew the World, by me what can be done, (Sonne,
To ſpight this ROBERT, WILLIAM CONQVERORS
With *England* againſt *Normandie* doe ſtand,
Conqu'red but lately by the *Norman* Hand.

Fortune *variable in the ſtate of Kingdomes.*

Their Iſſue, which were Conqu'rors of this Ile,
At *Haſtings* which the *Engliſh* men did tame,
Here Natiues graced with the *Engliſh* Stile,
To their firſt Countrey carry back their Clayme,
Conqueſt returning, whence it lately came;
That once as *England* felt *Nueſtria's* Stroke,
To make *Nueſtria*, to beare *Englands* Yoke.

That part of France, *now called* Normandy, *was anciently called* Nueſtria; *but of a people comming thither, out of the North-part of* Germany, *it became ſo called, as* Northmandy, *or* Normandy, *that is, the Country of the men of the* North, *in their Language.*

Thoſe angry Brothers in the field in Armes,
Then whom there were not two more deadly Foes,
Ech ſeeking other in the hoc'ſt Alarmes,
And at their meeting, changing deadly Blowes,
Quickly that meant to winne, or ſoone to loſe,
ROBERT would faine releaſe himſelfe of thrall,
HENRY againe doth hotly put for all.

This Battell, in which Robert *was ouercome by his yonger brother* Henry, *was at a place called* Tenacbray, *in* Normandy.

On him, which late in *Paleſtine* I ſmil'd,
Return'd, at fatall *Tenacbray* I frowne,
And from his Dukedome him that day exil'd,
Which had he wonne it, might haue worne a Crowne:
And to be ſure him in miſ-h p to drowne,
Laſtly himſelfe, he in the fight did loſe,
Taken a Priſoner, by his Trayt'rous foes.

Which bound to *England* baſely did him bring,
Baſelyer abus'd and mock't at of his owne,
A Captiue where he ſhould haue beene a King;
Such was the lot by Me vpon him throwne:
There, to lament his miſery alone,
Preſcrib'd to one poore ſolitary place,
Who ſhould haue progres'd all a Kingdomes ſpace.

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or Reaſon ſound the depth of things Diuine,
The World amazed at Duke ROBERTS State,
Might thinke no power, to be compar'd to mine;
And wiſh the Gods would all to me reſigne:
In this man's fall apparently to ſee,
Aboue the Star's, what might there reſts in me.

That

That Blade, on him, in Battell which had power,
Was too much blunted, to abridge his Dayes,
Time, that so fast from all away doth scowre,
Deferres his End with Dilatorie stayes,
Whilst he his Brothers Tyrannie obayes,
That He in Life a thousand Deaths might dye;
Where I will plague, so tyrannous am I.

Duke Robert *taken in Battell, was by* Henry *committed to the Castle of* Cardiffe, *in* South-Wales: *From whence attempting to make escape, his Brother caused his Eyes to be put out, as some haue written, with a Burning Glasse.*

The while in *Cardiffe* he a Captiue lyes,
Whose Windowes were but Niggards of their Light;
I wrought, this HENRIE's Rage not to suffice,
But that he rob'd Duke ROBERT of his Sight,
To turne this little piece of Day to Night,
As though that Sense, whose want should be the last
To all Things liuing, he the first should taste.

That ROBERT so vnfortunately blinde,
No outward Obiect might disperse his Care,
The better to illuminate his Mind,
To see his Sorrowes throughly what they were,
To doe so much to this great Prince, I dare,
By taking from him, that which seru'd him best,
To his Affliction to turne all the rest.

And when he was bereaued of his Ease,
With the remembrance of so haynous Wrong,
Vpon his Brest so strongly that did seize,
And his sad Heart so violently stung,
Yet made I Nature in that Prince so strong,
That Griefe, which many doth of Life depriue,
Seem'd to preserue and keepe him still aliue.

Him I forbad, that any Foe should kill,
Nor by his owne Hand suffred him to die,
That Life to ROBERT should be lothsome still,
And that Death from him euermore should flie,
Making them both to him an Enemie,
Willing to die, by Life him double killing,
Vrged to liue, twice dying, he vnwilling.

So many yeeres as he had worne a Crowne,
So many yeeres as he had hop'd to rise,
So many yeeres vpon him did I frowne,
So many yeeres he liu'd without his Eyes,
So many yeeres in dying, ere he dyes,
So many yeeres shut vp in Prison strong;
" Though Sorrow make the shortest time seeme long.

Thus

Thus ſway I in the courſe of Earthly things,
To make Time worke him euerlaſting ſpight,
To ſhew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of Great ones doe delight,
Infyned Things my working infinite:
All Worldly changes, at my will diſpoſed,
For that in me all Wonder is incloſed.

At Fortunes ſpeech amazed whilſt they ſtand,
And Fame her ſelfe much wondred at his woe,
When from Duke ROBERT Fortune tooke her Hand,
Whoſe Miſerie ſhee thus had let them know:
When now to anſwere her deſpightfull Foe,
Fame from deepe ſilence ſeeming to awake,
For her deare Clyent, modeſtly thus ſpake:

What time I held my Reſidence in *Rome*,
Striuing my ſelfe o'r *Europe* to aduance,
To winne her Princes, to regayne the Tombe,
Which had beene loſt by their miſgouernance,
Awaking *England*, *Germanie*, and *France*,
All which were woo'd, and brauely wonne by Mee,
From the proud Pagans, *Paleſtine* to free.

Pope Vrban, *a great mouer to this Warre.*

PETER, that Holy Hermit putting on,
T'all Chriſtian Princes to preach out the loſſe,
And ſtirring braue Duke GODFREY to be gone,
Vnder the Banner of the Bloudy Croſſe,
And whilſt in ſo faire forwardneſſe it was,
And euery Eare attentiue ſeem'd to ſtand,
To heare what Power braue BVLLOYNE ſhould cõmand.

Peter, *a poore old Hermit, returning from* Ieruſalem, *certified the Chriſtian Princes, in what miſerie the* Chriſtians *liued there vnder the Pagans.* Godfrey *of* Bulloyne, *Generall of the Armie.*

Thither did I all happy Spirits exhort,
As to that bus'neſſe luckily to bring,
Allured by the confident Report,
That from ſo great an Enterprize did ſpring,
T'aduenture in ſo Popular a Thing,
And deemed no Man worthy to be mine,
That was found backward in this great Deſigne.

What time this Duke, great WILLIAM CONQVEROR
That in his natiue *Normandy* did reſt: (Sonne,
For of what elſe, his valiant Father wonne,
His Brother WILLIAM RVFVS was poſſeſt,
Which, whilſt he ſtriueth from his Hands to wreſt,
This braue Attempt, brake like a Deluge forth,
By my ſhrill Trumpet ſounded through the *North*.

Which hauing got free entrance to his Eare,
Such entertaynment hapned there to find,
As ſuffered no perſwaſion to be there,
From that high Purpoſe to diuert his Mind,
For being moſt Religiouſly inclind;
Woo'd with this offer; wiſely did prepare,
Himſelfe to furniſh for this great Affaire.

That Kingdome he doth careleſly neglect,
Which WILLIAM RVFVS wrongfully did keepe,
And only that doth conſtantly reſpect,
Where he once in his Sepulcher did ſleepe,
At whoſe deare Death the very Rocks did weepe,
His Crowne of Gold this Chriſtian Prince doth ſcorne,
So much he lou'd Him, that was crown'd with *Thorne*.

Duke Robert *morgaged the County of* Conſtantine *in the Duchy of* Normandie, *to* Henrie *his youngeſt Brother, for mony to leuy an Armie againſt* William, *who had gotten the Realme of* England. Robert, *to furniſh his iourney to the* Holy Land, *pawnd* Normandie *to his Brother* Rufus.

And though his wants him grieuouſly oppres'd,
Of thoſe great Summes which lately he had ſpent,
In leuying Power, which him ſhould haue poſſes'd
Of *England*, and much hindred his intent,
Yet his braue purpoſe it could not preuent;
Although awhile it ſeem'd delay to make
Of that, which he reſolu'd to vndertake.

Wherefore this Noble, and cleere-ſpirited Lord,
Whilſt the great buſ'neſſe ſtandeth at this ſtay,
And ſince his State no better could afford,
Ingage to WILLIAM, NORMANDY doth lay,
Prouiding firſt his Souldiers how to pay,
And of the two yet rather choſe to leaue
His Crowne, then he that Army would deceiue.

The Scottiſh-Iriſh.

To his victorious Enſigne came from farre,
Th'in Iled *Redſhanks*, toucht with no remorſe,
The nimble *Iriſh*, that with Darts doe warre,
The *Scot*, that is ſo cunning on his Horſe,
The *Engliſh* Archer of a Lyons force,
The valiant *Norman*, not the leaſt among
The *Camber-Britan*, hardy, big, and ſtrong,

Of what people Roberts *power moſt conſiſted.*

The Welſh.

Which long inclos'd within theſe colder Climes,
He to the bleſſed *Sepulcher* did bring,
And taught them how they ſhould redeeme the Times
Whence their Eternall memorie might ſpring,
To ſee the Place whereas their Heauenly King,
Their deare Redemption happily began:
Liuing on Earth, that was both GOD and *Man*.

No Prince before euer led the Engliſh *on ſo braue a ſeruice.*

Yee

Yee Ilanders, bound in the Oceans Chayne,
Lock'd vp like Pris'ners, from the cheerefull Day,
Your braue Commander brought yee to the Mayne,
Which to my Court shew'd yee the open Way,
And his victorious Hand became the Kay,
To let yee in, to my rich Treasure, where
None euer come, but those that I hold deare:

And did thereto so zealously proceed,
That those faire Locks, whose Curles did him adorne,
Till he had seene the Holy Citie freed:
He deepely vow'd, he neuer would haue shorne,
Which, for they so religiously were worne,
In euery Eye did beautifie him more,
Then did the Crowne of *Normandie* before.

A Vow made by Duke Robert.

No Threats, his Hand could cause him to with-hold,
As I the sequell briefly shall relate,
Yet bare himselfe right wisely as he could,
And best became his Dignitie and State;
Teaching how his, themselues should moderate,
Not following life, so with his chance content,
Nor flying Death, so truely Valient.

The Character of an excellent Captayne, continued, wherein he thorow all this speech of Fame.

So did he all his Faculties bestow,
That euery thing exactly might be done,
That true foresight, before the Act might goe,
Others grosse Errours happily to shunne,
Wisely to finish well what was begunne,
Iustly directed in the course of things,
By the straight Rule which sound Experience brings.

Idle Regards of Greatnesse he did scorne,
Careleſse of Pompe, Magnificent to bee,
That Man reputing to be Noblest borne,
Where was the most magnanimous, and free,
In Honour so impartiall was hee,
Esteeming Titles meritlesse and nought,
Vnlesse with danger absolutely bought:

Giuing the Souldier comfortable words,
And oft Imbalm'd his well-receiued Wound,
And in his need him maintenance affords,
To braue Attempts incouraging the sound,
Neuer dismaid in any danger found:
His Tent a seate of Iustice to the grieu'd;
And 'twas a Court when Want should be relieu'd.

So perfectly Celestiall was that fire,
Bestow'd in the composure of his mind,
To that High pitch as rayſed his deſire;
Aboue the vſuall compaſſe of his kinde,
And from all Droſſe ſo cleerely him refin'd,
As did him wholly conſecrate to glory,
And made him a fit ſubiect for a Story.

Who on Ambaſſage to the Emperor ſent,
Paſſing along through *Macedon* and *Thrace*,
Ne'r came in Bed, nor ſlept out of his Tent,
Till he reuiew'd Duke GODFREY's Reuerent face;
Nor till he came into that hallowed place,
Aboue three houres, by night he neuer ſlept:
Such were the Cares his troubled braine that kept.

That famous Italian Poet Torquato Taſſo, in his Poem of thoſe Holy warres.

O wherefore thou Great *Singer* of thy dayes,
Renowned TASSO in thy Noble Story,
Wert thou ſo ſlacke in this Great *Worthy's* prayſe,
And yet ſo much ſhould'ſt ſet forth others glory?
Me thinks for this, thou canſt not but be ſorry,
That thou ſhould'ſt leaue another to recite
That, which ſo much Thou did'ſt neglect to write.

No one Prince in the whole Army, did ſo many braue Acts in his owne Perſon, as Duke Robert.

There was not found in all the Chriſtian Hoſt,
Any, then He, more forward to the field,
Nor could the Army, of another boaſt,
To beare him ſelfe more brauely with his Shield:
So well his Armes this Noble Duke could wield,
As ſuch a one he properly ſhould be,
That I did meane to conſecrate to me:

Robert *fortunate in thoſe warres.*

Of ſo approued and Deliuer force,
Handling his Lance or brandiſhing his Blade:
For oft he had the leading of their Horſe,
That where he charg'd, he ſlaughter euer made,
At all aſſayes ſo happy to inuade:
That were he abſent, when they gaue the chace,
It was ſuppos'd the day did loſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights, where danger hap'd to fall,
He would be preſent euer by his will,
And where the *Chriſtians* for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill ROBERT preſſed ſtill,
To helpe by Courage, or relieue by skill:
To euery place ſo prouidently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely beeing.

When

When in the Morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeem'd compos'd eſſentially of Fire,
But from the Field he euer drouping rid,
As he were vanquiſh'd, onely to retyre;
Neereſt his Reſt, the furth'ſt from his Deſire:
And in the Spoyles, his Souldiers ſhar'd the Crownes,
They rich in Gold, he onely rich in Wounds.

And when they had the Holy Citie wonne,
And King thereof they gladly would him make,
All Sou'raigne Titles he ſo much did ſhunne,
As he refus'd the Charge on him to take,
He the vaine World ſo clearely did forſake;
So farre it was from his Religious Mind,
To mixe vile Things, with thoſe of Heau'nly Kind.

For which refuſall, as ſome haue ſuppoſed, God neuer proſpered him.

He would, that him no Triumph ſhould adorne,
But His high Prayſe, for ſinfull Man that dy'd,
By him no Marke of Victorie was worne,
But the Red Croſſe, to tell Him crucify'd;
All other Glories he himſelfe deny'd;
A holy Life but willingly he leads,
In dealing Almes, and bidding of his Beads.

And as a Pilgrim, he return'd agayne,
For glitt'ring Armes, in Palmers homely Gray,
Leauing his Lords to leade his Warlike Trayne,
Whilſt he alone came ſadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd Prey;
A Hermits Staffe his carefull Hand did hold,
That with a Lance the Heathen Foe control'd.

But now to end this long-continued Strife;
Hence-forth thy Malice takes no further place,
Thy Hate began and ended with his Life,
By Thee his Spirit can ſuffer no diſgrace,
Now in mine Armes his Vertues I imbrace;
His Body thine, his Croſſes witneſſe bee,
But mine his Mind, that from thy Pow'r is free.

Fortune *quite vanquiſhed by* Fame.

Thou gau'ſt vp Rule, when he gaue vp his Breath,
And where thou endedſt, there did I begin,
Thy ſtrength was buried in his timeleſſe Death,
And as thy Conqu'ror, laſtly come I in;
And all thou gott'ſt, from thee againe I winne:
To Me, thy Right I call thee to reſigne,
And make thy Glory abſolutely mine.

To the baſe World then *Fortune* get thee back,
The Earth with drerie Tragedies to fill,
Empires and Kingdomes bring thou there to wrack,
And on weake Mortals onely worke thy Will;
And ſince thou onely do'ſt delight in Ill,
Heare his Complaint, who wanting Eyes to ſee,
Can lend thee Sight, which art as blind as hee.

At her great Words, amazed whilſt they ſtand,
The Prince, which look'd moſt fearefully and grim,
Bearing his Eyes in his diſtreſſefull Hand,
Whoſe places ſtood with Bloud vp to the brim;
And as in anguiſh, quaking eu'ry Lim,
After deepe Sighes, and lamentable Throwes,
Thus to the World disburthened his Woes.

Duke Roberts *Complaint, to the end of the* Legend.

Deare Eyes, adiew, by Enuie thus put out,
Where in your places buried is my Ioy,
With endleſſe Darkneſſe compaſſed about,
Which Death would ſcarce haue dared to deſtroy;
To breed my more perpetuall Annoy,
That, euen that Senſe I onely ſhould forgoe,
That could alone giue comfort to my Woe.

Yee which beheld faire *Paleſtine* reſtor'd,
From the prophane hands of the *Pagans* freed,
The Sepulcher of that moſt glorious LORD,
And ſeene that Place where his deare Wounds did bleed,
Which with the Sight my zealous Soule did feed,
Sith from your Functions, Night doth you diſſeuer,
Seclude me now from Worldly Ioyes for euer.

Yee ſaw no Sunne, nor did yee view the Day,
Except a Candle, yee beheld no Light,
The thick Stone-Wals, thoſe Bleſſings kept away.
What could be fear'd? yee could not hurt the Night,
For then Teares wholly hind'red yee of Sight:
O then, from whence ſhould HENRIE's Hate ariſe,
That I ſaw nothing, yet that I had Eyes!

The wretched'ſt Thing, the moſt deſpiſed Beaſt,
Enioyes that Senſe as gen'rally as we,
The very Gnat, or what then that is leaſt,
Of Sight, by Nature kindly is made free.
What Thing hath Mouth to feed, but Eyes to ſee?
O, that a Tyrant then ſhould me depraue,
Of that which elſe all liuing Creatures haue!

Whilſt

Whilſt yet the light did mitigate my mone,
Teares found a meane, to ſound my ſorrowes deepe,
But now (aye me) that Comfort being gone,
By wanting eyes, wherewith I erſt did weepe,
My cares alone concealed I muſt keepe.
O God, that blindneſſe, darkning all delight,
Should aboue all things giue my ſorrow ſight!

Where ſometime ſtood the Beauties of this face,
Lampes cleerly lighted, as the Veſtall flame,
Is now a Dungeon, a diſtreſſefull place,
A Harbor fit for Infamie and Shame:
Which but with horrour one can ſcarſly name,
Out of whoſe darke grates, miſerie and griefe,
Starued, for vengeance daily begge reliefe.

The day abhorres me, and from me doth flye,
Night ſtill me followes, yet too long doth ſtay,
Th' one I o'rtake not, though it ſtill be nye,
Th'other comming vaniſheth away,
But what auaileth, either night, or day?
All 's one to me, ſtill day, or euer night,
My light is darkneſſe, and my darkneſſe light.

O yee, wherewith I did my comfort view,
Th' all couering Heauen, and Glorie that it beares,
No more that ſight ſhall e'r be ſeene of you!
The bleſſed Sunne, that euery mortall cheeres,
Eclips'd to me, eternally appeares,
ROBERT, betake thee to the darkſome Cell,
And bid the World eternally farewell.

His ſpeech thus ending: *Fortune* Diſcontent,
Turned her ſelfe, as ſhee away would flie,
Playing with Fooles, and Babes incontinent,
As neuer touch'd with humane miſerie,
As what ſhe was, her ſelfe to verifie,
And ſtraight forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech, and Girliſh laughter fell.

When gracefull Fame, conuaying thence her charge,
(As firſt with him, ſhe thither did reſort,)
Gaue me this Booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life, ſet out, though in this Legend ſhort,
T'amaze the World, with this ſo true report:
But Fortune, angrie with her Foe, therefore
Gaue me the gift that I ſhould ſtill be poore.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF MATILDA.

IF yet a Muſe there happily remayne,
That is by truth ſo diligently taught,
As caring not on fooliſh things to faine,
Will ſpeake, but what with Modeſtie ſhee ought;
If this be ſuch, which I ſo long haue ſought,
By her I craue, my life may be reueal'd,
Which blacke Obliuion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if ſuch fauour I might hap to find;
Here on this earth, but once to ſpeake agen,
And to disburthen my oppreſſed mind,
By the endeuour of a powerfull Pen,
In theſe my ſorrowes, happie were I then:
Foure hundred yeeres by all men ouer-paſt,
Finding one friend to pittie me at laſt.

To the Authours vertuous Miſtris, whom Matilda intreateth ſhe may bee patterned by: in the two Stanza's

O, you, of him, ſo happily elect,
Whom I intreat to proſecute my Storie,
Lady, moſt deare, moſt worthy of reſpect,
The Worlds rar'ſt Iewell, and your Sexes Glorie,
It ſhall ſuffice, if you for me be ſorrie,
Reading my Legend, builded by his Verſe,
Which muſt hereafter ſerue me for a Herſe.

Be you the patterne, by whoſe perfect view,
Like your faire ſelfe he wiſely may me make,
For ſure alyue, none fitter is then you,
Whoſe forme vnſpotted Chaſtitie may take:
Be you propitious, for whoſe only ſake,
For me I know, hee'll gladly doe his beſt,
So you and I may equally be bleſt.

Bright

Bright ROSAMOND, exceedingly is graced,
Inrolled in the Regiſter of *Fame*,
Nay, in our Sainted Kalender is placed,
By him who ſtriues to ſtellifie her name,
Yet will the modeſt ſay, She was too blame;
Though full of ſtate, and pleaſing be his Rime,
Yet all his skill cannot excuſe her Crime.

The beauteous Paramour of Henry *the Second.*

The Wife of SHORE winnes generall applauſe,
Finding a Pen laborious in her Prayſe.
ELSTRED reuiu'd to plead her pittied cauſe,
After the enuie of ſo many dayes:
And happie 's he their Glorie high'ſt can rayſe.
Thus the looſe Wanton liked is of many:
„ Vice ſtill finds Freinds, but Vertue ſeldome any.

The faire Concubine of Edward *the Fourth.* Elſtred *the Paramour of King* Locryne, *ſuppoſed the eldeſt Sonne of* Brute, *which* Elſtred *with her Daughter* Sabrina, *were by* Guendoline, *Wife to the ſaid* Locrine, *drowned in that Riuer (now by vs) cald* Seuerne.

To vaunt of my Nobilitie were vaine,
Which were, I know, not bett'red of the beſt,
Nor would beſeeme an Honourable Straine,
And me a Mayden fits not of the reſt:
All tranſitorie Titles I deteſt,
A vertuous Life, I meane, to boaſt alone:
" Our Birth's, our Sires, our Vertues be our owne.

" Thou that do'ſt feſch thy long Deſcent from Kings,
" If from the Gods deriued thou could'ſt be,
" And ſhew'ſt th'atchieu'ments of thoſe wondrous things;
" Which thou thy ſelfe then liued'ſt not to ſee,
" Theſe were their owne, and not belong to thee,
" If thou do'ſt ſtaine that Honour which was theirs,
" Who could not leaue their Vertues to their Heires.

Heauen powr'd downe more abundance on my Birth,
Then it before had vſually beſtow'd,
And was in me ſo bountifull to Earth,
As though her very vtmoſt ſhe had ſhow'd,
Her Graces ſo immeaſurably flow'd,
That ſuch a ſhape, with ſuch a ſpirit inſpir'd,
Euen of the wiſeſt made me moſt admir'd.

Vpon my Brow ſat Beautie in her Pride,
To her beholders miniſtring her Law,
And to them all her Bounties ſo diuide,
As did to her their due attention draw:
And yet mine Eye did keepe her ſo in awe,
As that which only could'ſt true Vertues meaſure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preſerue her Treaſure.

My carriage ſuch, as did content the wiſe,
My tongue did that ſweet decencie retaine,
As of the yonger, was not deem'd preciſe,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine,
So well inſtructed to obſerue the meane,
As if in Nature, there were ſcarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my bloud.

In me ſo did ſhe her perfections varie,
As that the leaſt, allow'd not of compare,
And yet ſo well did teach me them to carrie;
Then they could be, as made them ſeeme more rare,
Or in my portion would haue none to ſhare,
Or in her grace would none ſhould be but I;
Which ſhe had made the Minion of the Skie.

Whence Fame began my Beautie firſt to blaze,
And ſoone became to lauiſh in the ſame,
For ſhe ſo ſtuft her Trumpet with my prayſe,
That euery place was fild vp with my name,
For which *Report*, thou too much wert to blame,
" But to thy doome, is Beautie ſubiect ſtill:
" Which hath beene cauſe of many Ladies ill.

This tattling Goſſip hath a thouſand eies,
Her ayrie bodie hath as many wings,
Now about earth, now vp to Heauen ſhe flies,
And here, and there, with euerie breath ſhe flings,
Hither, and thither, Lyes and Tales ſhe brings,
Nothing ſo ſecret, but to her appeareth,
So doth ſhe credit euery thing ſhe heareth.

" And Princes eares ſtand open to Report,
" All ſtriue to blaze a Beautie to a King,
" Which is the only ſubiect of a Court,
" Whither Fame carries, and whence ſhe doth bring;
" And which of either, ſhe doth loudly ring:
Thither aye me, vnhappily ſhe brought,
Where I my bane infortunately caught.

There ſtood my Beautie boldly for the Prize,
Where the moſt cleere and perfect Iudgements be,
And of the ſame, the moſt Iudiciall Eyes
Did giue the Goale impartially to me:
So did I ſtand vnparaleld and free,
And as a Comet in the Euening Skie,
Strooke with amazement euery wondring Eye.

Whil

Which ſoone poſſeſt me of Imperiall IOHN,
And of my Soueraigne, him my ſubiect made,
By this, his Freedome was quite ouerthrowne,
Him, and his power, this wholly did inuade,
From this, no Reaſon could the King diſſwade,
This taught his eies, their due attendance ſtill,
This held the reines which ouer-rul'd his will.

When my graue Father, great that time in Court,
And by his Bloud thought equall to the beſt,
Hauing his Eare oft ſtrooke with this Report,
Which, as ill newes, it hardly could digeſt,
And on my good ſince all his hopes did reſt,
He ſoone purſude it, by thoſe ſecret Spies,
Which ſtill in Court attend the Princes eyes.

The Lord Robert Fitzwater, *a man of great Nobilitie, deſcended of the* Baynards, *and Standard bearer of* London, *by Deſcent.*

And to the World although he ſeem'd to ſleepe,
Yet ſought he then the Kings intent to ſound,
And to himſelfe, as ſecrets he did keepe,
What his fore-ſight had prouidently found:
So well this wiſe Lord could conceale his wound,
Yet wiſlyer caſt, how dangerous it might proue,
To croſſe the courſe of this Impatient Loue.

For as he found how violent a flame,
My Youth had kindled in this luſtfull King,
So found he too, if he ſhould ſtop the ſame,
Vpon vs both what miſchiefe it might bring:
Which knowne to him, ſo dangerous a thing,
He thought to proue how He could Me perſwade,
Ere for my ſafetie further meanes he made.

Deare Girle, quoth he, thou ſeeſt who doth awaite,
T'intrap thy Beautie, bred to be thy foe,
That is ſo faire, and delicate a Baite,
As euery eye it ſelfe would here beſtow:
Whoſe power the King too ſenſibly doth know,
Of his Deſire that what the end may bee,
Thy Youth may feare, my Knowledge doth foreſee.

The Lord Fitzwaters *wiſe counſell to his faire Daughter: in the nine following Stanza's*

Thinke, how thou liu'ſt here publikely in Court,
Whoſe priuiledge doth euery meane protect,
Where the enſample of the greater ſort,
Doth more then Oportunitie effect,
None thriuing here that ſtand vpon reſpect,
Being a Lotterie whereat few doe winne,
And yet thoſe ſeldome neither, but by ſinne.

Here euerie day thou haſt to tempt thy ſight,
All that thy youth to pleaſure may prouoke,
That ſtill at hand, wherein thou tak'ſt delight,
Which with thy Sex doth ſtrike too great a ſtroke,
Hauing withall Imperious Power thy Cloke,
With ſuch ſtrong Reaſons on his part propounded,
As may leaue Vertue ſeemingly confounded.

Many the waies, that lead thee to thy fall,
But to thy ſafetie, few, or none to guide thee,
And when thy danger is the great'ſt of all,
Euen then thy ſuccour is the moſt denyde thee:
Sundry the meanes from Vertue to diuide thee,
Hauing withall Mortalitie about thee,
Frailtie within, Temptation neere without thee.

" The Letchers Tongue is neuer void of guile,
" Nor wants he Teares, when he would winne his prey,
" The ſubtilſt Tempter hath the ſmoothеſt ſtile,
" Syrens ſing ſweetlyeſt when they would betray:
" Luſt of it ſelfe had neuer any ſtay,
" Nor to containe it, bounds could haue deuiſed,
" But moſt when fild, is leaſt of all ſufficed.

And to auaile his pleaſure is there ought,
That ſuch a Prince hath not within his power?
And thus be ſure hee'l leaue no meanes vnſought,
Soft golden drops did pierce the Brazen Towre,
Watching th'aduantage of each fitting houre,
Where euery minute ſerues to doe amiſſe,
Thy banefull Poyſon ſpiced with thy bliſſe.

And when this luſtfull and vnbrideled rage,
Which in him now doth violently raigne,
Time ſhall by much ſacietie aſſwage,
Then ſhall thy fault apparant be, and plaine,
To after-ages euer to remaine,
" Sinne in a Chaine leads on her Siſter Shame,
" And both in Giues are fettred to Defame.

Kings vſe their Loues as Garments they haue worne,
Or as the meate whereon they full haue fed,
The Saint once gone, who doth the Shrine adorne?
Or what is Nectar, on the ground if ſhed?
What Princes wealth redeemes thy Mayden-head,
Which ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death?

The

The ſtately Eagle from his higheſt ſtand,
Through the thin Ayre the fearefull Fowle doth ſmite,
Yet ſcornes to touch it lying on the Land,
When he hath felt the ſweet of his delight,
But leaues the ſame a prey to euery Kite.
" With much we ſurfet, Plentie makes vs poore,
" The wretched *Indian* ſcornes the Golden Ore.

When euery Period pointing with a Teare,
He in my Boſome made ſo wide a Breach,
As it each Precept firmely fixed there,
His Counſell as continually to preach,
My Father ſo effectually could teach,
So that his Words I euer after found,
As grau'd on an inuiolable ground.

The King, whoſe Loue deluded was the while,
Yet in his Boſome bare this quenchleſſe fire,
Finding his Hopes like Flatt'rers to beguile,
And not one iot to further his Deſire,
But gone thus farre he meant not to retire,
And thinkes, if fitly he could find but place,
His Words had power to purchaſe him my Grace.

For ſince all former Practices did faile,
Nor to his Mind ought kindly tooke effect,
He with himſelfe reſolu'd me to aſſaile,
And other meanes doth vtterly neglect:
In ſpight what Feare could any way obiect,
His Courage doth all hindrances confute,
And me accoſting thus commenc'd his Suite.

Hauing before aſſayled her by Letters and Meſſengers.

Know, Girle, quoth he, that Nature thee ordayned,
(As her brau'ſt Piece, when Shee to Light would bring,
Wherein Her former Workmanſhip Shee ſtayned)
Only a Gift to gratifie a King,
And from all other, as a ſeld-ſeene Thing,
Seal'd thee a Charter dated at thy Birth,
To be the fayr'ſt that e'r was made of Earth.

King Iohns *Courting of* Matilda: *in eight Stanzas following.*

Hoord not thy Beautie, when thou haſt ſuch ſtore:
Wer't not great pittie it ſhould thus lye dead,
Which by thy lending might be made much more?
(For by the vſe ſhould euery thing be fed)
Yea, and to Him, ſo hard for thee beſtead,
Yet no more leſned then the Sunne, whoſe ſight,
Though it light all things, loſeth not his light.

From

From those two Starres such Streames of Lightning glide,
As through Mens eyes doe pierce the Flintiest Heart,
Which thou by closing, striu'st in vaine to hide,
For through their Lids their subtill Rayes doe Dart,
Such Power wise Nature did to them impart,
Those two bright Planets, cleerer then the Seuen,
That with their Splendor, light the World to Heauen.

Were Art so curious in her selfe to know,
Thy Rare perfections rightly in their kind,
In Beautie thy Diuinitie to show,
O! it were able to transport the Mind,
Beyond the Bounds by Heauen to it assign'd:
But, O in thee, their excellence is such,
As Thought cannot ascend to, once to touch.

He is thy King, who is become thy Subiect,
Sometime thy Lord, now Seruant to thy Loue,
Thy Angell Beauties be his onely obiect,
Who for thy sake a thousand deaths dares proue.
" A Princes Prayer should much compassion moue:
Let Wolues and Beares be cruell in their kinds,
But Women meeke, and haue relenting Minds.

Vouchsafe to looke vpon these brimfull Eyes,
With Tydes of Teares continually frequented,
Where Loue without food, hunger-staruen lyes,
Which to betray me, trayterously consented,
And for the fact being lawfully conuented,
Is in these Waters iudg'd to haue his beeing,
For his presumption through these Eyes Thee seeing.

Sit thou commanding vnder mine Estate,
Hauing thy Temples, honoured with my Crowne,
A Beautie destin'd for no meaner Fate,
And make the Proud'st to tremble with a Frowne,
Raise whom thou wilt, cast whom it please thee downe,
Be thou alone the Rect'resse of this Ile,
With all the Titles I can thee instile.

As great Ladies haue their Argoses, *so great Lords haue their* Mercuries. *A Fable most frequent.*

What if my Queene, repyning at our Blisse,
Thee as did IVNO, IOVES deare Darling keepe?
Mine Ile preserue as that Great GOD did his,
Wise MERCVRY lul'd ARGVS Eyes to sleepe,
" Loue euer Laughes, when Iealousie doth Weepe,
When most Shee stirs, my Power shall keepe her vnder,
Shee may raise Stormes, but I doe rule the Thunder.

Thus

Thus hauing made an entrance for his Loue,
Which he beleeu'd assuredly in Time,
Of better newes the Messenger might proue,
By which, he after to his Ioyes might Clime,
Hoping a fayre Full to ensue this Prime,
Leaues me, not knowing well which way to turne Mee,
Warm'd with the Fire, that vnawares might burne Mee.

Vpon my Weakenesse which so strongly wrought,
That in my Brest a Mutinie arose,
Feare, and Desire, a doubtfull Combat fought,
Like two most eager and ambitious Foes,
Th'one fayne would winne, th'other would not lose,
By this oft cleered, and by that accused,
Whilst still, I fear'd, by both to be abused.

Riches and Honour are great Temptations to Youth and Beautie.

And in my Selfe, my Selfe suspected Treason,
Knowing who watch'd to winne Me for his Prey,
And in so fit and dangerous a Season,
When Youth and Beautie bare so great a sway,
And where He batterie still to me might lay,
Who girt so strongly euery way about,
Well might I feare, I could not long hold out.

But setting all these sundrie Doubts aside,
From Court resolu'd I secretly to goe,
And to what Place my happy Starres should guide,
There, I my selfe determin'd to bestow,
Vntill Time might this Passion ouer-blow,
Or, if at least it wrought not, the extrusion
Might strengthen me, yet, in my Resolution.

When my braue Sire, that neuer me forsooke,
But many a sweet Sleepe for my safetie brake,
Much being pleased with the course I tooke,
As one that truely suffred for my sake,
Did his aboad at BAYNARDS *Castell* make,
Whom since I thus had left the Court, to leaue me
To his Protection, gladly did receiue me.

So called of one Baynard, *a Noble man, who was Founder thereof, in the time of the Conqueroll.*

Whence all those sorrowes seem'd to me, exil'd,
Where in my Life I long before did waste,
The present Time, and happily beguild,
To thinke what perill I had lately past,
There in my Freedome fortunately plac't,
Euen as a Bird escap'd the Fowlers snare,
Which former Danger warned to beware.

When

When the proud King, whose purposes were croſt,
Which this my flight had hapned to preuent,
And that those Meanes to which he truſted moſt,
Were those, which moſt had hindred his intent,
Finding his Suite prepoſterously went,
Another Course bethinks himselfe to runne,
Else farther off, then when he first begunne:

And thenceforth plotteth to diſperſe the Maſſe,
Which lay so full betwixt Him and the Light,
That in his Suite the only hindrance was,
And (leaſt expected) wrought Him moſt deſpight,
Finding the Cauſe why Matters went not right,
He muſt forecaſt my Father to remoue,
Or he was like to walke without his Loue.

Thus ſcarſly cur'd of this late ſickly Qualme,
And that my Heart ſat happily at eaſe,
But as a Ship, that in a quiet Calme
Flotes vp and downe on the vnſurging Seas,
By ſome rough Guſt which ſome ill Starre doth rayſe,
Is driuen backe into the troubled Mayne,
Euen ſo was I, that ſafely elſe had layne.

For this great King, whom thus I did reiect,
Firſt ſeeks in Court my Father to diſgrace,
Thereby to giue the People to ſuſpect,
To fault in ſome thing ſitting neere his Place,
Them by all meanes it vrging to imbrace,
To which, if cleerely he could find the Way,
He made no doubt, but once to haue a Day.

And for his purpoſe to promooue his Hate,
Into the Plot, he his Court Deuils drew,
Cunning in all the Stratagems of State,
Which he ſuborn'd my Father to purſue,
By whoſe deuices he ſoone ouerthrew
That Noble Lord, which ſuccour ſhould haue giuen
To me, that then was from all refuge driuen.

The Friends of the Lord Fitz-Walter, ſtucke ſo cloſe to him againſt the King, about Matilda, *that they rayſed a Ciuill Warre in the Kingdom.*

And not their cleere and far-diſcerning ſight,
Into the Quarrell that did throughly looke,
Nor our Allies that to their vtmoſt might,
'Gainſt his proceedings on our part that ſtooke,
And at our need vs neuer once forſooke,
Of the Kings malice could th'effect preuent,
But to Exile my Father muſt be ſent.

Not

Not all his ſeruice to his Souereigne done,
In Warre couragious, and in Counſaile ſound,
Which from King IOHN compaſsion might haue wonne,
To him, who faithfull euermore was found,
" Ingratitude, how deeply do'ſt thou wound!
" Sure, firſt deuiſed to no other end,
" But to grieue thoſe whom nothing could offend.

Forlorne, and hopeleſſe, left before my Foe,
By my ill Fortune, baſely thus betrayd,
Neuer poore Mayden was beſieged ſo,
And all depreſſed that ſhould lend me ayd,
Such waight the Heauen vpon my Birth had layd,
" But yet her ſelfe true Vertue neuer loſeth,
" 'Gainſt her faire courſe, though Hell it ſelfe oppoſeth.

Imbarqu'd for *France*, his ſad dejected Eyes
Swolne vp with Teares in moſt abundant ſtore,
His ill lucke threatned by the lowring Skyes,
Feare him behind, and ſorrow him before,
He vnder Saile, from ſight of either Shore,
Waſteth withall; his ſad laments in vaine,
To the rude Waters only to complaine.

A Simile of the extreme ſhifts that Matilda was driuen to.

When, like a Deere, before the Hounds imboſt,
When him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaues the ſmooth Launds to which he truſted moſt,
And to the Couert doth himſelfe betake
Doubling, and creepes from Brake againe to Brake,
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes Face,
Who had me then continually in Chace.

The Coaſt thus cleer'd, Suſpicion layd to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleaſure quieted his Breſt,
That euery thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſefully conſent:
Of former ayde I being quite forſaken,
He hopes, the Fort might in ſhort time be taken.

" A Princes Armes are ſtretch'd from Shore to Shore,
" Kings ſleeping, ſee with Eyes of other Men,
" Craft finds a Key to open any Dore,
Little it boots my ſelfe in Walls to pen,
The Lambe was cloſed in the Lyons Den,
Whoſe watchfull Eyes too eaſily deſcry'd me,
And found me ſoon'it, where ſur'ſt I thought to hide me.

My Paths by Spyes he diligently noted,
O'r me he held ſo vigilant a Watch,
And on my Beautie he ſo fondly doted,
That at each Looke he enuiouſly did catch,
And readie ſtill attending at my Latch
He had thoſe, that continually did Ward,
Treaſon my Hand-mayd, Falſhood was my Guard.

And ſince with me it fell ſo croſly out,
That to my ſhifts ſo hardly he me draue,
For ſome new courſe, I thought to caſt about,
Where ſafer Harbour happily to haue:
For this was not ſufficient me to ſaue,
His Power ſo ſpacious euery way did lye,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious Eye.

And feare which taught me euery meane to proue,
And with my ſelfe of many to debate,
Me at the laſt it pleas'd the Powers to moue,
To take vpon me a Religious ſtate,
The Holy Cloyſter none might violate,
Where after all theſe Stormes I did indure,
There, I at laſt might hope to liue ſecure.

This Lady was of the Baynards Family, who were Lords of Dunmow.

Wherefore, to *Dunmow* I my ſelfe conuayd
Into an Abbey, happily begunne,
By IVGA, of our Anceſtry, a Mayd,
At whoſe ſole charge that Monaſtrie was done,
Wherein Shee after did become a Nunne,
And kept her Order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that Place Virginitie profeſt,

Where I my ſelfe did ſecretly beſtow
From the vaine World, which I too long had try'd,
Me, my affliction taught my ſelfe to know,
My Youth and Beautie gently that did chide,
And by Inſtruction, as a skilfull Guide,
Printed withall ſuch coldneſſe in my Blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The King, who heard, Me ſafely thus to bee
Set in my Cloyſter, ſtrongly diſcontent,
That Me from thence he had not power to free,
Which his ſad breſt, ſeem'd ſtrongly to torment:
But ſince, that I ſo wilfully was bent,
And He, paſt hope then, euer to enioy me,
Reſolu'd, by ſome meanes, laſtly to deſtroy me.

And finding one moſt fit for ſuch a Fact,
To whom he durſt his ſecret Thoughts impart,
One, for his King, that any thing would Act,
And for the purpoſe wanted not his Art,
That had a ſtrong Hand and relentleſſe Hart,
On him, the King (with me poore Mayd enrag'd)
Impos'd my Death, and him thereto engag'd.

Great Men, when they will doe miſchiefe, want not their inſtruments.

Who making haſte the fatall Deed to doe,
Thither repayres, but not as from the King,
For well he knew what did belong thereto,
Nor therein needed any Tutoring,
But as one ſent vpon ſome needfull thing,
With a ſmooth Count'nance and a ſettled Brow,
Obtayn'd to get in where I payd my Vow.

Where I alone, and to his Tale expos'd,
(As one, to him a willing Eare that lent)
Himſelfe to me, he but too ſoone diſclos'd,
And who it was that thither had him ſent,
From Point to Point relating his intent,
Who, whilſt I ſtood ſtrooke dumbe with this inuaſion,
He thus purſues me ſtrongly with perſwaſion.

The Murtherers ſpeech to Matilda, before he poyſoned her: in five Stanza's following.

Heare but (ſaith he) how blindly thou do'ſt erre,
Fondly to dote vpon thine owne Perfection,
When as the King thee highly will preferre,
Nay, and his Power attendeth thy Protection,
So indiſcreetly ſort not thy Election,
To ſhut that in a melancholy Cell,
Which in a Court ordayned was to dwell.

Yet further thinke, how dang'rous is his offer,
If thy neglect doe careleſly abuſe it;
Art thou not mad, that thus do'ſt ſee a Coffer,
Fild vp with Gold, and profferd, to refuſe it?
So farre, that thou want'ſt Reaſon to excuſe it,
Thy ſelfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Spilling the Treaſure caſt into thy Lap.

Wrong not thy faire Youth, nor the World depriue
Of theſe rare Parts which Nature hath thee lent,
Twere pitie thou by Niggardiſe ſhould'ſt thriue,
Whoſe wealth by waxing craueth to be ſpent,
For which, thou of the wiſeſt ſhalt be ſhent,
Like to ſome rich Churle hoording vp his pelfe,
Both to wrong others, and to ſtarue himſelfe.

What is this vaine and idle Reputation,
Which to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect?
Only the weakeneſſe of Imagination,
Which, in Concluſion, worketh no effect,
And leſſer can the Worſhippers protect,
That only ſtandeth vpon fading Breath,
And hath at once the Being and the Death.

A feare that grew from doting Superſtition,
To which your weake Credulitie is prone,
And only ſince maintayned by Tradition,
Into our Eares impertinently blowne,
By Folly gathered, as by Errour ſowne,
Which vs ſtill threatning, hindreth our deſires,
Yet all it ſhewes vs, be but painted Fires.

Perſwade thy ſelfe this Monaſt'rie to leaue,
Which Youth and Beautie iuſtly may forſake,
Doe not thy Prince of thoſe high Ioyes bereaue,
Which happy Him, more happy Thee may make,
Who ſends me elſe, thy Life away to take,
For dead to him if needſly thou wilt proue,
Dye to thy ſelfe, be buryed with his Loue.

Matilda in miſerable perplexitie.

Rage, which reſum'd the likeneſſe of his Face,
Whoſe Eye ſeem'd as the Baſiliske to kill,
The horror of the ſolitarie Place,
Being ſo fit wherein to worke his Will,
And at the inſtant he my Life to ſpill,
All ſeem'd at once my o'rethrow to further,
By feare diſſwaded, menaced by murther.

In this ſo great and peremptorie Tryall,
With ſtrong Temptations ſundrie wayes afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a denyall,
Oft-times acquitted, often-times conuicted,
Terror before me liuely ſtood depicted,
When as it was, that but a little Breath
Gaue me my Life, or ſent me to my Death.

But ſoone my Soule had gath'red vp her Powers,
Which in this need might friendlike giue her ayd,
The reſolution of ſo many howers,
Whereon her ſelfe ſhee confidently ſtayd
In her diſtreſſe, whoſe helps together layd,
Making the State which ſhee maintayned good,
Expell'd the feare vſurping on my Blood.

The braue reſolution of a chaſte Ladie.

And my lock'd tongue, did liberally inlarge,
From thoſe ſtrict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my Boſome to diſcharge,
And my loſt ſpirits their wonted ſtrength aſſign'd
Into mine eyes which comming as refin'd,
Moſt brauely there mine Honour to maintayne,
Checkt his Preſumption with a coy Diſdayne.

Who finding Me inuiolably bent,
And for my Anſwere only did abide;
Hauing a Poyſon murd'ring by the ſcent,
If to the Organ of that ſenſe apply'd,
Which for the ſame, when fitteſt time He ſpy'd,
Into my noſtrils forcibly did ſtrayne,
Which in an inſtant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude tuch, my Vaile diſordred then,
My Face diſcouering, my delicious Cheeke
Tinkted with Crimſon, faded ſoone agen,
With ſuch a ſweetneſſe, as made Death ſeeme meeke,
And was to him beholding it moſt like,
A little ſparke extinguiſh'd to the Eye,
That glowes againe e'r ſuddenly it dye.

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
Wherein he then ſuch excellencie ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoile done by his fatall hand,
What naught before, Him this at laſt could awe,
From his ſterne Eyes, as though it Teares would draw,
Which wanting them, wax'd ſuddenly as dead,
Grieuing for me, that they had none to ſhead.

When Life growne faint, hies laſtly to my heart,
The only Fort to which She had to take,
Feeling cold Death, to ſeize on euery part,
A ſtrong Inuaſion inſtantly to make.
Yet e'r She ſhould Me vtterly forſake,
To Him who ſadly ſtood Me to behold,
Thus in mild words, my griefe I did vnfold:

Matilda's laſt words to him that had giuen her the Poyſon: in three Stanza's

Is this the Gift, the King on Me beſtowes,
Which in this ſort he ſends thee to preſent Me?
I am His Friend, what giues He to His Foes,
If this in Token, of His Loue be ſent Me?
But 'tis his Will, and muſt not diſcontent Me:
Yet after (ſure) a Prouerbe this will proue,
The Gift King IOHN beſtow'd vpon His Loue.

When

When all that Race in memorie are ſet,
And by their Statues, their Atchieuements done,
Which wonne abroad, and which at home did get,
From Sonne to Sire, from Sire againe to Sonne,
Grac'd with the ſpoyles, that glorioufly they wonne:
O, that of Him, it only ſhould be ſaid,
This was King IOHN, the Murth'rer of a Maid!

O, keepe it ſafely from the mouth of Fame,
That none doe heare of this vnhallowed Deed,
Be ſecret to Him, and conceale his Shame,
Leſt after-Ages hap the ſame to reade,
And that the Letters ſhewing it doe bleed!
O, let the Graue mine Innocencie hold,
Before of Him, this Tyrannie be told!

Thus hauing ſpoke, my ſorrowes to aſſwage,
The heauie burthen of my penſiue breſt,
The Poyſon then that in my braine did rage,
His deadly Vigour forcibly expreſt,
Not ſuffring me to ſtand vpon the reſt,
Longer for Him, it was no time to ſtay,
And Death call'd on, to haſten Me away.

Thus in my Cloſet being left alone,
Vpon the floore vncomfortably lying,
The Fact committed, and the Murth'rer gone,
Arriued at the vtmoſt point of dying,
Some of the Siſters, Me by chance eſpying,
Call'd all the reſt, that in moſt wofull plight,
Came to behold that miſerable ſight.

A Simile of Matilda, at her dying, with her Siſter-hood about Her.

Thus like a Roſe by ſome vnkindly blaſt,
'Mongſt many Buds, that round about it grow,
The with'ring Leaues improſp'rouſly doth caſt,
Whilſt all the reſt, their ſoueraine Beauties ſhow:
Amidſt this goodly Siſter-hood euen ſo,
Nipt with cold Death, vntimely did I fade,
Whilſt they about me, pittious wailing made.

A good Conſcience, the greateſt and laſt Comfort in Death.

And my ſad Soule vpon Her ſudden flight,
So ſoone forſaken of each ſeuerall ſenſe,
With all the horrour Death could her affright,
Strongly diſturbed at her parting hence,
All Comfort fled her; for her laſt defence,
Doth to Her ſpotleſſe Innocence betake her,
Which left Her not, when all the reſt forſake Her.

« To

" To ſhew, our Pleaſures are but Childrens Toyes,
" And as meere ſhaddowes, or like bubbles paſſe,
" As Yeeres increaſe, ſo waning are our Ioyes,
" Forgotten as our Fauours in a Glaſſe,
" A very Tale of that which neuer was:
" Euen ſo, Death vs, and our Delights can ſeuer,
" Vertue alone abandoneth vs neuer.

My Spirit thus from Impriſonment enlarg'd,
Glad to haue got out of her earthly Roome,
My Debt to Nature faithfully diſcharg'd,
And at the houre appointed on my Toombe:
Such was the Heauens ineuitable Doome,
Me *Baynards* Caſtle to the World did bring,
Dunmow, againe my place of burying.

The two places made famous by Matilda.

And ſcarſly was my breathleſſe Body cold,
But eu'ry-where my Tragedie was ſpred,
For rattling Fame in eu'ry place had told,
My Reſolution being lately dead,
Ruing my Bloud ſo prodigally ſhed,
And to my Father, flyes with this miſchance,
That time remayning in the Court of *France*.

His loſſe too great to be bewaild with Teares,
It was not Words that could expreſſe his Woe,
Griefe had her ſelfe, ſo ſettled in his Eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe.
Scarce ſince Man was, was Man perplexed ſo,
Enough of Sorrow is alreadie ſhowne,
And telling His, were to renew mine owne.

Let it ſuffice Me, that I here relate,
And beare My ſelfe the burthen of My ill,
If to the Life I haue expreſſ'd My Fate,
It's all I aske, and I obtayne my Will.
" For that true Sorrow needs not others Skill;
" Enough's that preſent bitterneſſe we taſte,
" Without remembring of that which is paſt.

Some ſay, the King repentant for this Deed,
When his Remorce to thinke thereof Him draue,
Poorly diſguiſed in a Pilgrims Weed,
Offered His Teares on my vntimely Graue,
For which, no doubt, but Heauen his Sinne forgaue,
And my Bloud, calling for Reuenge, appeas'd,
He from the Sinne, I from my Labours eas'd.

Thus

To his Miſtris, as She began, ſo She endeth her Legend.

Thus told my Storie, I my Loue deuiſe
To you deare Madame, fitt'ſt with you to reſt,
Which all my Vertues daily exerciſe
That be inprinted in your patient breſt,
By whom alone I rightlyeſt am expreſt,
For whom my Prayſe, it grieues Me, is too ſcant,
Whoſe happie Name an Epethite ſhall want.

Then, moſt ſweet Lady, for a Maidens ſake,
To ſhead one teare if gently you but daigne,
For all my Wrongs it full amends ſhall make,
And be my paſſe to the *Elizian* Plaine,
In your chaſte Eyes ſuch power there doth remaine,
As can th'afflicted proſp'rouſly deliuer,
Happie be they, who look vpon them euer.

FINIS.

THE

THE LEGEND OF

Pierce Gaueston.

FRom gloomie ſhaddowes of eternall Night,
Shut vp in Darkneſſe, endleſly to dwell,
O, here behold, Me miſerable Wight,
Awhile releas'd, my Tragedie to tell,
Let Me haue leaue my Sorrowes to impart,
Somewhat to eaſe my ſad afflicted Heart.

Goddeſſe of Armes, and Arts, PALLAS Diuine, *The Goddeſſe of Wiſdome and Armes.*
Let thy bright Fauchion lend Me Cypreſſe Boughes,
Be thou aſſiſting to this *Poet* of mine,
With Funerall Wreath's ingarlanding His Browes,
Pittying my Woes, when none would heare Me weepe,
That for my Sorrowes, layes His owne to ſleepe.

Thou mournfulſt-Mayden of the Sacred Nine, *The Muſe of Tragedie.*
That Balefull ſounds immouably do'ſt breathe,
With thy ſwolne Viſage, and thy blubb'red Eine,
Let Me to Thee, my ſad Complaints bequeathe.
Ne'r to thy Selfe canſt thou winne greater Glorie,
Then in exactly ſetting forth my Storie.

Tell how the Fates my giddie Courſe did guide,
Th'inconſtant turnes of eu'rie changing houre,
By many a low Ebbe, many a luſtie Tide,
Many a ſmooth Calme, many a ſowſing Showre,
The hieght whereto, I laſtly did aſcend,
Bend my Beginning to my Fatall End.

When our firſt EDWARD, ſat on *Englands* Throne, *A moſt excellent King. The firſt of that name after the Conqueſt.*
LONG-SHANKS, who long victoriouſly did raigne,
Firſt of that Name, and Second yet to None:
In what to Knight-hood euer did pertayne;
My Life began, a Life ſo full of Bliſſe,
Then in His Dayes, thoſe happie Dayes of His.

A happie and bleſſed Raigne.

Vertue did then Mens hearts ſo much inflame,
That no Promotion could be got with Gold;
For in his dayes He that deſired Fame,
Bought it of Him, that it full dearely ſold,
Hatefull Exceſſe ſo much did not deuoure,
Law had leſſe force, and honeſtie more Power.

And ſince ſwift Time ſo violently preyes,
Vpon thoſe Ages that euen holieſt be;
Let Me remember thoſe ſo happie Dayes;
In theſe ſad houres, which my vex'd Eyes doe ſee,
With greater griefe to make me to deplore
Theſe, when I thinke of thoſe that were of yore.

Then Muſe, lo, I obſequiouſly appeale
To thee, (my life ſince I intend to ſhow)
That thou of Me wilt faithfully reueale,
Euen what the moſt Inquiſitiue would know,
Whilſt here my Soule inbodyed did abide,
In this vaine World, which pampred Me with Pride.

Deſcended as ſome skilfull Heralds ſet downe from a Caſtle of that name.

By Birth a *Gaſcoyne*, of a faire Deſcent,
And of our Houſe, the Heire My Father borne,
In all His Warres, that with King EDWARD went,
To Him His Liegeman, and a Souldier ſworne,
And in our Countrey left His whole Eſtate,
To follow Him, who ſeem'd to gouerne Fate.

Whoſe truſt that Great King highly did imploy,
And neere His Perſon had Him for the ſame,
Who with my Selfe, then but a little Boy,
Into the Court of Famous *England* came,
Whereas the King for Seruice by Him done,
Made Me a Page to the braue Prince his Sonne.

The excellent ſhape and features of Pierce Gaueſton.

All Men in Shape I did ſo farre excell;
(The Parts in Me ſuch Harmonie did beare)
As in my Modell, Nature ſeem'd to tell,
That Her perfection She had placed here,
As from each Age reſeruing the rar'ſt Feature,
To make Me vp, Her excellenteſt Creature.

My Lookes ſo powerfull Adamants to Loue,
And had ſuch Vertue to attract the Sight,
That they could fix it, or could make it moue,
As though it followed ſome Celeſtiall Light,
That where my Thoughts intended to ſurprize,
I at my pleaſure conquer'd with mine Eyes.

As

As if ſome great APELLES in his Art,
Would that the World His Maſter-piece ſhould know,
Imagination doing then her part;
When he had done the vtmoſt he could doe,
For that rare Picture to fit out a Mind,
This one was I, the Wonder of my kind.

A Simile of his perfections.

This daintie Bait I layd for EDWARDS Loue,
Which ſoone vpon Him got ſo ſure a Tye,
As no misfortune e'r could it remoue,
When She the vtmoſt of Her force did trye.
Nor death it ſelfe had after power to ſunder,
O ſeld-ſeene Friendſhip, in the World a Wonder!

Loue, on this Earth, the only Meane thou art,
Whereby we hold Intelligence with Heauen,
And it is thou that only do'ſt impart,
The good that to Mortalitie is giuen.
O, Sacred Bond, by Time that art not broken!
O thing Diuine, by Angels to be ſpoken!

An admiration of Loue.

Thus with young EDWARD, bath'd in worldly Bliſſe,
Whilſt Tutors care His wandring Yeeres did guide,
I liu'd, enioying whatſoe'r was His:
Who ne'r my Pleaſure any thing deny'd.
Whoſe watchfull Eye ſo duly Me attended,
As on my ſafetie, if His life depended.

But whether it my rare Perfections were,
That wonne my youth ſuch Fauour in His Eye,
Or it pleas'd Heauen (to ſhew it held Me deare)
To ſhowre on Me this Bleſſing from the Skye,
I know not, but it rightly could direct,
That could produce ſo powerfull an effect.

O thou dread Booke, where our Fates are enroll'd,
Who hath ſo cleere Eyes, as to looke into thee?
What is that Man, by whom thou art controll'd,
Or hath the Key of Reaſon to vndoe thee,
When none but Heauen, thy darke Decrees can know,
Whoſe depth we ſound not, which dwell here below?

An admiration of the power of Fate.

The ſoule Her liking eaſly can eſpye,
(By Sympathie, to Her by Heauen aſſign'd)
Through Her cleere Windowes, the wel-ſeeing Eye,
Which doth conuay the Image to the Mind,
Without aduiſement, and can apprehend,
That whoſe true cauſe, Mans knowledge doth tranſcend.

This EDWARD in the *Aprill* of his Age,
Whilſt yet the Crowne ſat on his Fathers head,
Like ſportfull IOVE, with his rapt *Phrygian* Page,
Me with Ambroſiall Delicacies fed,
He might command that was the Soueraign's Sonne,
But my direction only muſt be done.

Ioue is fained in the ſhape of an Eagle, to beare away Ganimed *a* Phrygian *boy, and to make him his Cup-bearer in Heauen.*

My Will a Law, authentically paſt,
My Yea, by Him was neuer croſs'd with No,
In His affection chain'd to Me ſo faſt,
That as my ſhaddow ſtill he ſeem'd to goe,
To Me this Prince, ſo plyant was in all,
Still as an Eccho anſwering to My call.

My Smiles His life, ſo ioy'd He in my ſight,
That His Delight was led by my Deſire,
From my cleere Eyes, ſo borrowing all His Light,
As pale-fac'd CYNTHIA, from her Brothers fire.
He made my Cheeke, the Pillow for His Head,
My Brow His Booke, my Boſome was His Bed.

The Ancients ſo faine the Sunne and Moone, the Children of Latona.
Venus, *ſo called of a Hill where She was honoured.*
A Simile of the wantonneſſe of Prince Edward *and* Gaueſton.

Like faire IDALIA, bent to amorous ſport,
With young ADONIS, in the pleaſant ſhade,
Expreſſing their affections in that ſort,
As though her vtmoſt paſſion ſhould perſwade
The one of vs, the other ſtill to moue,
To all the tender Dalliances of Loue.

The Table thus of our Delight was lay'd,
Seru'd with what Dainty Pleaſure could deuiſe,
And many a *Syren* ſweetly to vs play'd,
But Youth had not, vs therewith to ſuffice:
For we on that inſatiately did feed,
Which our Confuſion afterwards did breed.

The Prince another Phaeton.

For ſtill I ſpurr'd vp his vntam'd Deſire,
Then ſitting in the Chariot of the Sunne,
My blandiſhments were Fuell to that fire,
Wherein He fry'd: I for his flight begunne
To wax His Wings; and taught Him Art to flie,
Who on His backe, might beare Me through the Skie.

Gaueſton, *another* Dedalus *to his* Icarus, *the Prince.*

Whilſt the vaine World ſo cunningly could winne
Vs, Her falſe Flatteries, who too long did truſt,
Till hauing loſt the Clue which led vs in,
We wandred in the Labyrinth of Luſt:
" For when the Soule is nuſl'd once in Vice,
" The ſweet of Sinne, makes Hell a Paradice.

Who

An Exclamation againſt the world.

Who to the full, thy vileneſſe, World, e'r told,
What is in Thee, that's not extremely ill?
A lothſome Shop, where poyſons only ſold,
Whoſe very entrance inſtantly doth kill,
Nothing in Thee but villanie doth dwell,
And all thy wayes lead head-long into Hell.

As Phaeton, *when he undertooke to guide his Fathers chariot.*

The King, whoſe truſt I lewdly had betrayd,
His Sonne, like PHAETON, vent'ring on the Skies,
Perceiu'd his courſe was per'lous to be ſtayd,
For he was Graue, and wonderfully wiſe,
And if with skill he curb'd not his deſire,
EDWARD might eaſly ſet his Throne on fire.

The King grieuouſly perplexed for the ill courſes of his Sonne.

This was a corſiue to old EDWARDS dayes,
And without ceaſing fed vpon his Bones,
That in the Day bereau'd him of his eaſe,
Breaking his Nights ſleepe with continuall mones,
This more depres'd, and ſadlyer way'd him downe,
Then the care elſe, belonging to his Crowne.

And though he had iudicially deſcryde
The cauſe, from whence this maladie firſt grew,
It was no cure, vnleſſe he could prouide
Meanes to preuent the danger to enſue,
Wherefore, he for his purpoſe made them way,
Againſt my courſes, that had ought to ſay.

When thoſe in Court, my Oppoſites that were,
This faire aduantage and could finely take,
And for my Fall, what did to them appeare,
So fitly for their purpoſes to make,
Thereon their Forces inſtantly to ground,
Me to the World perpetually to wound,

What thing ſo falſe, but taken was for truth,
So that on me a ſcandall it might bring,
By ſuch as ſtucke not to accuſe my Youth,
To ſinne in the vnnaturall'ſt thing,
And all fore-paſſed outrages awake,
Me to Mankind contemptible to make?

Pierce Gaueſton *baniſhed the Kingdome.*

Wherefore, the Prince more ſtraitly was beſtow'd,
In forrayne Realmes and I adiudg'd to roame,
And ſharply cenſur'd to be held abroad,
Who had betrayd my hopefull truſt at Home,
Adiudg'd to dye, were I by any found,
After my ſet Day, on the *Engliſh* ground.

That,

That, as aſtounded with a mightie blow,
I ſtood awhile inſenſible of payne,
Till ſomewhat wakened by my colder woe,
I felt the wound, by which my Ioyes were ſlayne,
By which I faynted hourely, more and more,
Nor could I thinke, what cure could me reſtore.

A Simile of Gaueſtons departure from the Prince.

But as a Turtle for her loued Make,
Whoſe Youth her deare Virginitie inioy'd,
Sits ſhrowded in ſome ſolitarie Brake,
With melancholy penſiueneſſe annoy'd,
Thus without comfort ſate I all alone,
From the Sweet Preſence of Prince EDWARD gone.

My Beautie, that diſdayn'd the Summers ſight,
Now fouly beaten with bleake Winters ſtormes,
My Limbs were put to trauell Day and Night,
So often hugg'd in Princely EDWARDS Armes,
Thoſe Eyes oft viewing Pleaſure in her pride,
Saw fearefull Obiects on their either ſide.

Whilſt in theſe Tempeſts I was ſtrangely toſt,
My ſelfe confining in my natiue *France*,
By many a ſad calamitie ſtill croſt,
Inſeparables to my ſore miſchance,
Others that ſtem'd the Current of the Time,
Whence I had ſalne, ſtroue ſuddenly to Clime.

A God of Sea, fayned to take ſundrie ſhapes.

Like the Camelion, whilſt Time turnes the hue,
And with falſe PROTEVS puts on ſundrie ſhapes,
This change ſcarce gone, a ſecond doth enſue,
One fild, another for promotion gapes,
Thus doe they ſwarme like Flyes about the brim,
Some drownd, and ſome doe with much danger ſwim.

And ſome, on whom the Sunne ſhone wondrous fayre,
Yet of the Seaſon little ſeem'd to vaunt,
For there were Clouds hung in the troubled Ayre,
Threatning, that they of their deſires might want,
Which made them flagge, prepared elſe to flye,
Whilſt with their Falls, they fading Honour buy.

When poſting Time, that neuer turnes againe,
Whoſe winged Feet flie ſwiftly with the Sunne,
By the Fleet houres attending on his Traine,
His Reuolution fatally begunne,
And in his courſe brought ſuddenly about,
That, which before the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For

For whilſt King EDWARD wholly doth attend,
A happy Voyage to the Holy Land,
For which the Laytie mightie Summes did lend,
Euen whilſt this buſineſſe hotly wãs in hand,
See, but to me what fortune there can fall,
This Conquerors death hath quickly alterd all.

The death of Edward Long-ſhanks.

Should I preſume his Prayſes to report,
Thinking thereby to grace his ſo great Name,
My meane indeuours would fall farre too ſhort,
And I too much ſhould but impaire his Fame,
Ile leaue that to ſome ſacred Muſe to tell,
Vpon whoſe Life a Poets Pen might dwell.

Neuer was there of the Engliſh *a more excellent King then* Edward *the firſt.*

Scarce was his Body lap'd vp in the Lead,
Before his dolefull Obſequies were done,
When *Englands* Crowne was ſet on EDWARDS head,
With whom too ſoone my ioyfull dayes begun,
As the black Night at the approching Day,
My former ſorrowes vaniſhed away.

The Coronation of Edward *the ſecond.*

EDWARD CARNARVON calls me from Exile,
Whom EDWARD LONGSHANKS baniſh'd to his death,
I, whom the Father held moſt baſe and vile,
Was to the Sonne as precious as his Breath,
What th'old King writ, the yong King forth did blot,
" Th'aliue's remembred, dead mens words forgot.

So called of the Towne of Carnatuon *in Northwales, where he was borne.*

The faire Wind wafts me to that wiſh'd-for Place,
And ſets me ſafely on that bleſſed Shore,
From whence I ſeem'd, but baniſh'd for a ſpace,
That my returne might honor'd be the more,
There to my lou'd Lord, happily to leaue me,
Whoſe Armes were caſt wide open to receaue me.

Who would haue ſeene that Noble *Roman* Dame,
O'rcome with ioy, giue vp her vitall Breath,
Her Sonne returning, ſounded in by fame,
When thankefull *Rome* had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her perſonated right,
At my approch, to my deare EDWARDS ſight.

A Roman *Lady that dyed with extreme ioy.*

My IOVE, now Lord of the Aſcendant is,
In an Aſpect, to promiſe happy ſpeed,
And ſuch on me that influence of his,
As prays'd the Courſe, wherein we did proceed,
Yet moſt prodigious it to ſome appeares,
Telling the Troubles of enſuing Yeares.

A Metaphor from the motions of the Celeſtiall Bodies.

When

When like to MIDAS all I touch'd was Gold,
Vpon me ſhowr'd, as into DANA'S Lap,
For, I obtayned any thing I would,
So well had Fortune lotted out my hap,
" For Princes Treaſures like to Oceans are,
" To whom all Riuers naturally repayre.

Pierce Gaueſton *his Reliefe, Offices, & Marriage: in the foure following Stanza's.*

The Iſle of *Man*, the firſt, to me he gaue,
He could not ſtay, vntill I would demand,
And to be ſure to giue, ere I could craue,
I next receiued from his bounteous Hand,
Faire *Wallingford*, which many yeeres had beene,
The wealthy Dower of ELIANOR the Queene.

Thoſe Summes his Father had beene leuying long,
By Impoſitions, for the Warre abroad,
Other his Princely benefits among,
At once on me he liberally beſtow'd,
When ſome that ſaw, how much on me he caſt,
Perceiu'd, his wealth could not maintayne his waſte.

He gaue me then his Secretaries place,
Thereby to trayne me in affaires of State:
Me in thoſe Roomes, that I was in, to grace,
And Earle of *Cornwall* frankly did create,
Beſides, in Court more freely to partake me,
Of *England*, he High Chamberlayne did make me.

Pierce Gaueſton *married* Iſabel, *the third Daughter of the Earle of* Glocester, *which the Earle had by the Kings Siſter.*

And to the Royall Blood me to aly,
(Which did but backe my humour of Ambition)
In Bands of Wedlocke did to me affie,
A Lady of an excellent condition,
Which IOANE of *Acres* his deare Siſter bare,
To th'Earle of *Gloſter*, that right Noble *Clare*.

An admiration of Bountie.

O bleſſed Bountie, giuing all content!
The only Fautreſſe of all Noble Arts,
That lend'ſt ſucceſſe to euery good intent,
A grace that reſts in the moſt Godlike Hearts,
By Heauen to none, but happy Soules infuſed,
Pitie it is, that ere thou waſt abuſed.

When thoſe here firſt that my Exile procur'd,
Which in my Heart ſtill hated did abide,
As they before, by no meanes me endur'd,
So were they now impatient of my pride,
" For Emulation euer did attend
" Vpon the Great, and ſhall ſo to the end.

To

To croſſe whom, into fauour I wrought thoſe,
That from meane Places lifted vp by me,
Being factious Spirits, were fitteſt to oppoſe
Them, that perhaps too powerfull elſe might be,
That againſt Enuie rayſed by my Hand,
Muſt vphold me, to make themſelues to ſtand.

The policy of an aduanced Fauourite.

Hauing my Frame ſo cunningly contriu'd,
To boulſter me in my ambitious Wayes,
I ſhew'd the King my hate to be deriu'd,
From thoſe high Honours that he on me layes,
Drawing him on (my courſes to partake)
Still to maintayne what he himſelfe did make.

Thus did my Youth but exerciſe extreames,
My heed was Raſhneſſe to forerunne my Fall,
My Wit but folly, and my Hopes but dreames,
My Counſell ſeru'd my ſelfe but to inthrall,
Abuſing me but with a vaine Illuſion,
And all together haſting my Confuſion.

When as King EDWARD haſteneth his repaire,
T'eſpouſe the Princeſſe ISABEL of *France*,
Daughter to PHILIP that was call'd the FAIRE,
By which he thought his ſtrength much to aduance,
And here at Home to perfect my command,
He left me the protection of the Land,

King Edward *eſpouſed to* Iſabel *the* French *Kings Daughter.*
Gaueſton *Protector of the Kingdome.*

Giuing me Power ſo abſolute withall,
That I dranke pleaſure in a plentious Cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my Hands ſo freely rendred vp,
That Heauen on me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater then my King.

Thus being got as high as I could clime,
With this abundance beyond meaſure bleſt,
I thought t'imbrace the benefit of Time,
Fully to take what freely I poſſeſt,
" Holding for truth, that he is worſe then mad,
" Fondly to ſpare a Princes wealth that had.

Their counſell then continually I croſt,
In ſcorning their Authoritie and Blood,
And thoſe things that concern'd their Honours moſt,
Thoſe againſt them euermore I ſtood,
And things for publique priuately did ſpend:
To feed my Ryot that could find no end:

Vntill falſe Fortune, like a treacherous Foe,
Which had ſo long attended on my Fall,
In the playne Path wherein I was to goe,
Layd many a baite to trayne me on withall,
Till by her ſkill ſhee cunningly had brought me
Into the Trap, where ſhee at pleaſure caught me.

An especiall cauſe of the Barons hatred to Gaueſton.

For when the Barons hotly went in Hand,
With Tilts and Turney's for the Kings returne,
To ſhew the *French* the glorie of the Land,
The fixed Day I labour'd to adiourne,
Till all their charge was laſtly ouerthrowne,
Who could abide no Glorie but mine owne.

Thus ſought my Fate me forward ſtill to ſet,
As though ſome Engine ſeys'd me with a ſlight:
One miſchiefe ſoone a Second doth beget,
The Second brings a Third but on too right,
And euery one it ſelfe imployeth wholly,
In their iuſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

For when the Barons found me to retayne,
Th'ambitious courſe wherein I firſt began,
And deeply felt, that vnder my diſdayne,
Into contempt continually they ran,
They tooke vp Armes to remedie their wrong,
Which their cold Spirits had ſuffred but too long;

The Barons, the ſecond time riſe againſt Gaueſton.

Me boldly charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtefull Spender of his Wealth and Treaſure,
A ſecret Thiefe of many a ſacred Thing,
And that I led him to vnlawfull Pleaſure,
Who neuer did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my Beſtiall appetite:

That like a ſickneſſe on the Land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull courſes the chiefe cauſe had beene,
The Common-wealth thus totter'd was and rent,
And worſe and worſe yet euery day foreſeene.
Thus was I ſcandall'd publiquely of many,
Who pitied none, not pitied was of any.

And ſince I thus was match'd by Men of might,
The King, my danger that diſcreetly way'd,
Seeing them to purſue me with ſuch ſpight,
Me into *Ireland* ſecretly conuay'd,
Till with my Peeres, my peace he might procure,
Or might my ſafetie otherwiſe aſſure.

Like

Like one whoſe Houſe remedileſly burning,
Seeing his Goods long heap'd together loſt,
The miſchiefe no whit leſned by his mourning,
Taketh ſome one thing that he loueth moſt,
And to ſome ſure place doth with that retire,
Leauing the reſt to th'mercy of the Fire.

A Simile of the great care King Edward *had of his Darling* Gaueſton.

And he that nought to deare for me did deeme,
So it might ſerue to couer my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeeme,
And to the World to beare a fayrer Face,
Leſt my Exile ſuggeſted by their hate,
In *England* here perhaps might wound my State:

The King findeth out ſhift to ſhaddow the exile of his Minion.

By their wiſe Counſell that were him about,
Of *Ireland* he me Deputie doth make,
And caus'd it each-where to be giuen out,
My Iourney therefore thither I did take,
To ſtop their mouth's that gladly would imbrace
The leaſt thing, that might ſound to my diſgrace.

Whereas he ſet me in that Princely ſort,
As in my place might purchaſe me Renowne,
With no leſſe Bountie to maintayne a Court,
Then hourely crau'd th'Reuenues of a Crowne,
Thither his Bountie ſo much did me bring,
That though he raign'd, yet there was I a King.

There were few Weeks, but ſome the Channell croſt
With ſundrie Preſents of a wond'rous price,
Some Iewell that him infinitely coſt,
Or ſome rich Robe of excellent deuice,
That they which ſaw what he vpon me threw,
Well might diſcerne, ſome change muſt needs inſue.

The extreme dotage of the King.

And ſince the Flow me followed in this wiſe,
The fulneſſe I as amply entertayne,
It had beene folly to haue ſeem'd preciſe,
To take that, which fell on me like the Rayne,
Such as before no Age had euer ſeene,
And ſince he was, I thinke, hath ſeldome beene.

So that, when the bold Barony had found
The cunning vs'd in couering of my flight,
That ſhifted me but to a ſurer ground,
On which, they vainely had beſtow'd their might,
Perceiu'd farre off, that greater perill roſe,
Then they could find how fitly to diſpoſe.

The Barons found themſelues ouer-wrought by the King.

A Simile of the Barons and Gauestons.

Like thoſe that ſtriue to ſtop ſome ſwelling Sourſe,
(Whoſe plentie none can comprehend in bounds)
Which climes aboue th'Oppoſers of his courſe,
And that which ſhould incircle it, ſurrounds,
That ſo innated in it ſelfe is bleſt,
That 'tis the more, the more it is depreſt.

The Barons knowing Gauestons to be ambitious, thought it not fit to giue him too much power in Ireland.

For fearing much the Force I had abroad,
Who knew the way, the *Iriſh* hearts to win,
They thought me better here to beſtow'd,
And for the State more ſafely farre therein,
Where though my ſpoile they hop'd not to preuent,
Yet could they ſee the giddy courſe I went.

Of which they ſcarſly had conceiu'd the thought,
And did thereto but ſeemingly deſcend,
But that the King immediately it caught,
Nor car'd he by it, what they did intend,
Plot what they could, ſo he thereby might gayne me,
Once in his Court againe to intertayne me.

An admiration of the Maieſty of Kings.

What is ſo hard, but Maieſtie commands,
Yea, and ſeuerely humbleth with the Eye?
Whoſe very Nod acts with a thouſand Hands,
In it ſuch Vertue ſecretly doth lye,
Hauing t'vphold it, the high power of Fate,
It is Emperious, both o'r Loue and Hate.

This King, who no occaſion could neglect,
That ought, me to my happineſſe might win,
Did with ſuch care my buſineſſes effect,
And euer was ſo fortunate therein,
That he to paſſe in little time did bring,
What moſt Men thought to be a doubtfull thing.

When Poſts away with their full Packets went,
Me out of *Ireland* inſtantly to call,
Allow'd of by the generall conſent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all,
Yet 'twas ſufficient that it freedome gaue me,
But to be here, where he deſired to haue me.

My proud Sayles ſwelling with a proſp'rous Wind,
The boyſt'rous Seas did homage to mine Eyes,
And much aboue their vſuall courſe were kind,
All lowring Clouds abandoning the Skyes,
Nothing diſcern'd in any Starre to feare me,
Fortune her ſelfe ſate at the Helme to ſtere me.

What

Wh at time the King a Progreſſe needs would make
Into *North-Wales*, His Natiue Place to ſee,
Which was indeed, but only for my ſake,
Who at *Weſt-Cheſter*, knew to meet with Mee,
And there, with all the State He could deuiſe,
To doe Me honour, in the Peoples eyes.

Canaruon *the chiefe Towne of one of the Shires of* North Wales *where the King was borne.*

Where, for my Landing, long He did prouide,
That nought might want to nouriſh my Delight,
And at each Lodging as along We ride,
He entertaind Me, with ſome pleaſing ſight,
And that the Realme our Friendſhip might report,
We entred *London* in this Royall ſort.

Which prou'd ſharpe Spurres to my vntam'd Deſire,
Lending the Reines to my laſciuious Will,
And put Me forth vpon my full Careere,
On places ſlipperie, and my manage ill,
Small my fore-ſight, and ouer-much my haſte,
Which Me, alas, infortunately caſt.

King EDWARDS Eare when hauing at command,
Who ought would haue, He muſt Me entertaine;
And yet before it paſt my gripple hand,
I ſhar'd the great'ſt part to my priuate gaine,
Nor car'd I what from any I could wring,
So I might Coine into my Coffers bring.

Pierce Gaueſtons *inſatiable Couetouſneſſe and Pride, expreſt in the three Stanza's following.*

Then daily beg'd I great Monopolies,
Taking the Lands belonging to the Crowne,
Tranſporting all the beſt Commodities,
Vſefull to *England*, needed of her owne,
And baſely ſold all Offices, till then:
The due Reward of wel-deſeruing Men.

And being inconſiderately proud,
Held all things vile that ſuted not my vaine,
Nothing might paſſe, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
Giuing vile Termes and Nick-names of Diſgrace,
To Men of great Birth, and of greater Place.

Whereby brake out that execrable Rage,
Which long before had boyled in their Bloud,
Themſelues by Oath againſt Me they engage,
Who thus had all Authoritie with-ſtood,
And in the Quarrell vp their Armes doe take,
Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They

The Barons obiections against Gaueston.

They durſt affirme my Mother was a Witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her Sonne, ſo rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her Sorceries to Me,
Vrging it on, for a moſt certaine thing,
That I by Magicke wrought vpon the King.

And into *France* they charg'd Me to conuay
A goodly Table of pure Maſſie Gold,
A Relike kept in *Windſor* many a day,
Which to King ARTHVR did belong of old,
Vpon whoſe margent, as they did ſurmiſe,
There were ingrauen MERLINS Propheſies.

And by appealing to the Sea of *Rome*,
They ſoone procur'd a Legate to the Land,
With Malediction, by the Churches doome,
Vpon that Man which on my part ſhould ſtand,
The King ſuſpending, ſhould He not conſent,
To ratifie the Baronies intent.

Which they to purpoſe proſp'rouſly effect,
Then at full ſtrength, to counterpoyſe his force,
Hauing withall the Clergie to direct,
Them the beſt way, in their reſiſtleſſe courſe,
Till at the laſt King EDWARD they procure,
By ſolemne Oath Me euer to abiure.

Pierce Gauestion, *the third time baniſhed.*

Th'vncertaine iſſue of each earthly thing,
Set out moſt liuely in my ſtar-croſt State,
That doth remaine in Fortunes managing,
Appearing in my variable Fate:
On Me that frown'd and flatt'red Me ſo oft,
Caſting Me downe, then ſetting Me aloft.

Pierce Gauestion *goeth for* Flanders.

To *Flanders* then my preſent courſe I caſt,
Which as the fair'ſt, ſo fitteſt for my eaſe:
" That way is ſaf'ſt that ſooneſt can be paſt,
All, not my Friends, that were abroad at Seas,
Such Friends in *France*, they daily did procure,
That there my Selfe I doubted to ſecure.

Where though I chang'd my Habit and my Name,
Hoping thereby to liue vnknowne to any;
Yet ſwift Report had ſo divulg'd my Shame,
My hatefull Life was publiſh'd to too many,
That as I paſt through euery Street along,
I was the Tale of euery common Tongue.

From

From whence I found a ſecret meanes, to haue
Intelligence with my kind Lord the King,
Who fail'd no Mon'th, but He Me notice gaue,
What the proud Barons had in managing,
And labour'd then, as He had done before,
Me into *England* ſafely to reſtore.

For which relying on my Soueraignes Loue,
To whom as Life I had beene euer deare,
Which ne'r then now, I had more need to prooue,
Who ſtroue t'obtaine, if any meane there were,
A Diſpenſation for His former Oath,
In their deſpight that thereto ſeem'd moſt loth.

Which long debating, We reſolu'd at length,
Since I by Marriage ſtrongly was alli'd,
Iat this pinch ſhould ſtand vpon my ſtrength,
And ſhould for *England*, hap what could betyde,
And in a Ship that for my Paſſage lay,
Thither my Selfe to ſecretly conuay.

The third time that Gaueſton had bin recald from Exile.

Where ſafely landed on the wiſhed Shore,
With ſpeed to Court I cloſely Me betooke,
Yet gaue the King Intelligence before,
About what time, He there for Me ſhould looke,
Who was deuiſing when I ſhould arriue,
The ſureſt way, my ſafety to contriue.

Which the Lords finding, whilſt their bloud was hot,
That to themſelues then only were to truſt,
For what before was done, auail'd them not,
And for my ſake, they found the King vniuſt,
Bringing thereby, whilſt trifling they doe ſtand,
Spoile on themſelues, and perill on the Land.

Who was ſo dull, that did not then diſtaſte,
That thus the King His Nobles ſhould neglect?
And thoſe in Court, We for our purpoſe plac'd,
Gaue vs iuſt cauſe their dealings to ſuſpect,
And they that view'd Vs with the pleaſed'ſt Eye,
Yet at our Actions often look'd awry.

The King goeth to Yorke, to gather power againſt the Barons

Which made King EDWARD preſently prouide
A choſen Conuoy of His chiefeſt Friends,
To guard Me ſafe to *Yorke*, to be ſupply'd
With Forraine Succours, and to *Scotland* ſends,
To Warlike BALIOL, and to *Wales*, from whence,
He hop'd for Power to fruſtrate their preſence.

But

The two Marches of Wales *and* Scotland.

But they His Agents, quickly intercept,
Not then to ſeeke, in ſo well-knowne a thing,
And both the *Marches* they ſo ſtrictly kept,
That none could enter to aſſiſt the King,
Only to chaſtiſe my abhorred ſinne.
Who had the Cauſe of all theſe Troubles bin.

A Simile expreſſing Gaueſtons *incertaine eſtate.*

Thus like a Ship deſpoiled of her Sailes,
Shoou'd by the Wind againſt the ſtreamfull tyde,
This way the one, that way the other hales,
Now tow'rds this Shore, and now tow'rds that doth ryde,
As that poore Veſſell's, ſuch my brittle ſtay,
The neerer Land, the neerer caſt away.

An Exclamation againſt Ciuill Diſcention.

Thou Kingdomes Corſiue, home-begotten Hate,
In any Limits neuer that waſt bounded,
When didſt thou yet ſeize vpon any State,
By Thee that was not vtterly confounded?
How many Empires be there that doe rue Thee?
Happie the World was, till too well it knew Thee.

Thus of all ſuccour vtterly bereft,
Only ſome ſmall force that We had at Sea,
For vs to truſt to, Fortune had vs left,
On which our Hopes, vpon this Vpcaſt lay,
Which We to haſten ſpeedily doe make,
Our former Courſes, forced to forſake.

Our preſent perill hapning to be ſo,
That did for aide importunately call,
Wherefore in *Yorke*, as ſafeſt from the Foe,
He left Me to the keeping of the Wall,
Till His Returne Me further aide might giue,
Whom more and more, He ſtudied to releeue.

Bedford, the place where the Barons gathered their power againſt Gaueſton.

The Barons then from *Bedford* ſetting on,
Th' appointed *Randy* where they gath'red head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Tow'rds *Yorkeſhire* with celeritie them ſped,
To ſeize my Perſon purpoſed that were,
Whoſe preſence elſe might make them to forbeare.

A place of mighty ſtrength, ſo called of the ſcituation: as much to ſay, as ſtanding vpon a Rocke, for the old Inhabitants of thoſe countries called Rockes, Scars.

When leauing *Yorke*, to *Scarborough* I poſt,
With that ſmall Force, the Citie had to lend Me,
The ſtrongeſt Fort, that ſtood vpon the Coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend Me,
Which at the worſt, from whence in their Deſpight,
The Hils at hand might priuiledge my Flight.

But

But they which kept the Countrey round about,
Vpon each paſſage ſet ſo watchfull Spies,
Of well-wall'd *Yorke* that I was ſcarſly out,
But on their light-Horſe after Me they riſe,
And ſuddenly they in vpon Me came,
Ere I had time to get into the ſame.

Thence with intent tow'rds *Oxford* to conuay Me,
When by the way, as Birds doe at the Owle,
Some wondred at Me, ſome againe did bay me,
As hungrie Wolues at Paſſengers doe howle:
Each one reioycing that I thus was caught,
Who on the Land theſe Miſeries had brought.

Conducted thus to *Dedington* at laſt,
Where th' Earle of * *Pembrooke* will'd Me to be ſtay'd,
To vnderſtand before they further paſt,
What by the King could on my ſide be ſayd,
About this Buſineſſe, and tow'rds EDWARD went,
T'acquaint Him with the generall intent.

A Towne of Oxfordſhire, not farre from Banbury.
* Aymer de Valence.

But th'Earle of *Warwicke* (lying but too neere)
The Dogge of *Arden* that I vs'd to call,
Who mortall Hatred did Me euer beare,
He whom I moſt ſuſpected of them all,
Thither repayring with His powerfull Band,
Seized vpon Me with a violent hand.

Warwicke *ſtandeth in the Verge of the old Forreſt of* Arden, *wherefore he called Him ſo.*

To *Warwicke* Caſtle carrying Me along,
(Where He had long deſired Me to get)
With Friends and Tenants abſolutely ſtrong,
Whom all the puiſant Baronie abet,
Which, ſince occaſion offred them ſuch hold,
Haſten my Death by all the meanes they could.

North from the Towne, a mile, or very neere,
A little Hill in publike view doth lye,
That's called *Blacklow*, of the Dwellers there,
Neere to the ancient Hermitage of GVY,
To which, the Lords Me as a Traytor led,
And on a Scaffold tooke away my Head.

Guyes *cliffe, ſo called of* Guy of Warwick's *Statue there preſerued, in which place Hee liued an Heremeticall life, when He grew aged.*

My Life and Fortunes liuely thus expreſt,
In the ſad Tenor of my Tragique Tale,
Let Me returne to the faire fields of reſt,
Thither tranſported with a proſp'rous gale,
And leaue the World my Deſtinie to view,
Bidding it thus eternally adiew.

THE LEGEND OF GREAT *CROMWELL.*

AWak'd, and trembling betwixt Rage and Dread
With the lowd ſlander (by the impious Time)
That of my Actions euery-where is ſpred,
Through which to honour falſly I ſhould clime:
From the ſad dwelling of th'vntimely dead,
To quit Me of that Execrable Crime,
CROMWELL appeares, his wretched plight to ſhow,
Much that can tell, as one that much did know.

Roughly not made vp in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I ſhould die,
What thing ſo ſtrange of CROMWELL is not told?
What man more prays'd? Who more condemn'd then I?
That with the World when I am waxed old,
Moſt 't were vnfit that Fame of Me ſhould lie,
With Fables vaine my Hiſtorie to fill,
Forcing my good, excuſing of my Ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated Name,
Your ancient Malice inſtantly bewray,
And for my ſake your ill-deſerued Blame,
Vpon my Legend publikely ſhall lay;
Would you forbeare to blaſt Me with Defame,
Might I ſo meane a priuiledge but pray,
He that three Ages had endur'd your wrong,
Heare Him a little who hath heard you long.

Since

Since *Romes* ſad Ruine here by Me began,
Who Her Religion pluckt vp by the Root,
Of the falſe World ſuch Hate for which I wan,
Which ſtill at Me her poiſned'ſt Darts doth ſhoot;
That to excuſe it, doe the beſt I can,
Little, I feare, my labour Me will boot
Yet will I ſpeake my troubled Heart to eaſe,
Much to the Minde, Her ſelfe it is to pleaſe.

O powerfull Number, from whoſe ſtricter Law,
Heart-mouing Muſike did receiue the Ground
Which Man to faire Ciuility did draw,
With the brute Beaſt when lawleſſe He was found:
O, if according to the wiſer Saw,
There be a high Diuinitie in ſound,
Be now abundant proſp'rouſly to aide
The Pen prepar'd, my doubtfull Caſe to plead.

Putney the Place made bleſſed by my Birth,
Whoſe meaneſt Cottage ſimply Me did ſhrowd,
To Me as deareſt of the *Engliſh* Earth;
So of my bringing that poore Village proud,
Though in a time when neuer leſſe the Dearth
Of happie Wits, yet Mine ſo well allow'd,
That with the beſt She boldly durſt prefer
Me, that my breath acknowledged from Her.

Cromwell *borne at* Putney.

Twice flow'd proud *Thames* as at my comming wood,
Striking the wondring Bord'rers with Feare,
And the pale *Genius* of that aged floud,
To my ſicke Mother labouring did appeare,
And with a Countenance much diſtracted ſtood,
Threatning the Fruit Her pained Wombe ſhould beare:
My ſpeedy Birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to fore-tell, that much I came to doe.

Who was reſerued for thoſe worſer daies,
As the great Ebbe vnto ſo long a Flow,
When what thoſe Ages formerly did raiſe,
This, when I liu'd, did laſtly ouerthrow,
And that great'ſt Labour of the World did ſeize,
Only for which immedicable Blow
Due to that Time, Me dooming Heauen ordain'd,
Wherein Confuſion abſolutely raign'd,

Vainly yet noted this prodigious Signe,
Often Predictions of moſt fearefull things,
As Plagues, or Warre, or great Men to decline,
Riſing of Commons, or the Death of Kings;
But ſome ſtrange Newes though euer it diuine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Vntill th'effects Men afterward did learne,
To know that Me it chiefly did concerne.

Whilſt yet my Father by His painfull Trade,
Whoſe labour'd Anuile only was His Fee,
Whom my great tow'rdneſſe ſtrongly did perſwade,
In Knowledge to haue educated Mee:
But Death did Him vnluckily inuade,
Ere He the fruits of His Deſire could ſee,
Leauing Me young, then little that did know,
How Me the Heauens had purpos'd to beſtow.

Hopeleſſe as helpleſſe moſt might Me ſuppoſe,
Whoſe meanneſſe ſeem'd their abiect breath to draw:
Yet did my Breſt that glorious fire incloſe,
Which their dull purblind Ignorance not ſaw,
Which ſtill is ſettled vpon outward Showes,
The Vulgars iudgement euer is ſo raw,
Which the vnworthieſt ſottiſhly doe loue,
In their owne Region properly that moue.

Yet Me my Fortune ſo could not diſguiſe,
But through this Cloud were ſome that did Me know,
Which then the reſt, more happie or more wiſe,
Me did relieue when I was driuen low,
Which as the ſtayres by which I firſt did riſe,
When to my hieght I afterward did grow,
Them to requite, my Bounties were ſo hie,
As made my Fame through euery Eare to flie.

Cromwell famous for thankfulneſſe.

That height and Godlike puritie of Minde,
Reſteth not ſtill, where Titles moſt adorne
With any, nor peculiarly confinde
To Names, and to be limited doth ſcorne:
Man doth the moſt degenerate from kinde,
" Richeſt and pooreſt both alike are borne;
" And to be alwaies pertinently good,
" Followes not ſtill the greatneſſe of our Bloud.

Men of the greateſt Bloud, not alwayes moſt vertuous.

Pittie

Pitie it is, that to one vertuous Man
That Marke him lent, to Gentrie to aduance,
Which firſt by Noble induſtrie he wan,
His baſer Iſſue after ſhould inhance,
And the rude Slaue not any good that can,
Such ſhould thruſt downe by what is his by chance:
As had not He beene firſt that him did raiſe,
Ne'r had his great Heire wrought his Grandſires praiſe.

How weake art thou that makeſt it thy end,
To heape ſuch worldly Dignities on thee,
When vpon Fortune only they depend,
And by her changes gouerned muſt bee?
Beſides the dangers ſtill that ſuch attend,
Liuel'eſt of all Men pourtrayed out in mee,
When That, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ſt from me fled, ſcarce tarrying for my fall.

You that but boaſt your Anceſtors proud Stile,
And the large Stem whence your vaine Greatneſſe grew,
When you your ſelues are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious Thing dare actually purſue,
That all good Spirits would vtterly exile,
Doubting their worth ſhould elſe diſcouer you,
Giuing your ſelues vnto Ignoble things;
Baſe I proclaime you, though deriu'd from Kings.

Vertue, but poore, GOD in this Earth doth place,
'Gainſt the rude World to ſtand vp in his right,
To ſuffer ſad affliction and diſgrace,
Not ceaſing to purſue her with deſpight:
Yet when of all ſhee is accounted baſe,
And ſeeming in moſt miſerable plight,
Out of her Power new Life to her doth take,
Leaſt then diſmayd, when all doe her forſake.

That is the Man of an vndaunted ſpirit,
For her deare ſake that offereth him to dye,
For whom, when him the World doth diſinherit,
Looketh vpon it with a pleaſed Eye,
What's done for Vertue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudeſt menaces deſie,
More worth then Life, how ere the baſe World rate him,
Belou'd of Heauen, although the Earth doth hate him.

Inin-

Iniurious Time, vnto the Good vniuſt,
O! how may weake Poſteritie ſuppoſe
Euer to haue their merit from the Duſt,
'Gainſt them thy partialitie that knowes!
To thy report, O who ſhall euer truſt,
Triumphant arches building vnto thoſe,
Allow'd the longeſt memorie to haue,
That were the moſt vnworthy of a Graue!

But my cleere mettle had that powerfull heate,
As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could:
Nor when the World me terribleſt did threat,
Could win that place, which my high thoughts did hold,
That waxed ſtill more proſperouſly great,
The more the World me ſtroue to haue controll'd,
On mine owne Columnes conſtantly to ſtand,
Without the falſe helpe of anothers Hand.

My Youthfull courſe thus wiſely did I ſteere,
T'auoid thoſe Rocks my wracke that elſe did threat:
Yet ſome faire Hopes from farre did ſtill appeare,
If that too much my wants did me not let:
Wherefore my Selfe aboue my Selfe to beare,
Still as I grew, I knowledge ſtroue to get,
To perfect that which in the Embryon was,
Whoſe Birth, I found, Time well might bring to paſſe.

But when my meanes to faile me I did find,
My ſelfe to Trauell preſently I tooke,
For 'twas diſtaſtefull to my Noble mind,
That the vile World into my wants ſhould looke,
Being beſides induſtriouſly inclinde,
To meaſure others Actions with my Booke,
My Iudgement more to rectifie thereby,
In matters that were difficult and hye.

Cromwell *Secretarie to the Merchants.*

When, loe, it hapt, that Fortune as my Guide,
Of me did with ſuch prouidence diſpoſe,
That th'*Engliſh* Merchants then, who did reſide
At *Antwerpe*, me their Secretarie choſe,
(As though in me to manifeſt her pride)
Whence to thoſe Principalities I roſe,
To plucke me downe, whence afterward ſhee fear'd,
Beyond her Power, that almoſt ſhee had rear'd.

When

When firſt the wealthy *Netherlands* me trayn'd,
In wiſe Commerce moſt proper to that Place,
And from my Countrie carefully me wayn'd,
As with the World it meant to winne me Grace,
Where great experience happily I gayn'd;
Yet here I ſeem'd but tutor'd for a ſpace,
For high imployment otherwiſe ordayn'd,
Till which, the Time I idlely entertayn'd.

For *Boſton* buſineſſe hotly then in hand,
The charge thereof on CHAMBERS being layd,
Comming to *Flanders*, hapt to vnderſtand
Of me, whom he requeſted him to ayd;
Of which, when I the benefit had ſcand,
Weighing what time at *Antwerpe* I had ſtayd,
Soone it me wonne faire *Italy* to trie,
Vnder a cheerefull and more luckie skie:

Geffrey Chambers *ſent to* Rome *by the Towne of* Boſton, *to renew the Pardons for the ſaid Towne, for the maintenance of their Port, was* Cromwell *to goe along with him.* Cromwells *forwardneſſe to any courſe that might raiſe him.*

For what the meaneſt cleerely makes to ſhine,
Youth, Wit, and Courage, all in me concurre:
In euery proiect, that ſo powerfull Trine,
By whoſe kind working brauely I did ſturre,
Which to each high and glorious deſigne
(The Time could offer) freely did me ſpurre,
As, forcing Fate, ſome new thing to prepare,
(Shewing ſucceſſe) t'attempt that could me dare:

Where now my Spirit got roomth it ſelfe to ſhow,
To the fayr'ſt pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a Genuine light,
Where higher ſtill it euery day did grow;
And being in ſo excellent a plight,
Crau'd but occaſion happily to proue,
How much it ſate each vulgar Spirit aboue.

The good ſucceſſe th'affaires of *England* found,
Much prays'd the choice of me that had beene made:
For where moſt Men the depth durſt hardly ſound,
Iheld it nothing boldly through to wade,
My ſelfe, and through the ſtraiteſt wayes I woond.
So could I act, ſo well I could perſwade,
As meerely Iouiall in my ſelfe was I,
Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

Cromwell *ſung Freemens Songs to the Pope, which were ſtrange at* Rome.

Not long it was ere *Rome* of me did ring,
(Hardly ſhall *Rome* ſo full dayes ſee agen)
Of Freemens Catches to the Pope I ſing,
Which wan much licence to my Countrimen,
Thither, the which I was the firſt did bring,
That were vnknowne to *Italy* till then:
Light humours, them when iudgement doth direct,
Euen of the Wiſe winne plauſible reſpect.

Two Secretaries imployd in France.

And thoſe, from home that Penſions were allow'd,
And there did for Intelligence remayne,
Vnder my power themſelues were glad to ſhrowd,
RVSSELL and PACE, yea, oftentimes were fayne,
When as their Names they durſt not haue auow'd,
Me into their Societie t'retayne,
Riſing before me, Mightie as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In forraine parts neere Friends I yet forſake,
That had before beene deeply bound to mee,
And would againe I vſe of them ſhould make,
But ſtill my Starres command I ſhould be free,
And all thoſe offers lightly from me ſhake,
Which to requite, I fettred elſe might bee;
And though that oft great perils me oppung,
And meanes were weake, my mind was euer ſtrong.

Cromwells *noble and vndaunted Spirit.*

Yet thoſe great wants, Fate to my Youth did tye,
Me from the pompe of thoſe rich Countries driue,
Thereby inforc'd with painfull induſtrie,
Againſt affliction manfully to ſtriue,
Vnder her burthen faintly not to lye:
But ſince my good I hardly muſt deriue,
Into the ſame I thought to make my way,
Through all the Power againſt me ſhee could lay.

Cromwell *driuen to hard ſhifts.*

As a Comedian and my life I led,
For ſo a while my need did me conſtraine,
With other my poore Countrimen (that plai'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gaine:
Whereas when Fortune ſeem'd me low to tread
Vnder her feete, ſhee ſet me vp againe,
Vntill her vſe bad me her not to feare,
Her good and ill that patiently could beare.

Till

Till CHARLES the fift th'Emperiall Power did bend
'Gainſt *Rome*, which BVRBON skilfully did guide,
Which faſt-declining *Italy* did rend;
For th'Right that him her Holineſſe denide,
Wholly her ſelfe inforced to defend,
'Gainſt him that iuſtly puniſhed her pride,
To which my ſelfe I laſtly did betake,
To ſee thereof what fortune meant to make.

The ſiege of Rome *by the Duke of* Burbon.

And at the ſiege with that great Generall ſeru'd,
When he firſt girt her ſtubborne waſte with ſteele,
Within her Walls who well-neere being ſtaru'd,
And that with faintneſſe ſhee began to reele,
Shewing her ſelfe a little as ſhee ſwaru'd:
Firſt her then noting I began to feele,
Shee, whoſe great power ſo farre abroad did roame,
What in her ſelfe ſhee truely was at home.

That the great Schoole of the falſe World was then,
Where her's their ſubtill practices did vie,
Amongſt that mightie confluence of Men,
French plots propt vp by *Engliſh* policie,
The *German* powers, falſe ſhuffling, and agen
All countermin'd by skilfull *Italy*,
Each one in poſſibilitie to win,
Great reſts were vp, and mightie hands were in.

Here firſt to worke my buſie brayne was ſet,
(My inclination finding it to pleaſe
This ſtirring World which ſtrongly ſtill did whet)
To temper in ſo dangerous aſſayes,
Which did ſtrange formes of policies beget;
Beſides in times ſo turbulent as theſe,
Whereto my ſtudies wholly I did bend
To that which then, the wiſeſt made their end:

And my experience happily me taught
Into the ſecrets of thoſe Times to ſee,
From whence to *England* afterward I brought
Thoſe ſlights of State deliu'red there to mee,
In t'which there then were very few that ſought,
Nor did with th'humour of that age agree,
Which after did moſt fearefull things effect,
Whoſe ſecret working few did then ſuſpect.

Cromwell maketh vſe of his trauell.

When though 'twere long, it hapned yet at laſt,
Some Hopes me homeward ſecretly allur'd,
When many perils ſtrangely I had paſt,
As many ſad calamities endur'd:
Beyond the Moone, when I began to caſt,
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the Mightie knowne,
How they would ſeeme compared with their owne.

Or if that there the Great ſhould me neglect,
As I the worſt that vainely did not feare,
To my experience how to gayne reſpect
In other Countries that doe hold it deare,
I no occaſion vainely did reiect,
Whil'ſt ſtill before me other riſing were,
And ſome themſelues had mounted to the skie,
Little before vnlike to thriue as I.

When now in *England* Bigamie with blood
Lately begot by Luxurie and Pride,
In their great'ſt fulneſſe peremptorie ſtood;
Some that thoſe courſes diligently ey'd,
Slily were fiſhing in that troubled Flood,
For future changes wiſely to prouide,
Finding the World ſo rankely then to ſwell,
That till it brake, it neuer could be well.

But floting long vpon my firſt arriue,
Whil'ſt many doubts me ſeemed to appall,
Like to a Barke that with the Tide doth driue,
Hauing nought left to faſten it withall,
Thus with the Time by ſuffring I doe ſtriue
Into what Harbour doubtfull yet to fall;
Vntill inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Caſting the fair'ſt, my fortune to aduance.

Cardinall Woolſey at that time in the height of his Glorie.

Making my ſelfe to mightie WOOLSEY knowne,
That ATLAS, which the gouernement vpſtay'd,
Who from meane place in little time was growne
Vp to him, which that weight vpon him lay'd,
And being got the neereſt to his Throne,
He the more eaſly this great Kingdome ſway'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied ſelfe to breathe,
Whil'ſt euen the Greateſt ſat him farre beneath.

Where

Where learned MORE and GARDINER I met,
Men, in thoſe Times, immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dulleſt Spirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their Ranke and worthily did get
There as their proud Competitor to ſit.
" One Excellence to many is the Mother,
" Wits doe, as Creatures, one beget another.

The excelleteſt Men of thoſe times.

This Founder of the Palaces of Kings,
Whoſe Veines with more then vſuall Spirit were filld,
A Man ordayned to the mighti'ſt Things,
In *Oxford* then determining to build
To CHRIST a Colledge, and together brings
All that thereof the great Foundation wills,
There me imployes, whoſe induſtrie he found
Worthy to worke vpon the nobleſt Ground.

The Builder of White Hall *and* Hampton Court.

Yet in the entrance wiſely did he feare
Coyne might fall ſhort, yet with this worke on fire,
Wherefore ſuch Houſes as Religious were,
Whoſe being no neceſſitie require,
But that the greater very well might beare,
From *Rome* the Card'nall cunningly did hire,
Winning withall his Soueraigne to conſent,
It colouring with ſo Holy an intent.

This like a ſymptome to a long diſeaſe,
Was the forerunner to this mightie Fall,
And but too vnaduiſedly did ceaze
Vpon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the Worke beene of ſo many dayes,
And more againe, recouer hardly ſhall:
But, loe, it ſunke, which Time did long vphold,
Where now it lyes euen leuell'd with the mold.

Thus, thou great *Rome*, here firſt waſt ouerthrowne,
Thy future harmes that blindly couldſt not ſee,
And in this worke they only were thine owne,
Whoſe knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the World before had they not ſhowne,
Ne'r had thoſe ſecrets beene deſcry'd by mee,
Nor by thy wealth ſo many from the plow,
Worne thoſe high Types wherein they flouriſh now.

For which, my Master WOOLSEY might and mayne,
Into such favour with the King me brought,
Tow'rds whom my selfe so well I did demeane,
As that I seem'd to exercise his thought,
And his great liking strongly did retayne,
With what before that Card'nall had me taught,
From whose example, by those Cells but small,
Sprang the subversion lastly of them all.

Yet many a let was cast into the way,
Wherein I ranne so steadily and right,
And many a snare my Adversaries lay,
Much wrought they with their power, much with their slight,
Wisely perceiving that my smallest stay
Fully requir'd the vtmost of their might,
To my ascendant hasting then to clime,
There as the first predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earnestly did woo,
Which I through WOOLSEY hapned had to find,
And could the Path most perfectly vnto,
The King thereafter earnestly inclin'd,
Seeing besides what after I might doe,
If so great Power me fully were assign'd,
By all their meanes against me strongly wrought,
Lab'ring as fast to bring their Church to nought.

Whil'st to the King continually I sue,
And in this businesse faithfully did stirre,
Strongly t'approue my iudgement to be true,
'Gainst those who most supposed me to erre,
Nor the least meanes which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purposes preferre
Did I omit, till I had wonne his Eare,
Most that me mark'd, vvhen least he seem'd to heare.

This vvound to them thus violently giuen,
Enuy, at me her sharpest Darts did roue,
Affecting the Supremacy of Heauen,
As the first Gyants vvarring against IOVE,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, the Gods till they had driuen,
The meanest Shapes of Earthly things to proue:
So must I shift from them that 'gainst me rose,
Mortall their hate, as mightie were my Foes.

But

But their great force againſt Me wholly bent,
Preuail'd vpon my purpoſes ſo farre,
That I my Ruine ſcarſly could preuent,
So momentarie worldly Fauours are,
That till the vtmoſt of their ſpight was ſpent,
Had not my ſpirit maintain'd a manly Warre,
Riſen they had, when I had layne full low,
Vpon whoſe Ruine after I did grow.

Cromwell in danger to haue beene thruſt out of the Kings Fauour.

When the Great King, their ſtrange Reports that tooke,
Who as pernicious as they potent were,
And at the faire growth of my Fortune ſtrooke,
Whoſe deadly Malice blame Me not to feare,
Me at the firſt ſo violently ſhooke,
That they this frame were likely downe to beare,
If Reſolution with a ſettled Brow,
Had not vpheld my peremptorie Vow.

Yet theſe Encounters thruſt Me not awry,
Nor could my Courſes force Me to forſake,
After this Shipwracke I againe muſt try,
Some happier Voyage hopefull ſtill to make:
The Plots that barren long we ſee doe lie,
Some fitting Seaſon plentifully take.
" One fruitfull Harueſt frankly doth reſtore
" What many Winters hindred haue before.

That to account I ſtrictly call my Wit,
How it this while had managed my State,
My Soule in counſell ſummoning to ſit,
If poſſible to turne the courſe of Fate,
For wayes there be the greateſt things to hit,
If Men could find the peremptorie gate,
And ſince I once was got ſo neere the Brinke,
More then before, 't would grieue Me now to ſinke.

RVSSELL, whoſe Life (ſome ſaid) that I had ſau'd
In *Italy*, one that Me fauoured moſt,
And Reuerend HAYLES, who but occaſion crau'd
To ſhew his Loue, no leſſe that I had coſt,
Who to the King perceiuing Me diſgrac'd,
Whoſe fauour I vnluckily had loſt,
Both with Him great, a foot ſet in withall,
If not to ſtay, to quallifie my Fall.

Secretarie Ruſſell, *after Earle of* Bedford, *and* Hayles *Maſter of the Rolles, labour for* Cromwell.

High

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-neere quite ſunke, recouer Me that could,
And once more get me into Fortunes Lap,
Which well my ſelfe might teach Me there to hold,
Eſcap'd out of ſo dangerous a trap,
Whoſe prayſe by Me to Ages ſhall be told,
As the two props by which I only roſe,
When moſt ſuppreſt, moſt trod on by my Foes.

The Clergy falne into a Premunire.

This Me to vrge the Premunire wonne,
Ordain'd in Matters dangerous and hie,
In t' which the heedleſſe Prelacie were runne,
That backe vnto the Papacie did flie,
Sworne to that Sea, and what before was done,
Due to the King, diſpenſed were thereby,
In t' which firſt entring offred Me the Meane,
That to throw downe, alreadie that did leane.

This was to Me that ouer-flowing Sourſe,
From whence His Bounties plentifully ſpring,
Whoſe ſpeedie current with vnuſuall force
Bare Me into the Boſome of the King,
By putting Him into that readie courſe,
Which ſoone to paſſe His Purpoſes might bring,
Where thoſe which late imperiouſly controld Me,
Strooke pale with feare, ſtood trembling to behold Me.

When State to Me thoſe Ceremonies ſhow'd,
That to ſo great a Fauourite were due,
And Fortune ſtill with Honours did Me load,
As though no meane, She in my riſing knew,
Or Heauen to Me, more then to Man had ow'd,
(What to the World vnheard of was and new.)
And was to other ſparing of her ſtore,
Till She could giue, or I could aske no more.

Thoſe high Preferments He vpon Me laid,
To make the World Me publikely to know,
Were ſuch, in iudgement rightly being wai'd,
Seemed too great for Me to vndergoe,
Nor could His Hand from powring on be ſtai'd,
Vntill I ſo abundantly did flow,
That looking downe whence lately I was clome,
Danger bad Feare, if further I ſhould rome.

For firſt from Knighthood riſing in degree,
The Office of the Iewell-houſe my lot,
After, the Rolles he frankly gaue to Me,
From whence a Priuie Counſeller I got,
Then of the Garter: and then Earle to be
Of *Eſſex*: yet ſufficient theſe were not,
But to the great Vicegerencie I grew,
Being a Title as Supreme as new.

Cromwels greatneſſe.

So well did Me theſe Dignities befit,
And Honour ſo Me euery way became,
As more then Man, I had beene made for it,
Or as from Me it had deriu'd the Name:
Where was he found? whoſe loue I not requit,
Beyond His owne imaginarie aime,
Which had Me ſuccor'd neerely being driuen,
As things to Me that idly were not giuen?

Poore and mean people, to whom He had beene beholding, he would take knowledge of, as he rode, and liberally reward.

What Tongue ſo ſlow, the Tale ſhall not report
Of Hoſpitable FRISCOBALD and Mee,
And ſhew in how reciprocall a ſort
My thankes did with his Courteſie agree,
When as my Meanes in *Italy* were ſhort,
That Me relieu'd, I leſſe that would not bee,
When I of *England*, was Vicegerent made,
His former Bounties lib'rally repaid?

Francis Friſcobald a Florentine.

The manner briefly gentler *Muſe* relate,
Since oft before it wiſely hath beene told,
The ſudden change of vnauoided Fate,
That famous Merchant reuerend FRISCOBALD,
Grew poore, and the ſmall remnant of His State,
Was certaine Goods to *England* He had ſold,
Which in the hands of Creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet leſſer Meanes He had.

The Storie of the Lord Cromwell *and* Friſcobald, *in the thirteene following Stanza's.*

Hither His Wants Him forcibly conſtrain'd,
Though with long trauell both by Land and Seas,
Led by this Hope, that only now remaind,
Whereon His Fortune finally He layes,
And if He found that Friendſhip here were fain'd,
Yet at the worſt it better ſhould Him pleaſe,
Farre out of ſight, to periſh here vnknowne,
Then vnrelieu'd be pittied of His Owne.

It

It chanc'd as I tow'rd *Weſtminſter* did ride,
'Mongſt the great concourſe paſſing to and fro,
An aged Man I happily eſpide,
Whoſe outward lookes much inward griefe did ſhow,
Which made Me note Him, and the more I ey'd
Him, Me thought more preciſely I ſhould know:
Reuoluing long, it came into My minde,
This was the Man to Me had beene ſo kind.

Was therewithall ſo ioyed with His ſight,
(With the deare ſight of His ſo reuerend Face)
That I could ſcarſly keepe Me from t'alight,
And in mine armes Him kindly to embrace;
Weighing yet (well) what ſome imagine might,
He being a Stranger, and the publike place,
Checkt my affection, till ſome fitter houre,
On Him my Loue effectually might ſhowre.

Neuer, quoth I, was Fortune ſo vniuſt,
As to doe wrong to thy moſt Noble Heart,
What Man ſo wicked could betray the truſt
Of one ſo vpright, of ſo good deſert?
And though obey Neceſſitie thou muſt,
As when th' waſt great'ſt, the ſame to Me thou art,
Let Me alone the laſt be left of all,
That from the reſt declin'd not with thy Fall.

And calling to a Gentleman of mine,
Wiſe and diſcreet that well I knew to bee,
Shew'd Him that Stranger, whoſe deiected Eyne,
Fixt on the Earth, ne'r once lookt vp at Mee,
Bid yonder Man come home to Me and dine
(Quoth I) beſpeake Him reuerently you ſee,
Scorne not His Habit, little canſt thou tell,
How rich a Minde in thoſe meane Rags doth dwell.

He with my Name that kindly did him greet,
Slowly caſt vp His deadly-mooving Eye,
That long time beene had fixed on His feet,
To looke no higher then His Miſerie,
Thinking Him more Calamitie did greete,
Or that I had ſuppoſed Him ſome Spie,
With a deep ſigh that from His heart He drew,
Quoth He, His Will accompliſht be by you.

My

My Man departed, and the Meſſage done,
He whoſe ſad Heart a ſtrange Impreſſion ſtrooke,
To thinke vpon this accident begunne,
And on Himſelfe ſuſpiciouſly to looke,
Into all doubts He fearfully doth runne,
Oft Himſelfe cheering, oft himſelfe forſooke:
Strangely perplext, He to my Houſe doth come,
Not knowing why iudg'd, nor dreading yet His doome.

My Seruants ſet His comming to attend,
That were therein not common for their skill,
Whoſe vſage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guiltie was of ill,
But as a Man whoſe thoughts were at an end,
Fortune (quoth He) then worke on Me thy will:
Wiſer then Man I thinke He were that knew,
Whence this may come, or what will it enſue.

His Honour'd preſence ſo did Me inflame,
That being then in preſence of my Peeres,
Iſdaigned not to meete Him as He came,
(That very hardly could containe my teares)
Kindly ſalute Him, call Him by His name,
And oft together aske Him how He cheeres;
Which ſtill along maintaining the extreme,
The Man thought ſure, He had beene in a Dreame.

At length to wake Him, gently I began
With this demand, If once He did not know
One THOMAS CROMWELL, a poore Engliſhman,
By Him relieu'd when He was driuen low?
When I perceiu'd He my remembrance wan,
Yet with His teares it ſilently did ſhow:
I wept for woe, to ſee mine Oaſt diſtreſt:
But He for ioy, to ſee His happie Gheſt.

Him to the Lords I publiſht by my praiſe,
And at my Table carefully Him ſet,
Recounting them the many ſundrie wayes,
I was to this good Gentleman in debt,
How great He was in *Florence* in thoſe dayes,
With all that Grace or Reuerence Him might get:
Which all the while yet ſilently He heares,
Moiſting, among, His Viands with His teares.

My

And to lend fulneſſe laſtly to His Fate,
Great Summes I gaue Him, and what was His due,
Made knowne, my Selfe became His Aduocate,
And at my Charge His Creditors I ſue,
Recouering Him vnto His former State:
Thus He the World began by Me anew,
That ſhall to all Poſteritie expreſſe
His honuor'd Bountie, and My Thankfulneſſe.

But *Muſe* recount, before thou further paſſe,
How this great change ſo quickly came about,
And what the cauſe of this ſad downfall was,
In euery part the ſpacious Realme throughout,
Being effected in ſo little ſpace,
Leaue not thereof Poſteritie to doubt,
That to the World obſcured elſe may bee,
If in this place reuealed not by Thee.

If the whole Land did on the Church relie,
Hauing full Power Kings to account to call,
That to the World red only Policie,
Beſides Heauens Keyes to ſtop or let in all,
Let Me but know from Her Supremacie,
How She ſhould could come ſo ſuddenly to fall:
'Twas more then Chance ſure put a hand thereto,
That had the power ſo great a thing to doe.

Or ought there were had biding vnder Sunne,
Who would haue thought thoſe Edifices great,
Which firſt Religion holily begunne,
The Church approu'd, and Wiſdome richly ſeat,
Deuotion nouriſh'd, Faith allowance wonne,
With what might make them any way compleat,
Should in their Ruines laſtly buryed lye,
But that begunne and ended from the Skye?

King Henry *the Eight writ a Booke againſt* Martin Luther

And the King late obedient to Her Lawes,
Againſt the Clerke of *Germanie* had writ,
As He that firſt ſtirr'd in the Churches cauſe,
Againſt Him greatlieſt that oppugned it,
And wanne from Her ſo gratefull an applauſe,
Then in Her Fauour chiefly that did ſit,
That as the prop, whereon She only ſtay'th,
Him She inſtil'd DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

But not their Power, whoſe Wiſdomes them did place,
In the firſt ranke, the Oracles of State,
Who that opinion ſtrongly did imbrace,
Which through the Land receiued was of late,
Then ought at all preuailed in this Caſe;
O powerfull Doome of vnauoyded Fate,
Whoſe depth not weake Mortalitie can know!
" Who can vphold what Heauen will ouerthrow?

When time now vniuerſally did ſhow
The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
With moſt abundance then when She did flow,
Yet euery houre ſtill proſp'rouſly She wex'd,
But the World poore did by looſe Riots grow,
Which ſerued as an excellent pretext,
And colour gaue to plucke Her from Her Pride,
Whoſe only Greatneſſe ſuffred none beſide.

Likewiſe to that, Poſteritie did doubt,
Thoſe at the firſt not rightly to adore,
Their Fathers that too credulous deuout,
Had to the Church contributed their ſtore,
And to recouer only went about,
What their great Zeale had lauiſhed before,
On Her a ſtrong hand violently laid,
Preying on that, they gaue for to be pray'd.

Beſides, the King ſet in a courſe ſo right,
Which I for Him laboriouſly had tract,
(Who till I learn'd Him, had not knowne His Might)
I ſtill to prompt His Power with Me to act,
Into thoſe Secrets got ſo deepe a ſight,
That nothing laſtly to His Furth'rance lackt,
And by Example it to Him was ſhowne,
How *Rome* might here be eaſly ouerthrowne.

In taking downe yet of this goodly Frame,
He ſuddenly not brake off euery band,
But tooke the Power firſt from the Papall Name,
After awhile let the Religion ſtand,
When limbe by limbe He daily did it lame,
Firſt, tooke a Legge, and after tooke a Hand,
Till the poore ſemblance of a Bodie left,
But all ſhould ſtay it, vtterly bereft.

State Policie ouerwrought the Church Gouernment.

For if ſome Abbey hapned void to fall,
By death of Him that the Superiour was,
Gaine, that did firſt Church-libertie enthrall,
Only Supreme, promoted to the Place,
'Mongſt many bad, the worſt moſt times of all,
Vnder the colour of ſome others Grace,
That by the Slander, which from Him ſhould ſpring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

About this time there were great diſſenſions in all Religions, almoſt through the knowne world.

This time from Heauen when by a ſecret courſe,
Diſſenſion vniuerſally began,
(Preuailing as a Planetarie courſe)
I'th'Church beleeuing, as *Mahumetan*,
When LVTHER firſt did thoſe Opinions nurſe,
Much from great *Rome* in little ſpace that wan,
It to this change ſo aptly did diſpoſe,
From whoſe ſad Ruine, ours ſo great aroſe.

When here that fabrique vtterly did faile,
Which powerfull Fate had limited to Time,
By whoſe ſtrong Law it naturally muſt quaile,
From that proud height to which it long did clime,
Letting 'gainſt it the contrary preuaile,
Therein to puniſh ſome notorious Crime,
For which at length iuſt dooming Heauen decreed,
That on Her Buildings Ruine here ſhould feed.

The Church diſcouering her own imperfections, brought Her Authoritie into contempt.

Th' authoritie vpon Her Shee did take,
And vſe thereof in euery little thing,
Finding Her ſelfe how oft She did forſake,
In Her owne bounds Her ſelfe not limiting,
That awfull feare and due Obedience brake,
Which Her reputed Holineſſe did bring,
From ſlight regard and brought Her into Hate,
With thoſe that much diſlik'd of Her Eſtate.

Seeing thoſe parts She cunningly had plaid,
Beliefe to Her great Miracles to winne,
To the wiſe World were euery day bewrai'd,
From which the doubt did of Her power begin,
Damnation yet to queſtion what She ſaid,
Made moſt ſuſpect the Faith they had beene in,
When their Saluation eaſly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had ſought.

When

When thoſe ill humours rip'ned to a head,
Bred by the rankneſſe of the plentious Land,
And they not only ſtrangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient Libertie to ſtand,
But what their Fathers gaue her being dead,
The Sonnes rap'd from her with a violent Hand,
And thoſe her Buildings moſt of all abus'd,
That with the waight their Fathers Coffins brus'd.

The wiſeſt and moſt prouident but build,
For time againe but onely to deſtroy,
The coſtly Pyles and Monuments we gild,
Succeeding Time ſhall reckon but a toy,
Viciſſitude impartially will'd,
The goodlyëſt things be ſubiect to annoy,
And what one Age did ſtudiouſly maintayne,
The next againe accounteth vile and vaine.

Abbey Lands rayſed a new Gentrie vpon their deſolution of the Houſes.

Yet Time doth tell, in ſome things they did erre,
That put their helpe her braverie to deface,
When as the Wealth, that taken was from her,
Others ſoone rayſed, that did them diſplace,
Their Titles and their Offices confer
On ſuch before, as were obſcure and baſe,
Who would with her, they likewiſe downe ſhould goe,
And o'rthrew them that her did ouerthrow.

And th'*Romiſh* Rites that with a cleerer ſight
The wiſeſt thought they iuſtly did reiect,
They after ſaw, that the receiued Light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Myſterious things being not conceiued right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect,
For, in opinion ſomething ſhort doth fall,
Wants there haue beene, and ſhall be ſtill in all.

Idleneſſe of Religious Men, were the Churches ouerthrow.

But negligent Securitie and Eaſe
Vnbridled Senſualitie begat,
That only ſought his appetite to pleaſe,
As it in midſt of much abundance ſat,
The Church not willing others ſhould her praiſe,
That ſhee was leane, when as her Lands were fat,
Her ſelfe to too much libertie did giue,
Which ſome perceiu'd that in thoſe times did liue.

PIERCE

The vision of Pierce Plowman.

PIERCE the wise Plowman, in his vision saw
Conscience sore hurt, yet sorer was afraid
The seuen great Sinnes to Hell him like to draw,
And to wise Clergie mainly cry'd for aide;
Falne ere he wist (whom perill much did awe)
On vncleane Priests whil'st faintly he him staid,
Willing good Clergie t'ease his wretched case,
Whom these strong Gyants hotly had in chase.

Clergie call'd Fryers, which neere at hand did dwell,
And them requests to take in hand the cure,
But for their Leechcraft that they could not well,
He lifted not their dressing to endure,
When in his eare Need softly him did tell
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)
They came for gayne, their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of Soules they take.

And voluntarie Pouertie profest,
By food of Angels seeming as to liue;
But yet with them th'accounted were the best,
That most to their Fraternitie did giue,
And beyond number that they were increast:
If so (quoth Conscience) thee may I beleeue,
Then 'tis in vaine more on them to bestow,
If beyond number like they be to grow.

The Frier soone feeling Conscience had him found,
And hearing how Hypocrisie did thriue,
That many Teachers euery-where did wound,
For which Contrition miserably did grieue:
Now in deceit to shew himselfe profound,
His former hopes yet lastly to reuiue,
Gets the Popes Letters, whereof he doth shape
Him a disguise, from Conscience to escape.

And so towards goodly Vnitie he goes,
A strong-built Castle standing very hie,
Where Conscience liu'd, to keepe him from his Foes,
Whom, lest some watchfull Centinell should spie,
And him should to the Garrison disclose,
His Cowle about him carefully doth tie,
Creepes to the Gate, and closely thereat beat,
As one that entrance gladly would intreat.

Peace,

Peace, the good Porter, readie ſtill at hand
It doth vn-pin, and prayes him GOD to ſaue,
And after ſaluing kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would haue?
The Frier low lowting, croſſing with his Hand,
T'ſpeake with Contrition (quoth he) I would craue.
Father (quoth Peace) your comming is in vaine,
For, him of late, Hypocriſie hath ſlaine.

GOD ſhield (quoth he) and turning vp the eyes,
To former health I hope him to reſtore,
For in my skill his ſound recouerie lyes,
Doubt not thereof if ſetting GOD before.
Are you a Surgeon, Peace againe replyes?
Yea (quoth the Frier) and ſent to eaſe his ſore:
Come neere (quoth Peace) and GOD your comming ſpeed,
Neuer of helpe Contrition had more need.

And for more haſte he haleth in the Frier,
And his Lord Conſcience quickly of him told,
Who entertayn'd him with right friendly cheere:
O Sir (quoth he) intreat you that I could
To lend your hand vnto my deare Couſin here,
Contrition, whom a ſore diſeaſe doth hold,
That wounded by Hypocriſie of late,
Now lyeth in moſt deſperate eſtate.

Sir (quoth the Frier) I hope him ſoone to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you ſhall ſee,
Will he awhile my dreſſing but endure;
And to Contrition there with commeth hee,
And by faire ſpeech himſelfe of him aſſure,
But firſt of all going thorow for his Fee:
Which done (quoth he) if outwardly you ſhow
Sound, 't not auailes if inwardly or no.

But ſecretly aſſoyling of his ſin,
No other med'cine will he to him lay,
Saying that Heauen his ſiluer him ſhould win,
And to giue Friers, was better then to pray,
So he were ſhrieu'd, what need he care a pin?
Thus with his Patient he ſo long did play,
Vntill Contrition had forgot to weepe:
This the wiſe Plowman ſhew'd me from his ſleepe.

He

He ſaw their faults that looſely liued then,
Others againe our weakneſſes ſhall ſee:
For this is ſure he bideth not with men,
That ſhall know all to be, what they ſhould bee:
Yet let the faithfull and induſtrious Pen
Haue the due Merit; but returne to mee,
Whoſe fall this while blinde Fortune did deuiſe,
To be as ſtrange as ſtrangely I did riſe.

Thoſe ſecret Foes yet ſubt'ly to deceiue,
That me maligning, lifted at my State,
The King to marry forward ſtill I heaue,
(His former Wife being repudiate)
With ANNE, the Siſter of the Duke of *Cleaue*,
The *German* Princes to confederate,
To backe me ſtill 'gainſt thoſe againſt me lay,
Which as their owne retayn'd me here in pay.

Which my deſtruction principally wrought,
When afterward abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to paſſe could not be brought,
So long as yet I bare about my head,
The only Man her ſafetie that had ſought,
Of her againe and only fauoured,
Which was the cauſe he haſted to my end,
Vpon whoſe fall Hers likewiſe did depend.

King Henrie *the eight his Tyrannie.*

For in his high diſtemp'rature of blood,
Who was ſo Great, whoſe Life he did regard?
Or what was it that his deſires withſtood,
He not inueſted, were it ne'r ſo hard?
Nor held he me ſo abſolutely good,
That though I croſt him, I could not be ſpar'd,
But with thoſe things I laſtly was to goe,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

Stephen Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.

When WINCHESTER, with all thoſe Enemies,
Whom my much power from Audience had debar'd,
The longer time their miſchiefes to deuiſe,
Feeling with me how laſtly now it far'd,
When I had done the King what did ſuffice,
Laſtly thruſt in againſt me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making amayne to th'ſheading of my blood.

And

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Hauing his Ryot ſatisfied thereby,
Seemes not to know how I therein did ſway,
What late was Truth, now turn'd to Hereſie:
When he by me had purchaſed his prey,
Himſelfe to cleere, and ſatisfie the ſin,
Leaues me but late his inſtrument therein.

Thoſe Lawes I made my ſelfe alone to pleaſe,
To giue me power more freely to my Will,
Euen to my Equals hurtfull ſuudrie wayes,
(Forced to things that moſt doe ſay were ill)
Vpon me now as violently ſeyze,
By which I laſtly periſht by my Skill,
On mine owne Necke returning (as my due)
That heauie Yoke wherein by me they drew.

Cromwell ouerthrowne by the Lawes that he cauſed to be made.

My Greatneſſe threatned by ill-boding eyes,
My actions ſtrangely cenſured of all,
Yet in my way, my giddineſſe not ſees
The Pit wherein I likely was to fall:
O were the ſweets of mans felicities
Often amongſt not temp'red with ſome Gall!
He would forget by his o'rweening skill,
Iuſt Heauen aboue doth cenſure good and ill.

Things ouer ranke, doe neuer kindly beare,
As in the Corne, the Fluxure when we ſee
Fills but the Straw, when it ſhould feede the Eare,
Rotting that time, in ripening it ſhould bee,
And being once downe, it ſelfe can neuer reare:
With vs well doth this Simile agree,
(By the Wiſe man) due to the Great in all,
By their owne weight being broken in their fall.

Selfe-louing Man what ſooner doth abuſe,
And more then his proſperitie doth wound?
Into the deepe but fall, how can he chuſe
That ouer-ſtrides whereon his foote to ground?
Who ſparingly proſperitie doth vſe,
And to himſelfe doth after-ill propound,
Vnto his height who happily doth clime,
Sits aboue Fortune, and controlleth Time.

Not chooſing what vs moſt delight doth bring,
And moſt that by the generall breath is freed,
Wooing that Suffrage, but the vertuous Thing,
Which in it ſelfe is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongſt the moſt, but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldome enduring, and as ſeldome good.

But whil'ſt we ſtriue too ſuddenly to riſe
By flatt'ring Princes with a ſeruill tong,
And being Soothers to their tyrannies,
Worke our much woes by what doth many wrong,
And vnto others tending iniuries,
Vnto our ſelues it hapning oft among,
In our owne Snares vnluckily are caught,
Whil'ſt our attempts fall inſtantly to naught.

The Councell Chamber place of my Arreſt,
Where chiefe I was, when greateſt was the ſtore,
And had my ſpeeches noted of the beſt,
That did them as high Oracles adore:
A Parliament was laſtly my Enqueſt,
That was my ſelfe a Parliament before,
The Towre-Hill Scaffold laſt I did aſcend:
Thus the great'ſt Man of *England* made his end.

FINIS.

THE OWLE.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

ESQVIRE.

Noctuas Athenas.



LONDON,

Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICKE.

1619.

TO THE HONOVRABLE KNIGHT, SIR WALTER ASTON.

FOr the ſhrill Trumpet, and ſterne Tragick (ſounds,
Obiects out-ragious and ſo full of feare;
Our *Pen* late ſteep'd in *Engliſh Barons* wounds,
Sent War-like accents to your tunefull Eare.
Our actiue MVSE, to gentler Morals dight;
Her ſlight conceits, in humbled tunes doth ſing;
And with the Bird, regardleſſe of the light,
Slowly doth moue her late high-mounting wing.
The Wreathe is *Iuie* that ingirts our browes,
Wherein this Nights-Bird harb'reth all the day:
We dare not look at other crowning Boughes,
But leaue the *Lawrell* vnto them that may.
Low as the earth, though our Inuention moue:
High yet as Heauen, to you, our ſpotleſſe loue.

M. Drayton.

To The Reader.

Reader, to him that may (perhaps) ſay my ſubiect is idle and worthleſſe, I might this anſwere (if hee will ſee in reading, or read with vnderſtanding) that the greateſt Maſters in this Art (though my ſelfe, not for any affectation of ſingularitie) haue written vpon as ſlight matter. As the Princes of the Greekes *and* Latines, *the firſt of the Frogs Warre, the latter of a poore Gnat: and* Vida *very wittily of the Cheſt-play and Silke-worme; Beſides many other that I could recite of the like kind. By how much immateriall, ſo much the more difficult, to handle with any Encomiaſtick defence, or paſsionate compariſon, (as their ſtrong teſtimonie) who can giue Vertue her due, and by the powerfulneſſe of wit, maintaine Vice not viciouſly. Some other likewiſe in a Paradoxicall manner, as* Isocrates *Oration in prayſe of* Hellen, *whom all the World diſprayſeth:* Agrippa's *Declamation vpon the Vanitie of the Sciences, which knowledge, all the World admireth. Thus leauing thee fauourably to cenſure of my poore labours, I end.*

M. Drayton.

In Noctuam Draytoni.

Qvæ noua Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?
Quis furor? aligero perſtringit corpore *Graios*,
Tranſfixo, Proceres? Poſita Pæantius ira,
Conculit *Herculeas* ad *Troica* fata Pharetras.
Fallimur? an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
Aut tremuit ſonitu *Phœbei* Cœlifer arcus?
Nouimus augurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
Sacrorum exagitat mortalia Pectora Vatum.
Hinc furor in ſyluas *Draytonum* mittit: oberrat
Hinc ſaltus nullo ſignatos tramite Muſa:
Hinc & in aëriam libratur machina gentem:
Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) Reges:
Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
Eia, age: dum crebrò fugiat tremebundus ab ictu
Immitis ſeruus vitij, decedat ab oris
Anglorum longè: luſtratis lampade ſancta
Cuius coniuncti exultant fulgore *Britanni*.

A. Grenewai.

THE OWLE.

WHat time the Sunne by his all-quickning Power,
Giues Life and Birth to euery Plant and Flowre,
The ſtrength and feruour of whoſe pregnant ray,
Buds euery branch, and bloſſomes euery ſpray;
As the frim ſap (the yeerely courſe aſſignde)
From the full root, doth ſwell the plenteous rynde:
The vitall ſpirits long nouriſht at the heart,
Flie with freſh fire to each exterior part:
Which ſtirres Deſire in hot and youthfull blouds;
To breathe their deare thoughts to the liſting Woods.
With thoſe light Flockes, which the faire Fields frequent,
This frollike Seaſon luckily I went,
And as the reſt did, did I frankly too,
"Leaſt is he mark'd, that doth as moſt men doe.
But whether by ſome caſuall defect,
All Flowres alike the time did not reſpect:
Some whoſe new roots ne'r ſaw a former *May*,
Flouriſh now faire, thoſe withered quite away.
Into my thoughts that incidently brings
Th'inconſtant paſſage of all worldly things.
The rareſt worke whereat we wonder long,
Obſcur'd by Time that Enuie could not wrong.
And what in life can mortall man deſire,
That ſcarſly com'n, but quickly doth retire?
The Monarchies had time to grow to head,
And at the height their conquered Honours fled:
And by their wane thoſe latter Kingdomes roſe,
That had their age to winne, their houre to loſe,
Which with much ſorrow brought into my minde,
Their wretched ſoules ſo ignorantly blinde,
(When euen the great'ſt things in the World vnſtable)
That clime to fall, and damne them for a Bable.

Whilſt

Whilſt thus my thoughts were ſtrongly entertain'd,
The greateſt Lampe of Heauen his height had gain'd;
Seeking ſome ſhade to lend content to me,
Lo, neere at hand, I ſpy'd a goodly Tree;
Vnder th'extenſure of whoſe Lordly Armes,
The ſmall Birds warbled their harmonious Charmes.
Where ſitting downe to coole the burning heat,
Through the moiſt Pores euap'rating by ſweate,
Yeelding my pleas'd thought to content (by chance)
I on a ſuddaine dropt into a trance:
Wherein me thought ſome God or Power Diuine
Did my cleere knowledge wondrouſly refine.
For that amongſt thoſe ſundry varying Notes,
Which the Birds ſent from their melodious throats,
Each Syluan ſound I truly vnderſtood,
Become a perfect Linguiſt of the Wood:
Their flight, their ſong, and euery other ſigne,
By which the World did anciently diuine,
As the old *Tuskans*, in that skill profound,
Diuination by Birds. Which firſt great CAR, and wiſe TYRESIAS found,
To me bequeath'd their knowledge to deſcry,
The depth and ſecrets of their Augurie.
One I could heare appointing with his Sweeting,
A place conuenient for their ſecret meeting:
Others, when Winter ſhortly ſhould decline,
The time when Birds couple. How they would couple at Saint VALENTINE:
Some other Birds that of their Loues forſaken,
To the cloſe Deſarts had themſelues betaken,
And in the darke Groues where they made aboad,
Sang many a ſad and mournfull *Palinod.*
And euery Bird ſhew'd in his proper kind,
What Vertue, Nature had to him aſſign'd.
The prettie *Turtle*, and the kiſſing *Doue*,
Their faiths in Wedlock, and chaſte Nuptiall Loue:
The *Hens* (to Women) Sanctitie expreſſe,
Hallowing their Egges: the *Swallow* cleanlineſſe,
Sweeting her Neſt, and purging it of Doung
And euery houre is picking of her young.
The *Herne*, by ſoaring ſhewes tempeſtuous ſhowres,
The Princely *Cocke* diſtinguiſheth the houres.
The *Kite*, his traine him guiding in the Ayre,
Preſcribes the Helme, inſtructing how to ſtere.
The *Crane* to labour, fearing ſome rough flaw,
With Sand and Grauell burthening his Craw:
Noted by Man, which by the ſame did finde
To ballaſt Ships for ſteddineſſe in winde.

And

And by the forme and order in his flight,
To march in Warre, and how to watch by Night.
The firſt of Houſe that ere did groundſell lay,
Which then was homely, of rude Lome and Clay,
Learn'd of the *Martin*: *Philomel* in Spring,
Teaching by Art her little one to ſing;
By whoſe cleere voice ſweet Muſike firſt was found,
Before AMPHYON euer knew a ſound.
Couering with Moſſe the deads vncloſed eye,
The little *Red-breſt* teacheth Charitie:
So many there in ſundry things excell,
Time ſcarce could ſerue their properties to tell.
I cannot iudge if it the place ſhould bee,
That ſhould preſent this prettie Dreame to Mee,
That neere the Eaues and ſhelter of a Stacke
(Set to ſupport it) at a *Beeches* backe,
In a ſtubb'd Tree with *Iuy* ouer-growne,
On whom the Sunne had ſcarſly euer ſhone,
A broad-fac'd Creature, hanging of the wing,
Was ſet to ſleepe whilſt euery Bird did ſing.
His drowſie head ſtill leaning on his breſt,
For all the ſweet tunes *Philomel* expreſt:
No ſigne of ioy did in his lookes appeare,
Or euer mou'd his melancholy cheere.
AS CALLAPHVS, that brought into my head, *Aſcallaphus in Bubonem.*
In OVIDS Changes Metamorphiſed,
Or very like: but him I read aright,
Solemne of lookes as he was ſlow of ſight;
And to aſſure me that it was the ſame;
The Birds about him ſtrangely wondring came.
Fie, quoth the *Lennet*, tripping on the Spray;
Rowze thee, thou ſluggiſh Bird, this mirthfull *May*,
For ſhame come forth, and leaue thy luskie Neſt,
And haunt theſe Forreſts brauely as the beſt.
Take thy delight in yonder goodly Tree,
Where the ſweet *Merle*, and warbling *Mauis* bee.
Next, quoth the *Titmouſe*, which at hand did ſit,
Shake off this moodie melancholly fit.
See the ſmall brookes as through theſe Groues they trauell,
Sporting for ioy vpon the ſiluer Grauell,
Mocke the ſweet Notes the neighb'ring Syluans ſing,
With the ſmooth cadence of their murmuring.
Each *Bee* with Honey on her laden thye,
From *Palme* to *Palme* (as careleſly they flye)
Catch the ſoft wind, and him his courſe bereaues,
To ſtay and dally with th' inamored leaues.

This while the *Owle*, which well himſelfe could beare,
That to their ſhort ſpeech lent a liſtning eare:
Begins at length to rowſe him in the Beech,
And to the reſt thus frames his reuerend ſpeech:
The Owles ſpeech to the other Birds.
O all you feath'red *Quireſters* of Nature,
That power which hath diſtinguiſh'd euery Creature,
Gaue ſeuerall vſes vnto euery one,
As ſeuerall ſeeds and things to liue vpon:
Some as the *Larke* that takes delight to build,
Farre from reſort, amid the Vaſtie field;
The *Pellican* in Deſarts farre abroad,
Her deare-lou'd iſſue ſafely doth vnload;
The *Sparrow* and the *Robinet* agen,
To liue neere to the Manſion place of Men;
And nature wiſely which hath each thing taught,
This place beſt fitting my content fore-thought,
For I preſume not of the ſtately Trees,
Yet where foreſight leſſe threatning danger ſees,
The tempeſt thrilling from the troubled Ayre,
Strikes not the ſhrub, the place of my repayre.
The Fowlers ſnares in Ambuſh are not lay'd,
T' intrap my ſteps, which oft haue you betray'd.
A ſilent ſleepe my gentle fellow Birds,
By day, a calme of ſweet content affords;
By Night I towre the Heauen, deuoy'd of feare,
Nor dread the *Griphon* to ſurprize me there.
And into many a ſecret place I peepe,
And ſee ſtrange things while you ſecurely ſleepe.
Wonder not, Birds, although my heauie eyes
By Day ſeeme dimme to ſee your Vanities.
" Happie's that ſight the ſecret'ſt things can ſpye,
" By ſeeming purblind to Communitie;
" And bleſt are they that to their owne content,
" See that by Night which ſome by Day repent.
Did not mine eyes ſeeme dimme to others ſight,
Without ſuſpect they could not ſee ſo right.
" O ſilly Creatures, happie is the ſtate,
" That weighes not Pittie, nor reſpecteth Hate:
" Better's that place, though homely and obſcure,
" Where we repoſe in ſafetie and ſecure,
Then where great Birds with Lordly tallons ſeize
Not what they ought, but what their fancies pleaſe:
And by their power preuailing in this ſort,
To rob the Poore, account it but a ſport:
Therefore of two, I choſe the leſſer euill,
" Better ſit ſtill, then riſe to meet the Deuill.

Thus

Thus the poore *Owle*, vnhappily could preach,
Some that came neere in compaſſe of his reach,
Taking this *Item*, with a generall eare
("A guiltie Conſcience feeles continuall feare)
Soone to their ſorrow ſecretly doe find,
"Some that had wink'd, not altogether blind.
And finding now which they before had heard,
"Wiſdome not all, in euery gariſh Bird,
Shrewdly ſuſpect, that breuiting by night,
Vnder pretence that he was ill of ſight,
Slily had ſeene which ſecretly not kept,
Simply they wak'd; he ſubtilly had ſlept.
The enuious *Crow*, that is ſo full of ſpight,
The hatefull *Buzzard*, and the rauenous *Kite*,
The greedie *Rauen*, that for death doth call, Plinie.
Spoyling poore Lambes as from their Dams they fall,
That picketh out the dying Creatures eye;
The theeuiſh *Daw*, and the diſſembling *Pye*,
That onely liue vpon the poorers ſpoyle,
That feed on Dung-hils of the lothſome foyle:
The *Wood-pecker*, whoſe hardned beake hath broke,
And pierc'd the heart of many a ſollid Oke?
That where the Kingly *Eagle* wont to prey,
In the calme ſhade in heat of Summers day:
Of thouſands of faire Trees there ſtands not one
For him to pearch or ſet his foot vpon.
And now they ſee they ſafely had him here,
Preſchew th'effect of euery future feare:
Vpon the ſudden all theſe murdrous Fowle,
Faſten together on the harmeleſſe *Owle*,
The cruell *Kite*, becauſe his Clawes were keene,
Vpon his broad-face wreakes his angry teene.
His Weaſant next, the rauenous *Rauen* plyes,
The *Pye* and *Buzzard* tugging at his Eyes.
The *Crow* is digging at his breſt amayne;
The ſharp-nebd *Hecco* ſtabbing at his braine,
That had the *Falcon* not by chance beene neere, *The naturall loue of the* Falcon *to the* Owle. Plinie.
That lou'd the *Owle*, and held him onely deere,
Come to his reſcue at the preſent tyde,
The honeſt *Owle* vndoubtedly had dyde.
And whilſt the gentle Fowle doe yet purſue
The Ryot done by this rebellious crue,
The leſſer Birds that keepe the lower Spring,
There-at much grieue with wofull murmuring,
Yet wanting power to remedie his wrongs,
Who tooke their liues, reſtrained not their tongues:

The *Larke*, the *Lennet*, and the gentler ſort,
Thoſe ſweet Muſicians, with whoſe ſhrill report,
The ſenſeleſſe Woods, and the obdurate Rocke,
Haue oft beene moou'd: the warbling *Throſtle* Cocke,
The *Ouſell*, and the *Nightingale* among
That charmes the Night calme with her powerfull Song,
In PHŒBVS Lawrell that doe take delight,
Whom IOVES fierce Thunder hath no power to ſmite.
Iuſtice, ſay they, ah, whether art thou fled?
Or this vile World haſt thou abandoned?
O, why, faire Vertue, wer't thou made in vaine?
Freedome is loſt, and Libertie is ſlaine:
Whilſt ſome whoſe power reſtrayned not their rage,
Loudly exclaime vpon the enuious Age,
That Rockes for pittie did reſume them eares,
The Earth ſo wet with plentie of their teares.
But thus it hapt in heat of all theſe things,
" As Kings rule Realmes, God rules the hearts of Kings.
The Princely *Eagle*, leauing his abode,
Was from his Court ſtolne ſecretly abroad:
And from the couert, cloſely where he ſtood,
To find how things were cenſur'd in the Wood;
Farre in the Thickets might a chattring heare,
To which ſoone lending an officious eare,
With a ſtill flight his eaſie courſe doth make
Towards where the ſound he perfectly doth take.
At euery ſtroke (with his Imperiall wings)
The gentle Ayre vnto his Feathers clings;
And through his ſoft and callow downe doth flow,
As loth ſo ſoone his preſence to forgoe,
And being at laſt arriued at the place,
He found the *Owle* in miſerable caſe,
(For whom much ſorrow euery-where was heard)
Sadly bemoan'd of many a helpleſſe Bird.
But when this Princely Iouiall Fowle they ſaw,
As now deliu'red from their former awe:
Each little Creature lifted vp a wing,
With *Aue* CÆSAR, to their Soueraigne King.
Who ſeeing the *Owle*, thus miſerably forlorne,
Spoyl'd of his Feathers, mangled, ſcratcht and torne:
Will'd him his name and qualitie to ſhew,
How and wherefore he ſuffred all this woe:
Which the *Owle* hearing, taking heart thereby,
Though ſomewhat daunted with his piercing eye,
(With a deep ſigh) My Soueraigne Leige, quoth he,
Though now thus poore and wretched as you ſee,

The Owles ſpeech to the Eagle.

Albeit

Athens ſometime the *Muſes* Nurcerie,
The ſource of Science and Philoſophie,
Allow'd me freedome in her learned Bowers,
Where I was ſet in the *Cecropian* Towers.
Armed BELLONA (Goddeſſe of the Field)
Honor'd my Portraict in her War-like Shield.
And for my ſtudie (of all other Fowle)
The wiſe *Minerua* challenged the *Owle:*
For which, thoſe graue and ſtill-autentique Sages,
Which ſought for knowledge in thoſe golden Ages,
Of whom we hold the Science that we haue,
For Wiſedome, me their *Hierogliſique* gaue.
The fruitfull CERES to great SATVRNE borne,
That firſt with Sickle cropt the rip'ned Corne,
Shee bore the Swarty ACHERON, whoſe birth,
Scarcely then perfect, lothing of the earth,
And flying all communitie with men,
Thruſt his blacke head into the *Stygian* fen;
Where the Nymph ORPHNE in th'infernall Shade,
As in his ſtreame ſhe careleſly did wade:
The Floud imbracing craftily beguild;
By whom ſoone after ſhee conceau'd with Child,
Of her deare Sonne ASCALLAPHVS, whoſe Youth
So cheriſh'd Iuſtice, and reſpected Truth; Ouid. Metam. Lib. 5.
As to the Gods he faithfully did tell,
The taſted fruit by PROSERPINE in Hell:
Which an offence imagined ſo foule,
CERES trans-form'd into the harmeleſſe *Owle.*
To our diſgrace, though it be vrg'd by ſome,
Our harmeleſſe kind to *Creet* doth neuer come;
The *Cretians* are ſtill Lyers, nor come we thether,
For Truth and Falſhood cannot liue together.
But thoſe that ſpurne at our contented ſtate,
With Viperous enuie and degenerate hate;
Striue to produce vs from that *Lesbian* bed,
Where with blind Luſt the fleſhly Letcher led,
On his owne Child, vnnaturally did prey,
(For that foule fact) transform'd NYCTIMENE, Ouid. Metam. Lib. 2.
But ſeldome ſeene vnto the publique Eye,
The ſhreeking *Litch-Owle* that doth neuer cry,
But boding death, and quicke her ſelfe interres
In darkeſome Graues and hollow Sepulchers.
Thus much, my Soueraigne, whence my Fathers came.
Now for the cauſe of this my preſent ſhame,
" Few words may ſerue a miſchiefe to vnfold,
" For, in ſhort Speech long Sorrow may be told.

But

But for my freedome that I vs'd of late,
To lanch th'infection of a poyſoned ſtate,
Wherein my free and vncorrupted Tongue,
Lightly gaue taſte of their iniurious wrong.
The *Kyte*, the *Crow*, and all the Birds of prey,
That thy Liege people hauocke Night and Day;
Ruſhing vpon me, with moſt foule deſpight,
Thus haue they dreſt me in this pityous plight.
The *Eagle* now, a ſerious Eare that lent
To the Religious and Deuout intent
Of the good *Owle*, whom too iniurious fate
Had thus rewarded, doth commiſerate
The poore diſtreſſed Bird, hoping to heare
What all the reſt through negligence or feare,
Smothred in ſilence, and had buried ſtill,
Couering the ſore of many a feſtred ill:
Not onely grants him libertie of ſpeech,
But further dayning kindly to beſeech
The vertuous Bird no longer to refraine:
Who thus emboldned by his Soueraigne,
At length his ſilence reſolutely brake,
And thus the *Eagles* Maieſtie be-ſpake.

The Owles complaint to the King.

Mightie, ſaid he, though my plaine homely words
Haue not that grace that elegance affords;
Truth of it ſelfe is of ſufficient worth,
Nor needs it gloſſe of Arte to ſet it forth.
Theſe hoary Plumes like Moſſe vpon that Oake,
By ſeeing much, yet ſuffring more I tooke.
Long haue I ſeene the Worlds vnconſtant change,
Ioy mooues not me, affliction is not ſtrange.
I care not for Contempt, I ſeeke not Fame,
Knowledge I loue, and glorie in the ſame.
Th'ambitious Iudgement-ſeate I neuer ſought,
Where GOD is ſold for Coyne, the Poore for nought.
I am a helpleſſe Bird, a harmeleſſe Wretch,
Wanting the power that needfull is to teach.
Yet care of your great good and generall Weale,
Vnlocks my Tongue, and with a feruent zeale
Breaks through my Lips which otherwiſe were pent
To that ſeuere Graue *Samnites* document.

Pithagor.

I know, before my harmeleſſe Tale be told,
The gripple *Vulture* argues me too bold.
The *Cormorant* (whom ſpoile cannot ſuffice)
Sticks not to charge and ſlander me with lyes,
The *Parrot* taxe me to be vainely proud,
And all cry ſhame, the *Owle* ſhould be allow'd.

Which

Which with this *Axiome* doth them all confute,
" When Kings bid ſpeake, what Subiect can be mute?
The lateſt Winter that fore-went our Prime,
O mightie Prince, vpon a certayne Time
I got into thy Palace on a Night,
There to reuiue my melancholy Spright,
And there (for Darkeneſſe) wayting all alone,
To view (by Night) what Lords by Day looke on,
Where I beheld ſo many Candles light,
As they had mock'd the Tapers of the Night.
Where, for it grew vpon the Time of reſt,
And many great ſincerities profeſt,
Expecting Prayer ſhould preſently proceed,
To aske forgiueneſſe for the Dayes miſdeed,
There in ſoft Downe the liquorous *Sparrow* ſat,
Pamper'd with meats, full ſpermatike and fat.
His Drugs, his Drinks, and Sirops doth apply,
To heate his Blood and quicken Luxury;
Which by his billing Female was imbrac'd,
Claſping her Wings about his wanton Waſte.
O God, thought I, what's here by Light within,
Where ſome in Darkeneſſe ſhould haue fear'd to ſin?
The *Cormorant* ſet cloſely to deuiſe,
How he might compaſſe ſtrange Monopolies.
The gawdie *Gold-Finch* and his Courtly Mate,
My Madame *Bunting* powerfull in the State,
Quickly agreed, and but at little ſticke,
To ſhare a thouſand for a Biſhopricke,
And ſcramble vp ſome Feathers from the *Larke*,
What though a Paſtor and a learned Clarke?
And for his Reuerence, though he weare a Cowle,
Yet at his entrance he muſt pay them Tole.
I ſaw a *Buzzard* ſcorning of the Blacke,
That but of late did clothe his needy Backe,
With *Oſtridge* Feathers had trict vp his Creſt,
As he were bred a *Falcon* at the leaſt.
Thus ſtrouts he daily in his borrowed Plume,
And but for ſhame he boldly durſt preſume,
With Princely *Eaglets* to compare his ſight:
Not the proud *Iris* in her colours dight,
Could with this baſe *Kyte* equally compare.
What Fowle before him ſtood not humbly bare?
No leſſe then Lords attending euery becke,
At his command his Betters brooke his checke.
But, O my Liege, the Birds of noble Race
Know whence He is, and who affords him grace,

Mantuan, Bardocucularus caput, &c.

And

And inly grieue to ſee a ſeruile Mate,
Crept vp by fauour, to out-braue a State.
The poore Implumed Birds that by offence,
Or ſome diſgrace haue loſt pre-eminence,
Can point and ſay, This Feather once was mine:
Some winke, ſome would, ſome grieue, and ſome repine.
Beſides all this, I ſaw a Bird did ſcowre
A Serpents teeth, that daily did deuoure
Widdowes and Orphanes, yet th'*Egyptian* Sawes
Commend this Bird for clenſing Serpents Iawes.
Trochylus, Auis, Plini. For the baſe *Trochyle* thinketh it no payne,
To ſcowre vile Carion for a ſauoury gayne.
When ſoone I ſaw about the Serpents neſt,
Whil'ſt this baſe Slaue his naſtie Grinders dreſt,
A thouſand thouſand ſilly little Birds,
Couering the Fields, as doe the Summers Herds;
A thouſand larger Fowles, that ſtrangely carpe,
Did curſe the Beake that made his Goomes ſo ſharpe.
Yet in this baſe Bird I might well deſcry,
The proſperous fruit of thriuing Policy.
Caſting mine Eye, and looking through a Glaſſe,
I ſaw a *Gos-Hawke* (that in State did paſſe)
That by faire ſhewes did Mens affections feele,
Gold (his Attendant) alwayes at his Heele.
Whole Mannors did him reuerence as he ſtaid,
Whoſe Name (if written) could poſſeſſion plead
In any Lordſhip that adioyned his:
Law was his Vaſſall, He and Purchaſe kiſſe.
Zeale was his Foole, and Learning was his Ieſter,
Yet Pride his Page, and Gluttony his Taſter.
A thouſand Suiters wayted at his Hand,
Some call'd his Honour Patrone of the Land;
The ſole Commander of the Common-weale,
And vnto him they humbly all appeale.
When in a Cloſet ſtrangely I beheld,
That was adioyning to a pleaſant Field,
How euery Suiter, when he was retyr'd,
Bought out his Peace, or his Promotion hyr'd;
Yet what he won with Curſes was rewarded,
When the poore Birds, for Bribes alone regarded.
To th'ſecret of all ſecrets when I came,
Hauing mine Eyes glew'd vp with griefe and ſhame:
I tell not how the *Vulture* ſate apart,
Spending the Blood and Marrow of his Heart,
And by all meanes his Faculties t'apply,
To taynt the *Phœnix* by his ſurquedry,

That

That of her kind had ſhee beene more then one,
(Parent and Infant to her ſelfe alone)
This Heauenly Bird (in touching their defame)
Had had her Purple ſoyled with their ſhame.
And for the *Turtle* would not be vnchaſte,
Her did they baniſh to the barren waſte.
I dare not ſay how euery ſort were ſearch'd,
Nor dare I tell how Auarice was perch'd
Vnder the Pillow of the graueſt Head,
(That freedome with the golden World is dead)
How Age had caſt off a Religious life,
Humour of late become Opinions Wife.
Counſaile ſecure, nor compani'd with Care,
The Wit that woundeth Zeale, accounted rare.
But whither wandreth my high-rauiſht Muſe?
O, pardon Liege, the fierce exclaimes I vſe;
And let my Barque (by gales of your good grace
Through theſe rough Seas) beare Sayle a little ſpace.
Scarce had theſe words found vttrance through my Lips,
But therewithall a prattling *Parrot* skips
About the priuate lodging of his Peeres:
His Eyes were watchfull, open were his Eares:
He had a Tongue for euery Language fit,
A cheuerell Conſcience, and a ſearching Wit,
Comming in haſte as he had croſt the Mayne,
And brought ſome ſtrange intelligence from *Spaine:*
Yet euen at mid-night (for the Rogue was poore)
I found him knocking at a great Mans doore;
And where of courſe the wiſe were turn'd away,
His errand brook'd no dilatorie ſtay,
But preſently conducted (by a Light)
Into a Chamber very richly dight,
Where ſat the *Vulture* with a dreadfull frowne,
Proud and ambitious, gaping for Renowne:
His Tallons red with Bloud of murth'red Fowles,
His full Eye quickly euery way he rowles.
Whom when this *Parrot* ſtedfaſtly beheld,
His Feathers briſled and his Stomake ſweld;
And to the *Vulture* openeth where he ſat,
(Whoſe Eares attentiue liſtned ſtill thereat)
The ſtate and hauiour of each priuate Man,
Laid out for ſearching Auarice to ſcan.
Where by ſtrict Rule and ſubtilties in Art,
Such traps were ſet, as not a Man could ſtart.
And where th'Offenders maintenance was great,
Their working Heads they buſily did beat,

Claudian, de Phœnice.

By ſome ſtrange Quiddit or ſome wreſted Clauſe,
To find him guiltie of the breach of Lawes,
That he this preſent iniurie to ſhift,
To buy his owne, accounts a Princely gift:
And for a cloke to their corrupt Decrees,
The *Vulture* with this ſubtill Bird agrees,
That they which thus conuicted are apart,
Shall be ſurpriz'd by Policy and Art.
Then picke they forth ſuch Theeues as hate the Light,
The blacke-ey'd *Bat* (the Watch-Man of the Night)
That to each priuate Family can pry,
And the leaſt ſlip can eaſily deſcry;
And ſince his Conſcience is both looſe and large,
Is onely ſet to vnder-goe this charge;
Addreſt to drinke of euery priuate Cup,
And not a word ſlips but he takes it vp,
To miniſter occaſion of diſcourſe,
And therewithall, ſome dangerous Theame inforce,
To vrge a doubtfull ſpeech vp to the worſt,
To broach new Treaſons, and diſcloſe them firſt,
Whereby himſelfe he cleeres, and vn-awares
Intraps the Fowle, vnskilfull of theſe Snares.
And (againſt Law) he beares his Lords Protection,
As a fit meane, and by the States direction.
O worthy Bird, preuent this ill in time,
And ſuffer not this rauenous *Bat* to climbe,
That is occaſion of the Beſts offence,
The Brat of Ryot and of Indigence,
The Moth and Canker of the Common-weale,
Bred by Corruption to diſquiet Zeale.
Holla! Thou wandring Infant of my brayne,
Whither thus fling'ſt thou? yet diuert thy ſtrayne,
Returne we backe vnto our former gate,
From which a little we digreſt of late,
And leaue this Monſter beating of his Head,
The honeſt *Owle* hath quickly ſtrooke him dead.
And forth againe the *Parrot* let vs find,
That winning credit ſo the World doth blind,
Vnder protection of ſo dread a Hand,
Spoyles Families, and ranſacketh thy Land.
The *Pellicane* that by his Fathers teaching,
Hath with deuout zeale follow'd wholeſome Preaching,
That rent his Boſome, and inforc'd his Tongue,
To teach his tender and beloued Young:
When now theſe Fauters of all vile abuſe,
Haue found a ſtand where they may note his vſe,

How

How Father-like he giues Affliction Bread,
Conuerting Soules, by blind-fold Error led?
The naked Orphane in his boſome wraps,
With the poore Widdow doth bewaile her haps;
And neuer reapes his plentious Field ſo cleane,
But leaues his Harueſt that the Poore may gleane;
Steps in this falſe Spie, this Promoting Wretch,
Cloſely betrayes him that he giues to each:
And for his deeds of Charitie and Grace,
Roots vp his godly Hoſpitable Place.
Moſt like to that ſharpe-ſighted *Alcatras*, *The* Alcatras.
That beates the Aire aboue the liquid Glaſſe:
The new-Worlds Bird, that proud Imperious Fowle,
Whoſe dreadfull preſence frights the harmeleſſe *Owle*:
That on the Land not onely works his wiſh,
But on the *Ocean* kills the flying Fiſh.
Which, ſince the *Owle* hath truely done his arrant:
O, Princely *Eagle*, looke vnto this Tyrant.
But if my words thou wilfully impung,
Thy peaceſull Empire that hath flouriſh'd long,
Headlong at length ſhall to confuſion run,
As was this great Globe ere the World begun,
When in an huge heape and vnweldy maſſe,
This All was ſhut and Nature ſmothered was:
And in this Lumpe and Chaos out of Frame,
The contraries conuers'd and one became,
Strictly together th'Elements were claſp'd,
And in their rough hands one the other graſp'd:
That each did others qualitie deface,
Beautie was buried, Light could find no place.
But when th'all-ſeeing Soueraigne did diſperſe,
Each to his place vpon the Vniuerſe,
To his owne Region and his Contrarie,
Enuy'd his Place, impung'd his Qualitie.
Fire, Ayre, Earth, Water, in their Manſion ſate,
By that great GOD to them appropriate.
All was compos'd within this goodly Roome,
A perfect ſhape this Embrion was become;
Which thus diſſeuer'd by their friendly iarres,
Contriue the Worlds continuance by their Warres.
So in confuſion members are inclos'd,
To frame a State, if orderly diſpos'd:
For to the proud maleuolent aſpect
Of angry SATVRNE that would all direct,
The long exiled, but Imperious IOVE,
When for his Regall Soueraigntie he ſtroue,

With God-like ſtate and preſence of a King,
Calmes SATVRNES rage, his fury limiting.
But leaue we thoſe vnto their owne decay,
Other occaſions haſten vs away:
Let Princes view what their poore Subiects try;
" Blind is that ſight, that's with anothers Eye;
It is full time that we ſhould get vs hence,
O mightie Soueraigne, Oceans of offence,
Stand here oppoſed in my paſſing by,
When in a Chamber neere thy Maieſtie,
A ietting *Iay* accompliſhed and braue,
That well could ſpeake, well could himſelfe behaue;
His Congies Courtly, his demeanour rare,
And ſtrangely faſhion'd as the Clothes he ware;
Which could each Man with complement ſalute,
Hee to the *Wood-Cocke* fram'd a ſpeciall ſuite:
Who him imbracing like a braineleſſe Foole,
Deſir'd him ſit, commanding him a Stoole.
The iolly *Iay* thus graced by a Peere,
Plucks vp his Spirits, and with a formall cheere
Breaks therewithall into moſt ſtrange reports,
Of *Flemmiſh* newes, ſurpriſing Townes and Forts;
Of troubles rays'd in *France* againſt the King,
Spaniſh Armado's and Embattayling,
Proteſting Method in Intelligence,
To be a thing of mightie Conſequence;
And pawnes his Soule, he can deuiſe a way,
Which put in Act, the Leaguers loſe the Day,
To frame a Bridge of Bow-ſtring o'r the *Rhine*,
Supplant the *Alpes*, and lay them ſmooth and plaine,
And that if the great Princes of the North,
Will with an Armie Royall ſet him forth,
Before the yeere expir'd that is to come,
He will with BVRBON new beleaguer *Rome*.
Then of his knowledge in the Cabaliſt,
And what pertayneth to an Exorciſt:
As of *Philacters* what their vſes bee,
HOMERS *Nepenthe* how in each degree;
Each ſeuerall vſe in practique what it is;
How much he wants that doth theſe ſecrets miſſe,
And by ſome little Piller in that place,
To giue ſome Window or ſome Chimney grace,
He to proportion preſently doth runne,
And talkes of the Coloſſus of the Sunne:
Of Columnes the *Diameters* doth tell,
Euen from the Baſe, vp to the Capitell.

And

And to the Roofe he ſomething doth allude,
And doth demonſtrate of the Magnitude.
And what is all this from his addle pate,
But like a *Starling*, that is taught to prate?
And with a liſping garbe (this moſt rare man)
Speakes *French*, *Dutch*, *Spaniſh*, and *Italian*.
No Day doth paſſe, he doth his compaſſe miſſe,
To ſend to that Lord, or to viſit this,
And kiſſing of his Claw, his Cox-combe bare,
Is come to ſee how their good Graces fare.
And preſently he to their face reports,
Their rare perfections wondred at in Courts;
Scratching the Ideot by his itching Eares;
Heauen ſpit downe Vengeance, or diſſolue in teares,
And ſend the *Ibis* to repulſe our ſhame,
To driue theſe *Locuſts* to whence firſt they came.
Woe to theſe Slaues whoſe ſhape the Deuill tooke,
To tempt the holy ESAY at his Booke.

The Bird Ibis, *a deſtroyer of the Locuſt*, Plinie.

O Morall MANTVAN, liue thy Verſes long,
Honour attend thee, and thy reuerend Song!
Who ſeekes for truth (ſay'ſt thou) muſt tread the path
Of the ſweet priuate life, which enuies wrath,
Which pois'ned tongues, with vaine affected praiſe,
Cannot by Scorne ſuppreſſe, by Flatterie raiſe.
For Adulation, but if ſearch be made
His daily Manſion, his moſt vſuall Trade,
Is in the Monarchs Court, in Princes Hals,
Where godly Zeale he by contempt inthrals.
There calls he euill good, the good termes euill,
And makes a Saint of an incarnate Deuill.
Theſe boldly cenſure, and dare ſet at nought
The nobleſt wit, the moſt Heroike thought.
This Carion *lay*, approching to the Spring,
Where the ſweet *Muſes* wont to ſit and ſing,
With filthy Ordure ſo the ſame defil'd,
As they from thence are vtterly exil'd.
Baniſht their iſſue, from whoſe Sacred Rage,
Flowes the full Glorie of each plenteous Age,
Still with the Prophets challenging their parts,
The ſweet Companions of the Lib'rall Arts.
Thoſe rare PROMETHII, fetching fire from Heauen;
To whom the Functions of the Gods are giuen,
Raiſing fraile duſt with their redoubled flame,
Mounted with Hymnes vpon the wings of Fame;
Ordain'd by nature (Truch-men for the great)
To fire their Noble hearts with glorious heat.

You

You Sun-bred Ayerie, whoſe immortall Birth,
Beares you aloft beyond the ſight of Erath,
The Heauen-tuch'd Feathers of whoſe ſprightly wings,
Strikes (ffom aboue) the Palaces of Kings.
By how much neerer you aſcend the Skye,
Doe leſſen ſtill to euery mortall Eye;
Who in this time contemptfull Greatneſſe late
Scornd and diſgrac'd, which earſt renown'd her State.
O Baſtard Mindes vnto this vileneſſe brought,
To loath the meanes which firſt your Honours wrought!
But who their great Profeſſion can protect,
That rob themſelues of their owne due reſpect?
For they whoſe Minds ſhould be exhal'd and hie,
As Free and Noble as cleere Poeſie,
In the ſlight fauour of ſome Lord to come,
Baſely doe crouch to his attending Groome.
Immortall gift that art not bought with Gold,
That thou to Peaſants ſhould be baſely ſold!
Hence as I went, I chanc'd to looke aſide,
And neere at hand I happily eſpide
The *Hedge-Sparrow*, and her Compeere the *Wren*,
(Which ſimple people call our *Ladies-Hen*)
Out of the way, i'th' bottome of a Ditch,
Which though the place poore, yet the feeding rich,
For neere at hand grew the browne *Winter-Cherrie*,
The *Hip*, the *Haw*, the *Slow*, the *Bramble-berrie*;
And as together calmely they were ſet,
(Where oft before I might perceiue they met)
Quoth the *Wren*, Goſſip, be you rul'd by me,
And though Men ſay, the weaker Sex we be,
What e'r they thinke, yet Goſſip, they ſhall know,
That we were made for ſomething elſe then ſhow.
Few things ſhall paſſe that now in working are,
But you and I therein will haue a ſhare:
They ſay, the *Robin*, rooſteth in my Neſt,
Goſſip, 't is true: to you it is confeſt,
My Cock's a ſlug, and doth me little eaſe:
He muſt be quicke, his Female that will pleaſe.
And of all Birds although I be the leaſt,
Yet few with Me in number haue increaſt,
I thanke my Friend; but let this ſecret lurke,
And by my *Robin*, you and I muſt worke:
For when the *Eagle* ſhapes him for aboue,
As oft he vſeth to conferre with IOVE,
Tohaue his Pineons, in ſound perfect plight,
When they ſhould fit him for ſo long a flight,

He

He oyles his Feathers, and with wondrous skill,
From the ſhort'ſt ſtlag, (euen) to the longeſt Quill,
Sees that each one be in due order ſet:
When as my fine and nimble *Robinet*
(Whilſt each one ſeemes as buſie as a *Bee*,
T'attyre their Soueraigne, and none more then hee,)
Watcheth his time, and aptly when he finds,
That the ſmall Birds, according to their kinds,
Shrinke, when the *Eagle* doubled ſtrength aſſumes:
As he ſtands proudly rowzing vp his Plumes,
Nor neuer dreames what Treacherie intends,
Vp by his trayne, the craftie Bird aſcends,
And in the deepe Downe cloſely doth him hide:
For the great *Eagle*, betwixt Strength and Pride,
His poore ſmall Bodie not ſo much as feeles;
And thus this Bird the King himſelfe beguiles,
And in this ſort tranſported to the Spheares,
His Soueraignes Counſailes, and IOVES Secrets heares.
And when the wearyed *Eagle* can no more,
Freſh from his backe he into Heauen doth ſore;
And comming thence, doth all to me relate,
And by this meanes we two will rule the State.
King, looke to theſe, that they doe not o'r-heare thee,
This craftie Bird I doubt is but too neere thee.
And thus euen cloy'd with Buſineſſe of the Court,
To neighbour Groues inuiting my reſort,
Where I ſuppos'd the ſolitarie *Owle*
Might liue ſecure, vnſeene of any Fowle;
Loe, in a Valley peopled thicke with Trees,
Where the ſoft day continuall Euening ſees,
Where in the moyſt and melancholy ſhade,
The Graſſe growes ranke, but yeelds a bitter Blade,
I found a poore *Crane* ſitting all alone,
That from his breſt ſent many a throbbing grone;
Groueling he lay, that ſometime ſtood vpright;
Maim'd of his ioynts in many a doubtfull fight:
His Aſhie Coate that bore a gloſſe ſo faire,
So often kiſs'd of the enamoured Ayre;
Worne all to Rags, and fretted ſo with ruſt,
That with his feet he trod it in the duſt:
And wanting ſtrength to beare him to the Springs,
The Spiders woue their Webs euen in his wings:
And in his traine their filmie netting caſt,
He eat not Wormes, Wormes eat on him ſo faſt.
His wakefull eyes, that in his Foes deſpight,
Had watch'd the walls in many a Winters Night,

And neuer wink'd, nor from their obiect fled,
When Heauens dread thunder rattled o'r his head
Now couered ouer with dimme cloudie kels,
And ſhrunken vp into their ſlimy ſhels.
Poore Bird that ſtriuing to bemone thy plight,
I cannot doe thy miſeries their right;
Perceiuing well he found me where I ſtood,
And he alone thus poorely in the Wood:
To him I ſtept, deſiring him to ſhow
The cauſe of his calamitie and woe.
Nights-Bird (quoth he) what mak'ſt thou in this place,
To view my wretched miſerable caſe?
Ill Orators are aged men at Armes,
That wont to wreake, and not bewaile their harmes:
And repetition where there wants reliefe,
In leſs'ning ſorrow, but redoubleth griefe.
Seuen ſundrie Battailes ſeru'd I in the field,
Againſt the *Pigmies*, in whoſe battered ſhield,
My proweſſe ſtands apparantly expreſt;
Beſides the skars vpon my manly breſt:
Along the Mid-land Coaſts my Troupes I led,
And *Afrikes* Pride with feare aſtoniſhed;
And maym'd I was of this decrepit wing,
The Sea from Helleſpont to Boſphorus, Thracius. When as the Fowle from the Propontike Spring,
Fild all th' *Egean* with their ſtemming Ores,
And made the Iles euen tremble from the ſhores.
I ſaw when from the *Adriatike* Seas;
The croſſe-adoring Fowles to *Europ's* praiſe,
Before *Lepanto*, and *Morea* fought,
Where Heauen by Wind, Earths wonder ſtrangely wrought,
Wearie at length, and truſting to my worth,
I tooke my flight into the happie *North*:
Where nobly bred, as I was well ally'd,
I hop'd to haue my fortune there ſupply'd:
But there arriu'd, diſgrace was all my gaine,
Experience ſcorn'd of euery ſcuruie Swaine.
Other had got, for which I long did ſerue.
Still fed with words, whilſt I with wants did ſtarue.
Hauing ſmall meanes, but yet a mightie heart,
How ere in Fame, not honor'd for deſert,
That ſmall I had, I forced was to gage,
To cure my wounds, and to ſuſtaine mine Age;
Whilſt thoſe that ſcarce did ere behold a foe,
Exult and triumph in my ouer-throw.
And ſeeing in vaine with miſerie I ſtroue,
Retyr'd me to this ſolitarie Groue;

Where

Where in deſpaire (euen lothing of my breath)
I long to dwell in the cold armes of Death.
Heere ſanke downe in a ſwound and could no more,
And I returne from whence I came before.
Where by the way the Countrie *Rooke* deplor'd,
The grip and hunger of his rauenous Lord.
The cruell *Caſtrell*, which with Deuilliſh Clawes
Scratcheth out of the miſerable Iawes
Of the poore Tenant, to his Ruine bent,
Raiſing new Fines, redoubling ancient Rent;
And by th' incloſure of old Common Land,
Rackes the deare ſweat from his laborious hand,
Whilſt he that digs for breath out of the ſtones,
Cracks his ſtiffe Sinewes, and conſumes his Bones;
Yet forc'd to reape continually with Strife,
Snarling Contention feeding on his Life.
Yet hoping Fortune bett'red by his Heires,
They are content to part with what is theirs;
Lab'ring to keepe him in his quiet State,
When Enuie doth his gath'red Mannors threat:
And being fauoured of ſome higher Peere,
By whom their Land-Lord keepes them ſtill in feare,
They by their Clowniſh Induſtrie and Art,
Soone to the Court reduce him from the Cart,
With their prouiſion and defray his charge,
Whilſt with his Graine he ballaſts many a Barge,
And ſo his gripple Auarice he ſerue,
What recks this ranke Hind, if his Countrie ſtarue?
"Hell on the Wealth that's purchaſed with ſhame,
Gold in the Trunke, and in the Graue Defame:
Yet his Clawes blunt, and when he can no more,
The needie *Rooke* is turn'd out of the doore:
And laſtly doth his wretchedneſſe bewayle,
A Bond-ſlaue to the miſerable Iayle.
Thus wearied with the ſight of worldly Crimes,
The wane of Kingdomes, and the change of times;
I tooke my ſelfe, by ſearching to eſpy,
What ſinnes in ſecret did in Cities lye:
For there I deem'd, where Law had chiefeſt force,
Strongly to limit euery lewder courſe,
Things turn'd to Nature, and diſdain'd Exceſſe,
That plaguie Foe to Humane Happineſſe.
And as I went (with buſie ſearch about)
Caſting by cunning how to finde them out,
I found the *Feſant* that the *Hawke* doth feare,
Seeking for ſafetie bred his Ayry there;

Yet is accus'd through cloſe informing Hate,
By lawleſſe lending to offend the State.
Who being Rich, and louing Coyne and eaſe,
Still buildeth low, for feare he ſhould diſpleaſe.
Yet the Bald-*Buzzard* being pointed Iudge,
To this baſe, muddie, miſerable Drudge:
A paire of young ones taketh from his Neſt,
And leaues this fearefull Recreant the reſt,
Who giues him thankes his Goodneſſe would ſo doe,
That might take th' Ayrie, and the old one too.
He liued beſt, that moſt liu'd out of ſight:
I dare not ſay, the Birds were all vpright;
For ſome had golden Beakes, but brazen Clawes,
That held the Guildes to miniſter their Lawes:
The *Caſtrell*, for poſſeſſion of his Heire,
Is by the *Ring-tayle* offred wondrous faire,
To haue a match betwixt their goodly Breed,
T' increaſe their Lands, and raiſe their happy Seed.
But the coy *Caſtrell* turnes it to a mocke,
And ſcornes to match in his Ignoble Stocke,
For which the *Ring-tayle* by a ſecret Plot,
Subornes the *Starling*, which hath cloſely got,
To be the Broker, ſlily to ſeduce
The *Caſtrels* Heire, by giuing thriftleſſe vſe,
And in ſtrong Statutes to inthrall him ſo,
To lime him ſure which way ſo e'r he goe.
For this young Fowle (drawne from his Fathers eye)
Will with the fond World ſwimme in Vanitie,
The ſubtill *Ring-tayle* neuer thus doth leaue,
Till he the *Caſtrell* cunningly deceiue,
And catch his young one in the Cities ſnare,
So gets his Mannors e'r he be aware.
'Mongſt which the *Daw* (by giuing of a Bribe)
Became a Clerke amongſt the learned Tribe;
That being a Bankrout, a diſhoneſt Detter,
Can get his liuing onely by the Letter,
Whilſt Arts goe beg, and in a ſeruile Weed,
Are made the Slaues to Penurie and Need,
The *Gooſe* exiled, humbly doth appeale
To all the Birds, profeſſing Faith and Zeale.
Plutarch. And though he proueth by the *Romane* Booke,
What care to keepe the Capitoll he tooke;
Columba ſine felle. Yet is not heard: The *Done* without a Gall,
Is left forſaken, and contemn'd of all.
There growes ſuch diffrence and ſuch ſtrange Confuſions,
Twixt old Decrees, and later Inſtitutions:

Yet

Yet being inſpir'd, deſiſteth not to ſpeake,
To edifie the conſcience that is weake,
And by approoued Arguments of's owne,
By Scriptures, Fathers, and great Writers knowne,
Diſcouereth their abominable Trade;
So that the *Storke* their vmpire being made,
Iudgeth, the *Daw* ſhould from the Church be driuen,
To prate in Corners, and to preach by Euen.
And ſince his Art and Cunning was ſo ſcant,
To haue no Patron but the Ignorant;
And by his Doctrine onely teaching Fooles,
To be exilde, and hiſs'd out of the Schooles.
Hence like the ſeed *Thebes*-builder CADMVS threw,
More armed Miſchiefes ſuddenly vp grew:
The *Bittor* brings his Action 'gainſt the *Quaile*,
And on th'arreſt allowes him hardly Baile;
Becauſe he durſt preſume amongſt the Reeds,
To leaue his Lemmon, where his Female breeds.
And Miſtris *Titmouſe* a neate merrie Dame,
With her Friend *Wag-tayle*, one of ſpeciall name,
Were ſu'd by th' *Cuckow*, in his proper wrong,
For him accuſing with their ſland'rous tongue,
Who to the Barre his Aduocate doth bring,
That hath by rote the Acts of many a King.
The Lawes, the Statutes, and Decrees aſſignde,
Cuſtome ſo old, as almoſt out of Minde.
A Day of hearing, good my Lord, cries he,
For Maſter *Cuckow* that retayneth me;
Whom the lewd *Wag-tayle* baſely hath abus'd
In ſo vile termes, as cannot be excus'd:
The parties likewiſe preſent here in Court,
And 't is a Caſe that well deſerues report:
For which a Iurie's ſummoned with ſpeed,
And to the triall preſently proceed.
The Brain-bald *Coot* a formall witleſſe *Aſſe*,
Muſt now, the Fore-man on this matter paſſe:
The Sottiſh *Dott'rill*, ignorant and dull;
And next to him the Maw-cram'd gluttonous *Gull*.
The Lecherous *Mallard*, call'd vnto the Booke,
The ſqueaking *Lapwing*, the ridiculous *Rooke*,
The witleſſe *Wood-cocke*, and his Neighbour *Snite*,
That will be hyr'd to paſſe on euery Kite,
With all the reſt empannelled to waite:
Which when the Iurie laſtly was complete,
Call'd to the Barre, admitted and allow'd:
Vpſtart the *Peacocke*, inſolent and proud;

Of goodly ſtature and of gracious port,
In preſence of the Honourable Court:
And for the Plaintiffe learnedly began.
My Lord (ſaith he) was neuer worthy man,
So nobly bred, and of ſo high deſcent,
Of ſo faire liuely-hood, and ſo large a rent,
As is the *Cuckow*, ſo abus'd hereby,
Nor yet ſo ſtand'red, as my Plea ſhall try:
Firſt, for the worth and honour of his Name,
That you may better cenſure his defame;
From mightie Birds deſcended euery way,
And by his Birth, the Meſſenger to May;
His Houſe ſtill loyall, and his Coat as faire,
Fis Fathers Tunes he neuer did impaire.
His name and nature doe ſo well agree,
As ſhe ws his Bloud repurifide to bee.
In fruitfull *Sparta*, it is ſince now long,
That famous *Greece* tooke notice of his wrong,
When for her wanton and vnchaſte deſire,
A thouſand Ships ſtuft with reuengefull fire,
To TENEDOS the proud *Ægean* lades,
Whence ſprang thoſe high immortall Illiades.
And ſince the *Romans* from the *Aſian* Broyles,
Return'd with Conqueſt and victorious Spoyles,
The *Cuci* heere continually haue beene,
As by their ancient Euidence is ſeene,
Of Conſull *Cuccus*, from whoſe mighty Name,
Theſe liuing *Cuccos* lineally came.
To him, the Ancients, Temples did erect,
Which with great Pompe and Ornament were deckt.
Th' *Italians* call him *Becco* (of a Nod)
With all the Reuerence that belongs a God.
What though in loue ſuppoſed to be vs'd,
What is his Vertue need not be excus'd?
The Wiſeman tels (if Nature be our Guide)
In following her, we ſeldome ſlip aſide.
And in this Bird who can her power denie,
If Nature fram'd him to Communitie?
Then wiſely thus conſidering his Profeſſion,
You Reuerend Iudges of this lawfull Seſſion:
As you are Patrones of the righteous cauſe,
Vouchſafe my Clyent Iudgement. Heere doth pauſe.
Scarce could the *Peacocke* his concluſion make,
When ſtraight his turne the *Turkie-cocke* doth take,
A learned Lawyer (worthy of his Gowne)
Of reputation both in Court and Towne:

And

And to the Bench for Audience hauing cry'd,
Thus to the *Peacocke* learnedly reply'd:
Graue Reuerend Fathers of the Law (he ſaid)
The matter that our Aduerſaries plead,
Is vaine and idle; we the point inforce
Againſt the *Cuckow* and his lawleſſe courſe.
The *Peacocke* here a cunning ſpeech hath made,
To helpe his Clyent and vphold his Trade;
But ſtrip this Maske that doth conceale the Cauſe,
Examine each particular and Clauſe
'Gainſt prooſe ſo poore, ſo indigent to Truth,
The Baſtard *Cuckow* bringing from his Youth:
Firſt laid and hatch'd vp in anothers Neſt,
Such vileneſſe raign'd in his baſe Parents breſt,
Who ſince that time they neuer ſought for ſhame,
Nor but their Vice he dares for's Birth-right clayme:
The *Hedge-Sparrow*, this wicked Bird that bred,
That him ſo long and diligently fed,
(By her kind tendance) getting ſtrength and power,
His carefull Nurſe doth cruelly deuoure:
Baſe as his Birth, ſo baſer is his Trade,
And to the World a By-word now is made:
No Nation names the *Cuckow* but in ſcorne,
And no Man heares him, but he feares the Horne:
No Month regards him but laſciuious May,
Wherein whil'ſt Youth is dallying with the Day;
His Song ſtill tends to Vanitie and Luſt,
Amorous deceits, Poligamies vniuſt.
But to cut off theſe tedious Allegations,
The Law commands, theſe publike defamations
Be ſtraightly puniſh'd in the Nobleſt Men.
Why ſhould you ſpare the curſed *Cuckow* then?
Who all his Life to lewdneſſe being bent,
Rightly deſerues the publik'ſt puniſhment?
Then, gentle Iurors, good Men, and Elect,
As you your ſafeties carefully reſpect,
If Loues ſweet Muſike and his bliſſefull cheere,
E'r touch'd your Hearts, or mollifi'd your Eare;
Tender the caſe, and euermore the wed
Shall prayſe your Conſcience both at Boord and Bed.
Thus ſaid, he ceas'd, the Iurors ſtept aſide,
Wiſely conſulting, warily they tride
The circumſtance of euery ſecret Sin;
Thus they return'd and brought their Verdict in:
Caſt is the *Cuckow*, guilty of the Deed,
And for a Fine, for his deſerued meed,

Allowes

Allowes to Miſtris *Titmouſe* for her Charge,
That ſhee ſhall after haue her Tayle at large:
And when ſhee Reuells, as ſhee did before,
T'exclude the *Cuckow* freely out of Dore:
And ſuch Offenders as they could preſent,
Likewiſe adiudg'd deſerued puniſhment.
The *Ring-Done*, plagu'd with Maggots in the Maw,
The *Woodcocke* gets the ſwelling of the Craw.
The *Crow*, with dropſie (whil'ſt yet liuing) rots:
The *Quaile*, a Leaper fill'd with lothſome Spots.
The *Buzzard*, of the Lethargie is ſicke,
The *Kyte*, with Feuers falleth Lunaticke.
The Epilepſy grew vpon the *Iay*,
And of a ſweat the *Bunting* drops away.
But how about my fantaſie it brought;
Now know not I: but ſuddenly me thought,
The Princely *Eagle* out of ſight was gone,
And left the wiſe and honeſt Bird alone,
To gouerne things, both for his proper heale,
And for the great good of the publique Weale.
When more the *Owle* that with a vigilant Eye,
All theſe Demenſions perfectly could try,
Fore-ſaw the perill threatned vnto all,
Apt by their looſe credulitie to fall,
And whoſe preuention if he did fore-ſlow,
Their vtter ſpoyle immediately ſhould grow.
My Friends (quoth he) looke warily about,
Many the dangers which you are to doubt;
This gallant Oke wherein ſo oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your ſafetie may betray.
And though his ſhade be delicate and ſweet,
His Trunke beares Lyme that may intrap your Feet.
If, fearing what is requiſite and fit,
You like my Iudgement, and allow my Wit;
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deeme,
Things be within, as outwardly they ſeeme;
Head-long runne on, and fall into the Snare,
And ſay, A Friend once warn'd you to beware.
Thus ſpake the *Owle*, whoſe talke could not be heard.
" So little, Fooles good counſell doe regard.
But thinking, Frenſie him his Wits beguilde,
The honeſt Bird deſpightfully reuilde.
But marke their end, who ſet aduice at nought,
" Fooles ſtill too deare haue found Experience bought;
The Husband-man ſurueying of his Ground,
'Mongſt all the Trees this Oke had quickly found:

And

And by all ſignes and likelyhood of Trade,
The Birds therein their nightly rooſting made.
And by the Lyme that iſſued from the Tree,
They all intangled eaſily might bee.
Taking the ſame, he ſpreads it on the ſprayes,
And through the Thicket cloſely creeps his wayes.
When the ſad Arndern ſhutting in the Light,
Wan-ſighted CYNTHIA (Lady of the Night)
Proudly aſcending the Ætheriall State,
Whence the bright PHŒBVS but diſmounted late,
The dull-ey'd Euening his moiſt Vapours threw,
Strewing the ſtill Earth with ſweet ſhowres of Dew;
When euery Bird repleniſhed with Food,
Came on his ſtretch't Wings liuely from the Wood,
And on each ſmall Branch of this large-limb'd Oke,
Their pretty Lodgings careleſly they tooke,
No ill ſuſpecting, fondly vnawares,
Were all intangled in the Fowlers Snares.
Whoſe mournefull Chirping, and their Chattering cryes,
Incites the *Owle* before his houre to riſe.
And hearing from his melancholy Seate,
The Birds themſelues thus wofully to beate,
(The Deed diſcouered with the Mornings Light)
Flew from his Pearch: though grieued at the ſight,
Yet with a Smile, his Wiſedome that became,
Which mock'd their folly, though bemoan'd their ſhame,
Quoth he, you fooliſh Burgers of the Field,
That in contempt my counſailes lewdly held,
That, whereat late you did but laugh and ieere,
Now to your ruine plainly doth appeere,
The greateſt thing you lightly are to loſe,
Onely your Plumes that Fortune can diſpoſe.
" 'Tis yet a comfort in the depth of ſmart;
" Enuy but ſeyzeth on the outward part.
" But preſent perill in a thing of price,
" Rather craues Action, then doth ſtay Aduice.
Therefore to helpe you, Ile my power aſſay:
Wherewith his Wing doth preſently diſplay,
And with his Clawes, the Birds of euery kind
Plucks from the Lime, which left their Plumes behind.
The little *Robin* Featherleſſe and free,
Regreets the *Owle* with many a Cap and Knee.
The warbling *Mauis* mirthfull Peans ſung,
The *Nightingale* with her melodious Tongue,
Gaue him ſuch Muſike (to declare their thanks)
That Springs and Riuers danc'd aboue their Banks:

That

That (with the repercuſſion of the Aire)
Shooke the great *Eagle* ſitting in his Chaire:
Which from the Mountayne (with a Radiant Eye)
Brau'd the bright Creſſit of the Glorious Skie;
Mouuing his Princely Maieſtie to ſee,
Whence this applauſe ſo ſuddenly ſhould bee,
Whoſe ſinewed Wings (in their reſiſtleſſe courſe)
Beat the thin Ayre, with ſuch a violent force,
That the light Birds dropt head-long from the Skyes,
The Rocks and Forreſts trembling with the noyſe,
Somewhat amaz'd at this vn-vſuall ſight,
To ſee his People in this pitious plight:
His Soueraignes Eare doth preſently addreſſe,
Willing to heare the Cauſe of their diſtreſſe:
To whom the poore *Owle* (his Obedience done)
Thus to his Liege Lord, reuerently begun:
Monarch of all that beate the Ayre with Wings,
Thou Bird of IOVE, beloued amongſt Kings:
Here ſtands an Oke well timbred, largely ſpred,
That many a day hath borne his curled Head,
Aboue his Fellowes dwelling farre and neere,
That in the Forreſt neuer found his Peere;
Whoſe Roote well faſtned in the fruitfull Ground,
His Barke ſo louely and his Heart ſo ſound,
(Through his great Wealth) grew inſolent and proud,
Becauſe the Birds that in his Boughs did ſhrowd,
To his high prayſe continually did ſing,
And kept their Vigils to th'enamoured Spring.
The Virgin-Huntreſſe ſworne to DIANA'S Bow,
Here in this ſhade her Quarries did beſtow,
And for their *Nymphals*, building amorous Bowers,
Oft dreſt this Tree with Anadems of flowers;
And FLORA choſe her Nurcery here to ſhield,
Her tender Buds the Infants of the Field.
By which, this Tree grew arrogant in time,
And in his ranke Sap bred a lothſome Slime,
Whoſe Nature and vile Qualitie is ſuch,
Strongly to hold what euer it doth tuch;
And not content to miniſter this meane,
Which in ſhort time might haue vndone vs cleane;
But euen his Boughs the Birds haue honoured ſo,
He hath imploy'd vnto their generall wo,
That when thy Subiects dreading no deceit,
Came to this Tree, as to their ſafe retreit,
They were betray'd, and he that ſped the beſt,
Hardly eſcap't, with Feathers at the leaſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe that I could, as I had power and might,
Though with much payne, I laſtly did acquight.
The reſt, whoſe freedome doth exceed my reach,
O King of Birds, I humbly thee beſeech
In mercy, let thy mightineſſe puruay,
To ranſome from this eminent Decay.
When now the *Eagle* cutting off his Tale,
And euen for ſorrow waxing wan and pale;
At which ſad ſight, this poore Implumed crue,
Stand faintly trembling in their Soueraignes view;
And hauing ſtretcht his Lordly tallon forth,
To ſhew th'acceptance of this deed of worth;
You ſilly Birds, you wretched Fowles (quoth he)
Henceforth let this a friendly warning be.
Had you (as Nature and our Lawes admit)
Built where your Noble Anceſtors did ſit,
Wiſely prouiding to maintayne their State,
Whoſe Names and Freedomes you participate,
You had not thus beene ſpoyled of your Goods,
For, Subtiltie now dwelleth in the Woods.
For if too high and haughtily you ſoare,
Thoſe ſee your falls that houer neere the Shore.
If in the Cedar you your Neſts diſpoſe,
The dreadfull Lightning euer threatneth thoſe.
If in the low Earth (in the flattering Shade)
The Fowlers Snares there ſecretly are laid.
Then, my deare Subiects, as you wiſh my good,
Or haue reſpect to your ſucceeding brood,
Let your wiſe Fathers an example giue,
And by their Rules learne thriftily to liue.
Let thoſe weake Birds, that want wherewith to fight,
Submit to thoſe that are of grip and might.
Let thoſe of power, the weaker ſtill protect,
So none ſhall neede his ſafety to ſuſpect;
Suppreſſing thoſe enormities that are,
Whoſe cure belongs vnto our Soueraigne care.
For when wealth growes into a few Mens hands,
And to the Great, the poore in many Bands;
The pride in Court doth make the Country leane,
The abiect rich hold ancient Honour meane.
Mens wits employ'd to baſe and ſeruile ſhifts,
And Lay-men taught, by learn'd Mens ſubtill drifts,
Ill with this State 't muſt incidently fare.
For euen as from th'infection of the Ayre,
Sundry contagious ſickneſſes proceed,
Theſe miſchiefes more continually doe breed.

Shun beaſtly Luſt (you young well-feathered Fowle)
That wounds the Body, and confounds the Soule;
That as the ſubtill'ſt of the *Syrens* brood,
Binds all the Spirits, and ouer-comes the blood;
Darkning the pureneſſe of the inward Light,
Weakneth the Senſe and murd'reth Reaſon quite.
And you that ſit as Iudges of the Law,
Let not vile Gayne your equall Ballance draw.
O! ſtill retayne the *Ethiopians* guiſe,
(As Iuſt and Vpright, as Seleƈt and Wiſe)
That in their Iudgements (ſacred and profound)
Diſpos'd them euer meekely on the ground;
To ſhew the Angels (ſitting ouer Head)
Them were to iudge, as they had cenſured.
Thus ſpake the *Eagle*, when with mutt'ring noyſe,
The reſt attentiue to his powerfull voyce,
Giuing a Signall of their admiration,
The *Owle* this while in ſerious Contemplation
Softly replyes, O mightie Soueraigne!
With all the Synod of thy winged Traine,
Th'abundant Ioyes that in my Heart doe throng,
Require more Organs then the onely Tongue.
O bleſſed Birds! how ſweet is your ſubiection,
Vnder the ſafe and abſolute protection?
Of ſo exact and excellent a King,
So ſole and perfect in his gouerning:
The reaſon this (my graue ſelected Peeres)
Becauſe 'tis knowne, that in theſe latter Yeeres,
The peacefull State prepoſt'rouſly diſturb'd,
By ſuch, whoſe power the Great haue hardly curb'd.
The iocund *Throſtle*, for his varying Note,
Clad by the *Eagle* in a ſpeckled Cote;
Becauſe his voyce had Iudgement for the Palme,
Suppos'd himſelfe ſole Patrone of our Calme.
All ſay, for ſinging he had neuer Peere:
But there were ſome that did his Vertue feare.
Why ſhould'ſt thou then ambitiouſly deſpiſe
The manly *Falcon?* on whoſe courage lyes
The Kingdomes ſafetie, which abroad doth roame,
By forraigne Warres to keepe vs ſafe at Home.
I know, the ſtrayne of an alluring Tongue
Can tye the full Eare, and detayne it long,
But other fortunes, and the altred place,
Craue new directions, and an actiue grace.
The former Vertue may conſiſt alone,
But better two (if firmely ioyn'd in one)

Experience

Experience once (by ſeruice in the Warres)
Did quote his ſtrong Authorities in ſcarres;
But in this latter Time, it hath beene ſaid,
The Tongue doth all, contemning th'others aid.
Vertue, whoſe chiefe prayſe in the Act doth ſtand,
Could wiſh the Tongue ſtill coupled with the Hand.
But in the *Cocke* which death vntimely wrackt,
In him was both the Elegance and Act.
O! when that Bird was rauiſh'd from our ſight,
(Intombing him) the World intomb'd Delight.
Let neuer mournefull Accent paſſe my Pen,
That leaues his Fame vn-regiſtred to Men.
The *Muſes* vailed with ſad Cypres Tree,
Vpon his Graue, ſhall powre their Teares with mee.
O! if the World can weepe ſo many Teares
As his loſſe craues, or if in Heauen appeares
More plentious Sorrow; let them both agree,
Tlament that houre that reft the Earth of thee.
O! thought I not ſome Spirit could giue thee more
Then this ſmall Portion of my ſcantled Store!
I would not leaue (I firſt would leaue to Liue)
To giue thee Fame: O who can greater giue?
This ſaid, he ſunke, as growing faint with ſpeaking,
Sighing withall, as though his Heart were breaking.
The Princely *Eagle* pitying of his plight,
To cheere the poore *Owle* doing all he might;
The Birds applauding with a free conſent,
Followed the *Eagle* (with deuout intent)
To the great Mountayne, to haue all amended:
Thus I awak't, and here my Dreame was ended.

FINIS.

PASTORALS.

Contayning

EGLOGVES.

With the

Man in the Moone.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

ESQVIRE.



LONDON,

Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICKE.

1619.

TO THE HONOVR OF MY NOBLE PATRONE, SIR *WALTER ASTON*: AS OTHER MY POEMS, SO I CONSECRATE THESE MY PASTORALL POESIES.

M. Drayton.

To The Reader Of His Pastorals.

Somewhat is to be said, by way of generall preparatiue, touching the name, and nature of Pastorall Poesie, before I giue thee my Pastorals. Pastorals, as they are a Species *of Poesie, signifie fained Dialogues, or other speeches in Verse, fathered vpon Heardsmen, whether* Opiliones, bubulci, &c. *that is to say,* Shepheards, Neat-heards, &c. *who are ordinarie persons in this kind of Poeme, worthily therefore to be called base, or low. This, as all other formes of Poesie (excepting perhaps the admirable Latine* Piscatories *of that Noble* Neapolitan, Sanazara) *hath beene receiued from the* Greekes, *and as at the second hand, from the* Romanes. *The subiect of Pastorals, as the language of it ought to be poor, silly, & of the coursest Woofe in appearance. Neuertheless, the most High, and most Noble Matters of the World may bee shaddowed in them, and for certaine sometimes are: but he who hath almost nothing Pastorall in his Pastorals, but the name (which is my Case) deales more plainly, because* detracto velamine, *he speakes of most weightie things. The* Greek *Pastorals of* Theocritvs, *haue the chiefe praise. Whether* Virgil *in his* Bucolicks, *hath kept within Pastorall humblenesse, let* Scaliger, *and the Nation of Learned* Censors *dispute: the Blessing which came in them to the testimoniall Maiestie of the Christian Name, out of* Sibyls *Moniments, cited before* Christ's *Birth, must euer make* Virgil *venerable with me: and in the* Angels *Song to Shepheards at our Sauiours Natiuitie Pastorall Poesie seemes consecrated. It is not of this time and place, to shew the Originals of this Inuention: let it here suffice to haue pointed out the best, and them so old, as may serue for prescription. The chiefe Law of Pastorals is the same which is of all Poesie, and of all wise carriage, to wit,* Decorvm, *and that not to be exceeded without leaue, or without at least faire warning. For so did* Virgil, *when he wrote,*

——Paulò maiora canamus.

Master Edmvnd Spenser *had done enough for the immortalitie of his Name, had he only giuen vs his* Shepheards Kalender, *a Master-piece if any. The* Colin Clout of Skoggan, *vnder King* Henry *the Seuenth, is prettie: but* Barkley's Ship of Fooles *hath twentie wiser in it.* Spenser *is the prime* Pastoralist *of* England. *My Pastorals bold vpon a new straine, must speake for themselues, and the Taber striking vp, if thou hast in thee any Country-Quicksilner, thou hadst rather be at the sport, then heare thereof. Farewell.*

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

PHœBVS full out his yeerely course had runne,
(The wofull Winter labouring to out-weare)
And though 't was long first, yet at length begunne,
To heaue himselfe vp to our Hemispheare,
For which pleas'd Heauen to see this happie houre,
O'recome with Ioy wept many a siluer showre.

When *Philomel*, the augure of the Spring,
Whose Tunes expresse a Brothers trayt'rous Fact,
Whilst the fresh Groues with her complaints doe ring,
To CINTHIA her sad Tragedie doth act.
The iocund Mirle perch'd on the highest spray,
Sings his loue forth, to see the pleasant *May*.

The crawling Snake against the morning Sunne,
Like IRIS shewes his sundrie coloured Coat,
The gloomie shades and enuiously doth shunne,
Rauish'd to heare the warbling Birds to roat,
The Bucke forsakes the Lawn's where he hath fed,
Fearing the Hunt should view his Veluet head.

Through eu'ry part dispersed is the bloud,
The lustie Spring in fulnesse of her Pride:
Man, Bird, and Beast, each Tree, and euery Floud,
Highly reioycing in this goodly tyde:
Saue ROWLAND, leaning on a *Ranpike Tree,
Wasted with age, forlorne with wo was he.

*A tree with age beginning to decay at the top.

Great God, quoth he, (with hands rear'd to the Skye)
Thou wise Creatour of the Starrie light,
Whose wondrous workes thy Essence doe imply,
In the diuiding of the Day and Night:
The Earth releeuing with the teeming Spring,
Which the late Winter low before did bring.

O thou ſtrong Builder of the Firmament,
Who placed'ſt PHŒBVS in his fiery Carre,
And for the Planets wiſely didſt inuent,
Their ſundry Manſions, that they ſhould not iarre,
Appointing PHŒBE Miſtris of the Night,
From TITAN's flames to fetch her forked light.

From that bright Palace where thou raign'ſt alone,
Whoſe floore with Stars is glorioufly inchaſed;
Before the Footſtoole of whoſe glittering Throne,
Thoſe thy high Orders ſeuerally are placed,
Receiue my Vowes, that may thy Court aſcend,
Where thy cleere preſence all the Powers attend.

Shepheards great Soueraigne, graciouſly receiue,
Thoſe thoughts to thee continually erected,
Nor let the World of Comfort me bereaue,
Whilſt I before it ſadly lye deiected,
Whoſe ſinnes, like fogs that ouer-cloud the Aire,
Darken thoſe beames which promis'd me ſo faire.

My hopes are fruitleſſe, and my faith is vaine,
And but meere ſhewes, diſpoſed me to mocke,
Such are exalted baſely that can faine,
And none regards iuſt ROWLAND *of the Rocke.*
To thoſe fat Paſtures, which Flocks healthfull keepe,
Malice denyes me entrance with my Sheepe.

Yet nill I Nature enuiouſly accuſe,
Nor blame the Heauens thus hapleſſe me to make,
What they impoſe, but vainly we refuſe,
When not our power their puniſhment can ſlake.
Fortune the World, that towzes to and fro,
Fickle to all, is conſtant in my wo.

This only reſts, Time ſhall deuoure my ſorrow,
And to affliction miniſter reliefe,
When as there neuer ſhall ſucceed a morrow,
Whoſe labouring houres ſhall lengthen out my griefe,
Nor in my breſt, Care ſit againe ſo deepe:
Tyring the ſad Night with diſtemp'red ſleepe.

And when that Time expired hath the date,
What weares out all things, laſtly periſh muſt,
And that all-ſearching and impartiall Fate,
Shall take account of long-forgotten duſt,
When euery being, ſilently ſhall ceaſe,
Lock'd in the armes of euerlaſting Peace.

Now

Now in the Ocean, TITAN quench'd his flame,
That ſmmon'd CINTHIA, to ſet vp her light
And ſhe the neer'ſt of the Celeſtiall frame,
Sat the moſt glorious on the brow of Night.
When the poore Swaine, with heauineſſe oppreſt,
To the cold Earth ſanke ſadly downe to reſt.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

MOTTO.

MIght my youth's Mirth, become thy aged yeeres,
My gentle Shepheard, Father of vs all,
Wherewith I wonted to delight my Pheeres,
When to their Sports they pleaſed me to call.

Now would I tune my * Miskins on this Greene,
And frame my Verſe, the Vertues to vnfold
Of that ſole *Phœnix* Bird, my liues ſole Queene,
Whoſe Lockes doe ſtaine the three-times burniſht Gold.

* *A little Bag-pipe.*

But melancholy ſettled in thy ſpleene,
My Rimes ſeeme harſh to thy vnrelliſh'd taſte,
Thy Wits that long repleniſht haue not beene,
Wanting kind moyſture, do vnkindly waſte.

WINKEN.

Well, Wanton, laugh not my old age to ſcorne,
Nor twit me ſo, my ſenſes to haue loſt,
The time hath beene, when as my hopefull Morne
Promis'd as much as now thy youth can boaſt.

My direfull cares beene drawne vpon my face,
In crooked lines with Ages Iron Pen,
The Morphew quite diſcoloured the place,
Which had the power t' attract the eyes of men.

What mock'd the *Lilly*, beares this Tawny Dye,
And this once Crimſon, lookes thus deadly pale,
Sorrow hath ſet his foot vpon mine Eye,
And hath for euer periſhed my ſale.

A cumber-World, yet in the World am left,
A fruitleſſe Plot with Brambles ouer-growne:
Of all thoſe ioyes, that pleas'd my Youth, bereft,
And now too late my Folly but bemone.

Thoſe daintie ſtraines of my well-tuned Reed,
Which many a time haue pleas'd the curious Eares,
In me no more thoſe pleaſing thoughts doe breed,
But tell the errors of my wandring yeeres.

Thoſe poys'ning Pills beene biding at my heart,
Thoſe lothſome Drugs vnſeas'ned Youth did chaw,
Not once ſo ſweet, but now they be as tart.
Not in the mouth, what they are in the maw.

MOTTO.

Euen ſo I weene: for thy old Ages Feuer
Deemes ſweeteſt Potions, bitter as the Gall,
And thy cold Palate, hauing loſt the ſauour,
Receiues no comfort by a Cordiall.

WINKIN.

As thou art, once was I a gameſome Boy,
Ill-wintred now, and aged as you ſee,
And well I know, thy Swallow-winged ioy
Quickly ſhall vaniſh, as 't is fled from me.

When on the arch of thy eclipſed Eyes,
Time ſhall haue deeply characted thy Death,
And Sun-burnt Age, thy kindly moyſture dryes,
Thy waſted lungs be Niggards of thy breath;

Thy brawn-falne armes, and thy declining backe,
To the ſad burthen of thy yeeres ſhall yeeld,
And that thy legs their wonted force ſhall lacke,
Able no more thy wretched Trunke to weeld.

Now am I like the knottie aged Oake,
Whom waſting Time hath made a Tombe for duſt,
That of his branches reft by Tempeſt ſtroke,
His Barke conſumes with Canker-wormes and ruſt.

And though thou ſeem'ſt like to the bragging Bryer,
And ſpreadſt thee like the Morn-lou'd *Marigold*,
Yet ſhall thy ſap be ſhortly dry and ſeere,
Thy gawdy Bloſſomes blemiſhed with cold.

Euen ſuch a Wanton and vnruly Swaine,
Was little ROWLAND, when as lately he,
Vpon the Verge of yonder neighb'ring plaine,
Carued this Rime vpon a Beechen Tree.

Then

THen this great Vniuerſe no leſſe,
Can ſerue her prayſes to expreſſe:
Betwixt her eyes, the Poles of Loue,
The Hoſt of Heauenly Beauties moue,
Depainted in their proper Stories,
As well the fix'd as wandring Glories,
Which from their proper Orbes not goe,
Whether they gyre ſwift or ſlow:
Where from their Lips, when ſhee doth ſpeake,
The Muſike of thoſe Spheares doe breake,
Which their harmonious Motion breedeth:
From whoſe cheerefull breath proceedeth
That Balmy ſweetneſſe, that giues birth
To euery off-ſpring of the Earth:
The Structure of whoſe gen'rall Frame,
And ſtate wherein ſhee mooues the ſame,
Is that Proportion, Heauens beſt Treaſure,
Whereby it doth all poyze and meaſure,
So that alone her happy ſight
Containes perfection and delight.

MOTTO.

O diuine Loue, which ſo aloft can rayſe,
And lift the Mind out of this earthly Myre,
And doſt inſpire vs with ſo glorious prayſe,
As with the Heauens doth equall Mans deſire:

Who doth not helpe to decke thy holy Shrine,
With VENVS Mirtle and APOLLO's Tree?
Who will not ſay that thou art moſt Diuine,
At leaſt, confeſſe a Deitie in thee?

WINKEN.

A fooliſh Boy, full ill is hee repayd:
For now the Wanton pynes in endleſſe payne,
And ſore repents what he before miſſe-ſaid.
So may they be, which can ſo lewdly ſayne.

Now hath this Yonker torne his treſſed Locks,
And broke his Pipe which was of ſound ſo ſweet,
Forſaking his Companions and their Flocks,
And caſts his Garland looſely at his Feet.

And being ſhrowded in a homely Cote,
And full of ſorrow (I him ſitting by,)
He tun'd his Rebecke to a mournefull Note,
And thereto ſang this dolefull Elegie.

Vpon

VPon a Banke with Roſes ſet about,
Where Turtles oft, ſit ioyning Bill to Bill,
And gentle ſprings ſteale ſoftly murm'ring out,
Waſhing the Foote of Pleaſures ſacred Hill:
There little Loue ſore wounded lyes,
His Bow and Arrowes broken,
Bedew'd with Teares from VENVS *Eyes,*
Oh, grieuous to be ſpoken!

Beare him my Heart, ſlaine with her ſcornefull Eye,
Where ſticks the Arrow which that Heart did kill,
With whoſe ſharpe Pile, requeſt him ere he dye,
About the ſame to write his lateſt Will,
And bid him ſend it backe to mee,
At inſtant of his dying,
That cruell, cruell ſhee, may ſee
My Faith and her denying.

His Chappell be a mournefull Cypres Shade,
And for a Chantry PHILOMEL'S *ſweet lay,*
Where Prayers ſhall continually be made
By Pilgrim Louers paſſing by that way,
With Nymphs and Shepherds yeerely moane,
His timeleſſe death beweeping,
In telling that my Heart alone
Hath his laſt Will in keeping.

MOTTO.

Wo's me for him that pyneth ſo in payne,
Alas, poore ROWLAND, how for him I grieue!
That ſuch a baite ſhould breed ſo foule a bayne,
Yet ſhee not dayne his ſorrow to relieue.

WINKEN.

Beware by him, thou fooliſh wanton Swayne,
By others harmes thus maiſt thou learne to heed:
Beautie and Wealth beene fraught with high diſdayne,
The Night drawes on: Come, homeward let vs ſpeed.

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

PERKIN.

ROWLAND, for ſhame awake thy drowſie Muſe,
Time playes the Hunt's-Vp to thy ſleepy head;
Why lyeſt thou here, whil'ſt we are ill beſtead,
Foule idle Swayne?

Who

Who euer heard thy Pipe and pleasing vaine,
And now doth heare this scruuy Minstralsy,
Tending to nought, but beastly Ribauldry
That doth not Muse?

Then slumber not with dull ENDYMION,
But tune thy Reed to dapper Virelayes,
And sing awhile of blessed BETA's prayse,
Of none but Shee:

Aboue the rest so happy mayst thou bee,
For learned COLIN layes his Pipes to gage,
And is to *Fayrie* gone a Pilgrimage,
The more our moane.

ROWLAND.

What, BETA, Shepheard? shee is PANS belou'd,
Faire BETA's prayse beyond our strayne doth stretch,
A note too high for my poore Pipe to reach,
An Oaten Reed.

The most vnfit to speake of Worthies deed,
Ile set my Song vnto a lower Kay,
Whereas a Home-Pipe I may safely play,
And vn-reproou'd.

With flattery my Muse could neuer fadge,
Nor could this vaine scurrility affect,
From looser Youth to winne a light respect,
Too base and vile.

Me that doth make, that I not care the while,
My selfe aboue TOM PIPER to aduance,
Which so bestirs him at the Morrice Dance,
For penny wage.

PERKIN.

ROWLAND, so Toyes esteemed often are,
And fashions euer vary with the Time,
But since the Season doth require some Rime,
With lusty glee,

Let me then heare that Roundelay of thee,
Which once thou sangst to me in *Ianeuere*,
When *Robin Red-brest* sitting on a Breere,
The burthen bare.

ROWLAND.

Well, needs I must, yet with a heauy Heart,
Yet were not BETA, sure, I would not sing,
Whose prayse the Eccho's ceasse not yet to ring,
Vp to the Skyes.

PERKIN.

PERKIN.

Be blythe, good ROWLAND then, and cleere thine Eyes.
And since good ROBIN to his Rooſt is gone,
Supply his want, and put two parts in one,
To ſhew thy Arte.

ROWLAND.

STay, Thames, *to heare my Song, thou great and famous Flood,*
BETA *alone the* Phœnix *is of all thy watry Brood,*
The Queene of Virgins onely Shee,
The King of Floods allotting Thee
Of all the reſt, be ioyfull then to ſee this happy Day,
Thy BETA *now alone ſhall be the Subiect of my Lay,*

With daintie and delightſome ſtraynes of dapper Verilayes:
Come louely Shepheards, ſit by me, to tell our BETA'S *prayſe,*
And let vs ſing ſo high a Verſe,
Her ſoueraigne Vertues to rehearſe:
That little Birds ſhall ſilent ſit to heare vs Shepheards ſing,
Whilſt Riuers backward bēd their courſe & flow vp to their ſpring.

Range all thy Swans, faire Thames, *together on a ranke,*
And place them each in their degree vpon thy winding Banke,
And let them ſet together all,
Time keeping with the Waters fall:
And craue the tuneſull Nightingale *to helpe them with her Lay,*
The Wooſell *and the* Throſtle-Cocke, *chiefe muſike of our May,*

See what a troupe of Nymphs, come leading Hand in Hand,
In ſuch a number that well-neere they take vp all the Strand:
And harke how merrily they ſing,
That makes the Neigh'bring Meddowes ring,
And BETA *comes before alone, clad in a purple Pall,*
And as the Queene of all the reſt doth weare a Coronall.

Trim vp her golden Treſſes with APOLLO'S *ſacred Tree,*
Whoſe Tutage and eſpeciall care I wiſh her ſtill to bee,
That for his Darling hath prepar'd,
A glorious Crowne as her reward,
Not ſuch a golden Crowne as haughtie CÆSAR *weares,*
But ſuch a glittering ſtarry one as ARIADNE *beares.*

Mayds, get the choyceſt Flowres, a Garland and entwine,
Nor Pinks, nor Panſies, let there want, be ſure of Eglantine,
See that there be ſtore of Lillyes,
(Call'd of Shepheards Daffadillyes)
With Roſes Damaske, White, and Red, the deareſt Flower-de-lice,
The Cowſlip of Ieruſalem, *and Clone of* Paradiſe.

O thou

O thou great Eye of Heauen, the Dayes moſt deareſt Light,
With thy bright Siſter CYNTHIA, *the Glorie of the Night,*
And thoſe that make yee ſeuen,
To vs the neer'ſt of Heauen,
And thou, O gorgeous IRIS, *with all thy Colours dy'd,*
When ſhee ſtreames forth her Rayes, then daſht is all your pride.

In thee, whilſt ſhee beholds (O Flood) her heauenly Face,
The Sea-Gods in their watry Armes would gladly her imbrace,
The intiſing Syrens *in their layes,*
And Tritons *doe reſound her prayſe,*
Haſting with all the ſpeed they can vnto the ſpacious Sea,
And through all NEPTVNES *Court proclaim our* BETA'S *holy-*
day.

O euermore refreſh the Roote of the fat Oliue Tree,
In whoſe ſweet ſhaddow euer may thy Banks preſerued bee.
With Bayes that Poets doe adorne,
And Mirtle of chaſte Louers worne,
That faire may be the Fruit, the Boughes preſeru'd by peace,
And let the mournefull Cypres die, and here for euer ceaſe.

Weele ſtrew the Shore with Pearle, where BETA *walks alone,*
And we will paue her Summer Bower with the rich Indian *ſtone,*
Perfume the Ayre and make it ſweet,
For ſuch a Goddeſſe as is meet,
For if her Eyes for purity contend with TITANS *Light,*
No marualle then although their Beames doe dazle humane ſight.

Sound lowd your Trumpets then from Londons *loftieſt Towers,*
To beate the ſtormie Tempeſts back, and calme the raging Showers,
Set the Cornet with the Flute,
The Orpharion to the Lute,
Tuning the Taber and the Pipe to the ſweet Violons,
And mocke the Thunder in the Ayre with the lowd Clarions.

BETA, *long may thine Altars ſmoke with yeerely Sacrifice,*
And long thy ſacred Temples may their high Dayes ſolemnize,
Thy Shepheards watch by Day and Night,
Thy Mayds attend thy holy Light,
And thy large Empire ſtretch her Armes from Eaſt in to the Weſt,
And Albion *on the* Appenines *aduance her conquering Creſt.*

PERKIN.

Thanks, gentle ROWLAND, for my Roundelay,
And as for BETA, burthen of thy Song,
The Shepheards Goddeſſe may ſhee flouriſh long,
And happy bee.

And not disdayne to be belou'd of thee :
Triumphing *Albion*, clap thy Hands for ioy,
That hast so long not tasted of annoy,
Nor that thou may.

ROWLAND.

Shepheard, and when my milke-white Eaws haue yean'd,
BETA shall haue the firstling of the Fold,
Yea, though the Hornes were of the purest gold,
And the fine Fleece, the richest purple Graine.

PERKIN.

Beleeue me, as I am true Shepheards Swaine,
Then for thy loue all other I forsake,
And vnto thee my selfe I doe betake,
With Faith vnfayn'd.

THE FOVRTH EGLOGVE.

MOTTO.

SHepheard, why creepe we in this lowly vaine,
As though our store no better vs affords ?
And in this season when the stirring Swaine
Makes the wide fields sound with great thundring words?

Not as 'twas wont, now rurall be our Rimes,
Shepheards of late are waxed wondrous neate.
Though they were richer in the former Times,
We be inraged with more kindly heate.

The with'red Laurell freshly growes againe,
Which simply shaddow'd the *Pierian* Spring,
Which oft inuites the solitary Swaine,
Thither, to heare those sacred Virgins sing :

Then if thy Muse haue spent her wonted zeale,
With with'red twists thy fore-head shall be bound:
But if with these shee dare aduance her Saile,
Amongst the best then may shee bee renown'd.

GORBO.

Shepheard, these Men at mightie things doe ayme,
And therefore presse into the learned Troope,
With filed Phraze to dignifie their Name,
Else with the World shut in this shamefull Coope.

But

But ſuch a Subiect ill beſeemeth me,
For I muſt Pipe amongſt the lowly ſort,
Thoſe ſilly Heard-groomes who haue laught to ſee,
When I by Moone-ſhine made the *Fayries* ſport.

Who of the toyles of HERCVLES will treat,
And put his Hand to an eternall Pen,
In ſuch high Labours it behooues he ſweat,
To ſoare beyond the vſuall pitch of Men:

Such Monſter-tamers who would take in Hand,
As haue tyde vp the Triple-headed Hound,
Or of thoſe Gyants which 'gainſt Heauen durſt ſtand,
Whoſe ſtrength the Gods it troubled to confound:

Who liſteth with ſo mightie things to mell,
And dares a taske ſo great to vndertake,
Should rayſe the blacke inhabitants of Hell,
And ſtirre a Tempeſt on the Stygian Lake.

He that to Worlds Pyramides will Build
On thoſe great Heroes got by heauenly Powers,
Should haue a Pen moſt plentifully fill'd
In the full Streames of Learned MARO's Showres.

Who will foretell Mutations, and of Men,
Of Future things and wiſely will inquire,
Before ſhould ſlumber in that Shadie Den,
That often did with propheſie inſpire.

South-ſaying SYBILS ſleepen long agone,
We haue their Reed, but few haue cond their Art,
And the * *Welſh* Wiſard cleaueth to a Stone,
No Oracles more Wonders ſhall impart.

* *Merlin.*

When him this Round that neereſt ouer-ran,
His labouring Mother to this light did bring,
The ſweat that then from ORPHEVS Statue ran,
Foretold the Prophets had whereon to ſing.

Alexander *the Great.*

When Vertue had allotted her a Prize,
The Oaken Garland, and the Lawrell Crowne,
Fame then reſum'd her lofty wings to riſe,
And Plumes were honour'd with the purple Gowne.

When firſt Religion with a golden Chayne,
Men vnto fayre Ciuilitie did draw,
Who ſent from Heauen, brought Iuſtice forth againe,
To Keepe the Good, the viler ſort to awe.

That ſimple Age as ſimply ſung of Loue,
Till thirſt of Empire and of Earthly ſwayes,
Drew the good Shepheard from his Laſſes Gloue,
To ſing of ſlaughter, and tumultuous frayes.

Then IOVES Loue-theft was priuily deſcry'd,
How he plaid falſe play in AMPHITRIO's Bed,
And young APOLLO in the Mount of *Ide*,
Gaue OENON Phyſicke for her Mayden-head:

The tender Graſſe was then the ſofteſt Bed:
The pleaſant'ſt Shades eſteem'd the ſtatelyeſt Halls,
No Belly-Churle with BACCHVS banqueted,
Nor painted Rags then couered rotten Walls:

Then ſimple Loue, by ſimple Vertue way'd,
Flowres the fauours, which true Faith reuealed,
Kindneſſe againe with kindneſſe was repayd,
And with ſweet Kiſſes, Couenants were ſealed.

And Beauties ſelfe by her ſelfe beautified,
Scorn'd Paintings Pergit, and the borrowed Haire,
Nor monſtrous Formes deformities did hide,
The Foule to varniſh with compounded Faire.

The pureſt Fleece then couered the pure Skin:
For pride as then with LVCIFER remayn'd;
Ill-fauoured Faſhions then were to begin,
Nor wholeſome Cloathes with poyſoned Liquor ſtayn'd.

But when the Bowels of the Earth were ſought,
Whoſe golden Entrailes Mortalls did eſpie,
Into the World all miſchiefe then was brought,
This fram'd the Mint, that coyn'd our miſerie.

The loftie Pines were preſently hew'd downe,
And Men, Sea-Monſters, ſwam the bracky Flood,
In Wainſcote Tubs to ſeeke out Worlds vnknowne,
For certayne Ill, to leaue aſſured Good.

The Steed was tamde and fitted to the Field,
That ſerues a Subiect to the Riders Lawes,
He that before ranne in the Paſtures wyld,
Felt the ſtiffe curbe controule his angrie Iawes.

The *Cyclops* then ſtood ſweating to the Fire,
The vſe thereof in ſoftning Metals found,
That did ſtreight Limbs in ſtubborne Steele attire,
Forging ſharpe Tooles the tender fleſh to wound.

The

The Citie-builder, then intrencht his Towres,
And laid his Wealth within the walled Towne,
Which afterwar in rough and ſtormie Stowres,
Kindled the fire that burnt his Bulwarkes downe.

This was the ſad beginning of our woe,
That was from Hell on wretched mortals hurl'd,
And from this Fount did all thoſe Miſchiefes flow,
Whoſe inundation drowneth all the World.

MOTTO.

Well, Shepheard, well, the golden Age is gone,
Wiſhes no way reuoke that which is paſt:
Small wit there were to make two griefes of one;
And our complaints we vainly ſhould but waſte.

Liſten to me then, louely Shepheards, Lad,
And thou ſhalt heare, attentiue if thou be,
A prettie Tale I of my Grandame had,
One Winters Night when there were none but we.

GORBO.

Shepheard, ſay on, ſo may we paſſe the time,
There is no doubt, it is ſome worthy Rime.

MOTTO.

FArre in the Countrey of Arden,
There won'd a Knight, hight CASSAMEN.
As bold as ISENBRAS:
Fell was he and eager bent,
In Battaile and in Tournament,
As was the good Sir TOPAS.
He had as antike Stories tell,
A Daughter cleaped DOWSABEL,
A Mayden faire and free.
And for ſhe was her Fathers Heire,
Full well ſhe was ycond the leire,
Of mickle courteſie.
The Silke well couth ſhe twiſt and twine,
And make the fine March-pine,
And with the Needle-worke:
And ſhe couth helpe the Prieſt to ſay
His Mattens on a Holy-day,
And ſing a Pſalme in Kirke.
She ware a Frock of frollick Greene,
Might well become a Mayden Queene,
Which ſeemly was to ſee;
A Hood to that ſo neat and fine,
In colour like the Columbine,
Iwrought full featuouſly.

Her

Her features all as freſh aboue,
As is the Graſſe that growes by Doue,
And lythe as Laſſe of Kent.
Her skin as ſoft as Lemſter *Wooll,*
As white as Snow, on Peakiſh *Hull,*
Or Swan that ſwims in Trent.
This Mayden in a Morne betime,
Went forth when May *was in the prime,*
To get ſweet Setywall,
The Honey-ſuckle, the Harlocke,
The Lilly, and the Lady-ſmocke,
To decke her Summer Hall.
Thus as ſhe wandred here and there,
And picked of the bloomie Bryer,
She chanced to eſpy
A Shepheard ſitting ona Banke,
Like Chanti-cleere he crowed cranke,
And pip'd full merrily.
He learn'd his Sheep, as he him liſt,
When he would whiſtle in his fiſt,
To feed about him round.
Whilſt he full many a Carroll ſang,
Vntill the Fields and Medowes rang,
And that the Woods did ſound.
In fauour this ſame Shepheard Swaine,
Was like the Bedlam TAMBERLAINE,
Which held proud Kings in awe.
But meeke as any Lambe mought bee,
And innocent of ill as he,
Whom his lewd Brother ſlaw
This Shepheard ware a Sheepe-gray Cloke,
Which was of the fineſt loke,
That could be cut with ſheere.
His Mittens were of Bauzons skin,
His Cockers were of Cordiwin,
His Hood of Miniueere.
His Aule and Lingell in a Thong,
His Tar-box on his broad Belt hung,
His Breech of Cointree *Blue.*
Full criſpe and curled were his Lockes,
His Browes as white as Albion *Rockes,*
So like a Louer true,
And piping ſtill he ſpent the day,
So merry as the Popiniay,
Which liked DOWSABELL.

That

That would she ought, or would she nought,
This Lad would neuer from her thought,
She in loue-longing fell.
At length she tucked vp her Frocke,
White as the Lilly was her Smocke,
She drew the Shepheard nie:
But then the Shepheard pip'd a good,
That all his Sheepe forsooke their food,
To heare his Melodie.
Thy Sheepe, quoth shee, cannot be leane,
That haue a iolly Shepheards Swaine,
The which can pipe so well:
Yea but (saith he) their Shepheard may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In loue of DOWSABELL.
Of loue, fond Boy, take thou no keepe,
Quoth she, looke well vnto thy sheepe,
Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, So had I done full well,
Had I not seene faire DOWSABELL
Come forth to gather May.
With that she 'gan to vaile her head,
Her Cheekes were like the Roses red,
But not a word she said,
With that the Shepheard 'gan to frowne,
He threw his prettie Pipes adowne,
And on the ground him laid.
Saith she, I may not stay till Night,
And leaue my Summer Hall vndight,
And all for loue of thee.
My Coat, saith he, nor yet my Fold,
Shall neither Sheepe nor Shepheard hold,
Except thou fauour mee.
Saith she, Yet leuer I were dead,
Then I should lose my Maiden-head,
And all for loue of men.
Saith he, Yet are you too vnkind,
If in your heart you cannot find,
To loue vs now and then.
And I to thee will be as kind,
As COLIN *was to* ROSALIND,
Of courtesie the flowre.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As euer Maiden yet might be
Vnto her Paramour.

With

With that she bent her Snow-white knee,
Downe by the Shepheard kneeled shee,
And him she sweetly kist.
With that the Shepheard whoop'd for ioy,
Quoth he, there's neuer Shepheards Boy,
That euer was so blist.

GORBO.

Now by my Sheephooke, here's a Tale alone,
Learne me the same, and I will giue thee hire,
This were as good as Curds for our IONE,
When at a Night we sitten by the fire.

MOTTO.

Why gentle GORBO, ile not sticke for that,
When we shall meet vpon some merrie day:
But see, whilst we haue set vs downe to chat,
Yon Tykes of mine begin to steale away.

And if thou please to come vnto our Greene,
On *Lammas* day, when as we haue our Feast,
Thou shalt sit next vnto the Shepheards Queene,
And there shalt be the only welcome Ghest.

THE FIFT EGLOGVE.

COme, let vs frollike merrily, my Swaine,
Let's see what Spirit there quickens yet in thee,
If there so much be left but as a Graine,
Of the great stock of antike Poesie,
Or liuing but one slip of PHŒBVS sacred Tree.

Or if reseru'd from Times deuouring rage,
With his sad Ruines scorning once to fall,
Any Memoriall left thee as a gage:
Or the delight of simple Pastorall,
May thee reuiue, whom care seemes to appall.

To Fortunes Orphanes Nature hath bequeath'd,
What mightiest Monarchs seldome haue possest,
From highest Heauen this influence is breath'd,
The most Diuine Impression of the brest,
And whom th'one pines, the other oft doth feast.

Nor doth 't affect this fond Gentilitie,
Whereon the Foole World open-mouthed gazes,
Thinking it selfe of great abilitie.
That it a great great Grandsires Glorie blazes,
And paints out Fictions in vntimely Phrases.

Idle-

Idlely we thinke that Honour can inflame
These mouing Pictures, made but for the Street,
(We daily find) that ouerliue their name,
And blacke Obliuion is their winding sheet,
Their Glorie trodden vnder vulgar feet.

Enuie discharging all her poys'ned Darts,
The valiant minde is temp'red with that fire,
At her fierce loose that weakly neuer starts,
But in despight, doth force her to retyre,
With careless feet and spurnes her in the myre.

ROWLAND.

I may not sing of such as fall nor clime,
Nor chaunt of Armes, and of Heroike Deeds,
It fitteth not a Shepheards rurall Rime,
Nor is agreeing with my Oaten Reeds:
Nor from my Song, grosse Flatt'rie proceeds.

On the Worlds Idols I doe hate to smile,
Nor shall their Names c'r in my Page appeare,
To bolster Baseness I account it vile,
'T is not their Lookes, nor Greatness that I feare,
Nor shall 't be knowne by me, that such there were.

No fatall Dreads, nor fruitless vaine Desires,
Low Caps and Court'sies to a painted Wall,
Nor heaping rotten sticks on needlesse fires,
Ambitious waies to climbe, nor feares to fall,
Nor things so base doe I affect at all.

MOTTO.

If these, nor these may like thy varying Quill,
As of too high, or of too low a straine,
That doe not aptly paralell thy skill,
Nor well agreeing with a Shepheards vaine,
Subiects (suppos'd) ill to beseeme a Swaine.

Then tune thy Pipe to thy IDEA's praise,
And teach the Woods to wonder at her name,
Thy lowly Notes so maist thou lightly raise,
And thereby others happily inflame:
Yet thou the whilst, stand farthest off from blame.

Thy Temples then with Lawrell ſhall be dight,
When as thy Muſe got hie vpon her wing,
With nimble Pineons ſhall direct her flight,
To th' place from whence all Harmonies doe ſpring,
To rape the Fields with touches of her ſtring.

ROWLAND.

Shepheard, ſince thou ſo ſtrongly do'ſt perſwade,
And her iuſt worth ſo amply vs affoords,
O ſacred Furie, all my Powers inuade,
All fulneſſe flowes from thy abundant hoords,
Her prayſe requires the excellenteſt words.

Shall I then firſt ſing of her heauenly eye,
To it attracting euery other ſight?
May a poore Shepheards praiſe aſpire ſo hye,
Which if the Sunne ſhould giue vs vp to Night,
The Stars from it ſhould fetch a purer Light.

Or that faire brow, where Beautie keepes her ſtate,
There ſtill reſiding as her proper Spheare,
Which when the World ſhe meaneth to amate,
Wonder inuites to ſtand before her there,
Throughout the World the praiſe thereof to beare.

Or touch her cheeke, deare Natures Treaſurie,
Whereas ſhe ſtores th'abundance of her Bliſſe,
Where of her ſelfe, ſhe'xacts ſuch vſurie,
That ſhe's elſe needie by inwealthying this,
And like a Miſer her rich cheſt doth kiſſe.

Or thoſe pure hands in whoſe delicious Palmes,
Loue takes delight the Palmeſter to play,
Whoſe chriſtall fingers dealing heauenly Almes,
Giue the whole wealth of all the World away.
O, who of theſe ſufficiently can ſay!

Or th' Iuorie Columnes, which this Fane vpbeare,
Where DIAN's Nuns their Goddeſſe doe adore,
Before her, euer ſacrificing there,
Her hallowed Altars kneeling ſtill before,
Where more they doe performe, their Zeale the more:

Vnconning Shepheard of theſe praiſe I none,
Although ſurpaſſing, yet let I them paſſe,
Nor in this kind her Excellence is ſhowne,
To ſing of theſe, not my intent it was,
Our Muſe muſt vndergoe a waighтier maſſe,

And

And be directed by a ſtraighter line,
Which me muſt vnto higher Regions guide,
That I her Vertues rightly may define,
From me my ſelfe that's able to diuide,
Vnleſſe by them my weakneſſe be ſupplide.

That be the end whereat I only ayme,
Which to performe, I faithfully muſt ſtriue,
Faire as I can to build this goodly frame,
And euery part ſo aptly to contriue,
That time from this Example may deriue.

In whom, as on ſome wel-prepared Stage,
Each morall Vertue acts a Princely part,
Where euery Scene pronounced by a Sage,
Hath the true fulneſſe both of Wit and Art,
And wiſely ſtealeth the Spectators heart,

That euery cenſure worthily doth brooke,
And vnto it a great attention drawes,
In t' which when Wiſdome doth ſeuerely looke,
Often therewith ſhe forced is to pauſe,
To yeeld a free and generall applauſe.

Who vnto goodneſſe can ſhe not excite,
And in the ſame not teacheth to be wiſe,
And deeply ſeene in each obſequious rite,
Wherein of that ſome myſtery there lyes,
Which her ſole ſtudie is, and only exerciſe?

But the great'ſt Volume, nor exacteſt Comment,
Wherein art euer abſoluteſt ſhined,
Nor the ſmall'ſt Letter filling vp the Margent,
Yet euery ſpace with matter interlined,
In the high'ſt Knowledge, rightly her defined.

O! if but ſenſe effectually could ſee,
What is in her t' be worthily admired,
How infinite her Excellencies bee,
The date of which can neuer be expired,
From her high praiſe, the World could not be hired.

But ſince that Heauen muſt onely be the Mirror,
Wherein the World can her perfections view,
And Fame is ſtrooken ſilent with the terror,
Wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,
Colours can giue her nothing that is new.

Then ſince there wants abilitie in colours,
Nor Penſill yet ſufficiently can blaze her,
For her Ile make a Mirror of my dolours,
And in my teares ſheeſt' looke her ſelfe and prayſe her:
Happy were I, if ſuch a Glaſſe might pleaſe her.

Goe, gentle winds, and whiſper in her Eare,
And tell IDEA, how much I adore her,
And you, my Flocks, report yee to my Faire,
How farre ſhe paſſeth all that went before her,
And as their Goddeſſe all the Plaines adore her.

And thou, cleere Brooke, by whoſe pure ſiluer ſtreame
Grow thoſe tall Okes, where I haue caru'd her name,
Conuay her prayſe to NEPTVNES watry Realme,
And bid the *Tritons* to ſound forth her Fame,
Vntill wide NEPTVNE ſcarce containe the ſame.

MOTTO.

Stay there, good ROWLAND, whither art thou rapt,
Beyond the Moone that ſtriueſt thus to ſtraine?
Into what phrenſie lately art thou hapt,
That in this ſort intoxicates thy Braine,
Much diſagreeing from a Shepheards vaine?

ROWLAND.

MOTTO, why me ſo ſtrangely ſhouldſt thou tempt,
Aboue my ſtrength with th' Magick of her ſtile?
The ſcope of which from limits is exempt,
As be all they that of it doe compile,
Able to raiſe the ſpirit that is moſt vile.

Didſt thou me firſt vnto her prayſes ſtirre,
And now at laſt, doſt thou againe refuſe me?
What if perhaps with too much loue I erre,
And that therein the forward Muſe abuſe me?
The cauſe thou gau'ſt is able to excuſe me.

MOTTO.

ROWLAND then ceaſe, reſerue thy plenteous Muſe,
Till future time, thy ſimple oaten Reed
Shall with a farre more glorious rage infuſe,
To ſing the glory of ſome Worthies deed:
For this I thinke, but little ſhall thee ſteed.

ROWLAND.

Shepheard, farewell, the Skyes begin to lowre,
Yon pitchy Cloud, that hangeth in the Weſt,
Shewes vs, ere long, that we ſhall haue a ſhowre:
Come, let vs home, for I ſo thinke it beſt,
For to their Cotes our Flocks are gone to reſt.

MOTTO.

Content, and if thoul't come to my poore Cote,
Although, GOD knowes, my cheere be very ſmall,
For wealth with me was neuer yet a-flote:
Yet take in gree what euer doe befall,
Wee'll ſit and turne a Crab, and tune a Madrigall.

THE SIXT EGLOGVE.

GORBO.

WEll met, good WINKEN, whither doſt thou wend?
How haſt thou far'd, old Sepheard, many a yeere?
His dayes in darkneſſe, thus can WINKEN ſpend,
Who I haue knowne for piping had no Peere?

Where be thoſe faire Flocks thou wert wont to guide?
What, be they dead, or hapt on ſome miſchance?
Or miſchiefe thee their Maſter doth betyde?
Or Lordly Loue hath caſt thee in a trance?

What Man, let's ſtill be merry while we may,
And take a Truce with Sorrow for a time,
The whil'ſt we paſſe this weary Winters day,
In reading Riddles, or in making Rime.

WINKEN.

A wo's me, GORBO, mirth is farre away,
Nor may it ſoiourne with ſad diſcontent,
O! blame me not (to ſee this diſmall Day)
Then, though my poore Heart it in pieces rent.

My tune is turn'd into a Swanlike ſong,
That beſt becomes me drawing to my death,
Till which, me thinks, that euery houre is long,
My breſt become a Priſon to my Breath.

Nothing more lothſome then the cheerefull Light,
Com'n is my Night, when once appeares the Day:
The bleſſed Sunne is odious to my ſight,
Nor ſound me liketh, but the Shreech-Owles Lay.

GORBO.

GORBO.

What, mayſt thou be that old WINKEN DE WORD,
That of all Shepheards wert the Man alone,
Which once with laughter ſhook'ſt the Shepheards Boord,
With thine owne madneſſe laſtly ouerthrowne?

I thinke, thou dot'ſt in thy declining Age,
Or for the looſeneſſe of thy Youth art ſorry,
And therefore vow'ſt ſome ſolemne Pilgrimage,
To holy [a] *Hayles*, or [b] PATRICKS Purgatorie.

Come, ſit we downe vnder this Hawthorne Tree,
The Morrowes Light ſhall lend vs Day enough,
And let vs tell of GAWEN, or Sir GVY.
Of ROBIN-HOOD, or of old CLEM a CLOVGH.

Or elſe ſome Romant vnto vs areede,
By former Shepheards taught thee in thy youth,
Of noble Lords and Ladies gentle deede,
Or of thy Loue, or of thy Laſſes truth.

WINKEN.

Shepheard, no, no, that World with me is paſt,
Merry was it, when we thoſe Toyes might tell:
But 'tis not now as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
A great miſchance me ſince that time befell.

ELPHIN is dead, and in his Graue is laid,
O! to report it, how my Heart it grieueth!
Cruell, that Fate, that ſo the Time betraid,
And of our Ioyes vntimely vs depriueth.

GORBO.

Is it for him thy tender Heart doth bleed?
For him that liuing was the Shepheards pride:
Neuer did Death ſo mercileſſe a deed,
Ill hath he done, and ill may him betyde:

Nought hath he got, nor of much more can boaſt,
Nature is paid the vtmoſt of her due,
PAN hath receiu'd ſo dearly that him coſt.
O Heauens, his Vertues did belong to you.

Doe not thou then vnceſſantly complaine,
Beſt doth the meane befit the Wiſe in mourning:
And to recall that, labour not in vaine,
Which is by Fate prohibited returning.

WINKEN,

a *An ancient Pilgrimage in Gloſterſhire, called the Holy Rood of Hayles.*
b *That famous Caue of Ireland.*

WINKEN.

Wer't for the beſt this preſent World affords,
Shepheard, our ſorrowes might be eaſly caſt,
But, oh, his loſſe requireth more then Words,
Nor it ſo ſlightly can be ouer-paſt.

When his fayre Flocks he fed vpon the Downes,
The pooreſt Shepheard ſuffered not annoy:
Now are we ſubiect to thoſe beaſtly Clownes,
That all our mirth would vtterly deſtroy.

Long after he was ſhrowded in the Earth,
The Birds for ſorrow did forbeare to ſing,
Shepheards forwent their wonted Summers mirth,
Winter therewith outwore a double Spring.

That, had not Nature laſtly call'd to mind,
The neere approching of her owne decay,
Things ſhould haue gone contrary vnto kind,
And to the *Chaos* all was like to ſway.

The *Nymphs* forbare in ſiluer Springs to looke,
With ſundry Flowers to brayd their yellow Haire,
And to the Deſarts ſadly them betooke,
So much oppreſt, and ouer-come with care.

And for his ſake the early wanton Lambs,
That 'mongſt the Hillocks wont to skip and play,
Sadly ran bleating from their carefull Dams,
Nor would their ſoft Lips to the Vdders lay.

The Groues, the Mountaynes, and the pleaſant Heath,
That wonted were with Roundelayes to ring,
Are blaſted now with the cold Northerne breath,
That not a Shepheard takes delight to ſing.

Who would not die when ELPHIN now is gone?
Liuing, that was the Shepheards true delight.
With whoſe bleſt Spirit (attending him alone)
Vertue to Heauen directly tooke her flight.

Onely from Fooles he from the World did flie,
Knowing the Time ſtrange Monſters forth ſhould bring,
That ſhould his laſting Poeſie denie,
His Worth and Honour raſhly cenſuring:

Whil'ſt he aloft with glorious Wings is borne,
Singing with Angels in the gorgeous Skie,
Laughing euen Kings and their delights to ſcorne,
And all thoſe Sots that them doe Deifie.

And learned Shepheard, thou to time ſhalt liue,
When their falſe Names are vtterly forgotten,
And Fame to thee Eternitie ſhall giue,
When with their Bones their Sepulchers are rotten.

Nor mournefull Cypres, nor ſad Widdowing Yeaw,
About thy Tombe to proſper ſhall be ſeene,
But Bay and Mirtle which be euer new,
In ſpight of Winter flouriſhing and greene.

Summers long'ſt Day ſhall Shepheards not ſuffice,
To ſit and tell full Stories of thy prayſe,
Nor ſhall the longeſt Winters Night comprize
Their ſighes for him, the ſubiect of their Layes.

And gentle Shepheards (as ſure ſome there bee)
That liuing yet, his Vertues doe inherit,
Men from baſe enuy and detraction free,
Of vpright Hearts, and of as humble Spirit:

Thou, that downe from the goodly Weſterne waſte,
To drinke at *Auon* driu'ſt thy Sunned Sheepe,
Good MELIBEVS, that ſo wiſely haſt
Guided the Flocks deliuered thee to keepe.

Forget not ELPHIN, and thou gentle Swayne,
That doſt thy Pipe by ſiluer *Donen* ſound,
ALEXIS that doſt with thy Flocks remayne,
Farre off within the *Calydonian* Ground,

Be mindfull of that Shepheard that is dead,
And thou too long that I to Pipe haue taught,
Vnhappy ROWLAND that from me art fled:
And ſett'ſt old WINKEN and his words at nought:

And like a graceleſſe and vntutor'd Lad,
Art now departed from my aged ſight,
And needſly to the Southerne Fields wilt gad,
Where thou doſt liue in thriftleſſe vaine delight.

Thou wanton Boy, as thou canſt pipe aſwell,
As any he, a Bag-pipe that doth beare,
Still let thy Rounds of that good Shepheard tell,
To whom thou haſt beene euermore ſo deare.

Many, you ſeeming, to excell in Fame,
And ſay as they, that none can pipe ſo hie,
Scorning well-neere a Shepheards ſimple Name,
So puff'd and blowne with Worldly vanitie:

Theſe, if an aged Man may Vmpire bee,
Whoſe Pipes are well-neere worne out of his Hand,
The higheſt skill, that in their Songs I ſee,
Scarce reach the Baſe whereon his prayſes ſtand.

And all thoſe Toyes that vainely you allure,
Shall in the end no other guerdon haue,
But liuing ſhall you mickle wo procure,
And laſtly bring you to an vnknowne Graue.

Then, gentle Shepheards, whereſoere you reſt,
In Hill or Dale, howeuer that you bee,
Whether with Loue or Worldly care oppreſt,
Or be you Bond, or happily bee Free:

The cloſing Euening 'ginning to be darke,
When as the ſmall Birds ſing the Sunne to ſleepe,
You fold your Lambs; or, with the earely Larke,
Into the faire Fields driue your harmeleſſe Sheepe:

Still let your Pipes be buſied in his prayſe,
Vntill your Flocks be learnt his loſſe to know,
And tattling Eccho many ſundrie wayes,
Be taught by you to warble forth our wo.

WINKEN.

Ceaſe, Shepheard, ceaſe, from further plaints refrayne,
See but of one, how many doe ariſe,
That by the Tempeſt of my troubled Brayne,
The Floud's alreadie ſwelling vp mine Eyes.

And now the Sunne beginneth to decline:
Whil'ſt we in woes the time away doe weare
See where yon little moping Lambe of mine,
Itſelfe hath tangled in a crawling Breere.

THE SEVENTH EGLOGVE.

BATTE.

BORRIL, why ſitt'ſt thou muſing in thy Cote,
Like dreaming MERLIN in his drowſie Cell?
With too much Learning doth the Shepheard dote?
Or art inchanted with ſome Magike ſpell?
A Hermits life, or mean'ſt thou to profeſſe?
Or to thy Beades, fall like an Anchoreſſe?

See how faire FLORA decks our Fields with Flowres,
And clothes our Groues in gawdy Summers greene,
And wanton VER diſtils her ſelfe in Showres,
To haſten CERES, Harueſts hallowed Queene,
Neere-hand that in her yellow Robe appeares,
Crowning full Summer with her ripened Eares.

Now, Shepheards lay their Winter Weeds away,
And in neate Iackets minſen on the Playnes,
And at the Riuers fiſhen Day by day,
Now who ſo frollicke as the Shepheards Swaynes?
Why lig'ſt thou here then in thy lothſome Caue,
Like as a Man put quicke into his Graue?

BORRIL.

BATTE, my Cote from Tempeſt ſtandeth free,
When ſtately Towres beene often ſhak'd with Wind:
And wilt thou, BATTE, come and ſit with mee,
The happy Life here ſhalt thou onely find,
Free from the Worlds vile and inconſtant qualmes,
And herry PAN with Orizons and Almes,

And ſcorne the Crow'd of ſuch as cog for pence,
And waſte their wealth in ſinfull brauerie,
Whoſe gayne is loſſe, whoſe thrift is lewd expence,
Content to liue in golden ſlauerie,
Wond'ring at Toyes, as fooliſh Worldlings doone,
Like to the Dog that barketh at the Moone.

Here mayſt thou range the goodly pleaſant Field,
And ſearch out ſimples to procure thy heale,
What ſundry Vertues, ſundry Herbs doe yeeld,
'Gainſt griefe which may thy Sheepe or thee aſſaile:
Here mayſt thou hunt the little harmeleſſe Hare,
Or laugh t'intrap falſe RAYNARD in a ſnare.

Or if thee pleaſe in antique Romants Reed,
Of gentle Lords and Ladies that of yore,
In forraine Lands did many a famous deed,
And beene renown'd from Eaſt to Weſterne Shore,
Or Shepheards skill i'th' courſe of Heauen to know,
When this Starre falls, when that it ſelfe doth ſhow.

BATTE.

Shepheard, theſe things beene all to coy for mee,
Whoſe youth is ſpent in iollity and mirth,
Syke hidden Arts beene better fitting thee,
Whoſe dayes are faſt declining to the Earth:
Mayſt thou ſuppoſe that I ſhall ere endure,
To follow that no pleaſure can procure?

Theſe beene for ſuch them Votarie doe make,
And doe accept the Mantle and the Ring,
And the long Night continually doe wake,
Muſing themſelues how they to Heauen may bring,
That whiſper ſtill of ſorrow in their Bed,
And doe deſpiſe both Loue and Luſty-head.

Like to the Curre with anger well-neere wood,
Who makes his Kennell in the Oxes ſtall,
And ſnarleth when he ſeeth him take his food,
And yet his Chaps can chew no Hay at all:
BORRIL, euen ſo it with thy ſtate doth fare,
And with all thoſe that ſuch like Wiſards are.

BORRIL.

Sharpe is the Thorne, ſoone I perceiue by thee,
Bitter the Bloſſome when the Fruit is ſowre,
And earely crook'd that will a Camocke bee;
Lowd is the Wind before a ſtormy Showre:
Pity thy Wit ſhould be ſo much miſſe-led,
And thus ill guided by a giddy Head,

Ah, fooliſh Elfe, I at thy madneſſe grieue,
That art abus'd by thy lewd braine-ſicke Will,
Thoſe hidden baits that canſt not yet perceiue,
Nor find the cauſe that breedeth all thy ill,
Thou think'ſt all gold, that hath a golden ſhow,
But art deceiu'd, and that I truely know.

Such one art thou, as is the little Fly,
Who is ſo Crowſe and Gameſome with the flame,
Till with her buſ'neſſe and her nicitie,
Her nimble Wings are ſcorched with the ſame:
Then falls ſhee downe with pitious buzzing note,
And in the Fire doth ſindge her mourning Coate.

BATTE.

Alas, good Man, thou now beginſt to raue,
Thy Wits doe erre and miſſe the Cuſhion quite,
Becauſe thy Head is gray, and Words be graue,
Thou think'ſt thereby to draw me from delight;
Tuſh, I am young, nor ſadly can I ſit,
But muſt doe all that Youth and Loue befit.

Thy backe is crook'd, thy Knees doe bend for Age,
Whil'ſt I am ſwift and nimble as the Roe,
Thou, like a Bird, art ſhut vp in a Cage,
And in the Fields I wander to and fro;
Thou muſt doe penance for thy old miſdeeds,
On the Worlds ioyes, the whil'ſt my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canſt, yet me it ſhall not let:
For why, my fancy ſtrayneth me ſo ſore,
That Day and Night my mind is wholly ſet,
How to enioy, and pleaſe my Paramore:
Onely on Loue, I ſet my whole delight,
The Summers Day, and all the Winters Night.

That pretty CVPID, little God of Loue,
Whoſe imped Wings with ſpeckled Plumes are dight,
Who woundeth Men below, and Gods aboue,
Rouing at randon with his fethered flight:
Whilſt louely VENVS ſtands to giue the ayme,
Smiling to ſee her wanton Bantlings game.

Vpon my Staffe his Statue will I carue,
His Bow and Quiuer on his winged Backe;
His forked heads for ſuch as them deſerue,
And not of his one implement ſhall lacke,
And in her Coach faire CYPRIA ſet aboue,
Drawne with a Swanne, a Sparrow, and a Doue.

And vnder them THISBE of *Babylon*,
With CLEOPATRA *Egypts* chiefe renowne,
PHILLIS that dy'd for loue of DEMOPHON,
And louely DIDO, Queene of *Carthage* Towne:
Who euer held God CVPIDS Lawes ſo deare,
To whom we offer Sacrifice each yeere.

BORRIL.

A wilfull Boy, thy folly now I find,
And it is hard a Fooles talke to endure,
Thou art as deafe, as thy poore God is blind,
Such as the Saint, ſuch is the Seruiture.
Then of this Loue, wilt pleaſe thee heare a Song,
That's to the purpoſe, though it be not long?

BATTE.

BORRIL, ſing on, I pray thee, let vs heare,
That I may laugh to ſee thee ſhake thy Beard,
But take heed, Shepheard, that thy voyce be cleere,
Or (by my Hood) thou'lt make vs all afeard,
Or 'tis a doubt that thou wilt fright our Flocks,
When they ſhall heare thee barke ſo like a Fox.

BORRIL.

NOw, fie vpon thee, wayward Loue,
Wo to VENVS *which did nurſe thee,*
Heauen and Earth thy plagues doe proue,
Gods and Men haue cauſe to curſe thee.

What

What art thou but th'extremeſt madneſſe,
Natures firſt and only errour,
That conſum'ſt our dayes in ſadneſſe,
By the minds continuall terrour:
Walking in Cymerian *blindneſſe,*
In thy courſes voyd of Reaſon,
Sharpe reproofe thy only kindneſſe,
In thy truſt the higheſt Treaſon?
Both the Nymph and ruder Swaine,
Vexing with continuall anguiſh,
Which doſt make the old complaine,
And the young to pine and languiſh:
Who thee keepes his care doth nurſe,
That ſeduceſt all to folly,
Bleſſing, bitterly doeſt curſe,
Tending to deſtruction wholly:
Thus of thee as I began,
So againe, I make an end,
Neither God, neither Man,
Neither Faiery, neither Fiend.

BATTE.

Now ſurely, Shepheard, here's a goodly Song,
Vpon my word, I neuer heard a worſe;
Away, old Foole, and learne to rule thy tongue,
I would thy Clap were ſhut vp in my Purſe,
It is thy life, if thou mayſt ſcold and brawle,
Though in thy words there be no wit at all.

And for the wrong that thou to Loue haſt done,
I will reuenge it, and deferre no time,
And in this manner as thou haſt begun,
I will recite thee a ſubſtantiall Rime,
That to thy teeth ſufficiently ſhall proue,
There is no power to be compar'd to Loue.

BORRIL.

Come on, good Boy, I pray thee let vs heare,
Much will be ſaid, and neu'r a whit the neere.

BATTE.

WHat is Loue, but the deſire
Of that thing the fancy pleaſeth?
A holy and reſiſtleſſe fire,
Weake and ſtrong, alike that ceaſeth,
Which not Heauen hath power to let,
Nor wiſe Nature cannot ſmother.
Whereby PHŒBVS *doth beget*
On the vniuerſall Mother,

That

That the euerlaſting Chaine,
Which together all things tyed,
And vnmou'd doth them retayne,
And by which they ſhall abide:
That concent we cleerly find,
Which doth things together draw,
And ſo ſtrong in euery kind,
Subiects them to Natures Law,
Whoſe high Vertue number teaches,
In which euery thing doth moone,
From the loweſt depth that reaches,
To the height of Heauen aboue:
Harmony that wiſely found,
When the cunning hand doth ſtrike,
Whereas euery amorous ſound,
Sweetly marries with the like.
The tender Cattell ſcarcely take,
From their Damm's the Fields to proue,
But each ſeeketh out a Make,
Nothing liues that doth not loue:
Not ſo much as but the Plant,
As Nature euery thing doth paire,
By it if the Male doe want,
Doth diſlike and will not beare:
Nothing then is like to Loue,
In the which all Creatures be,
From it ne'r let me remoue,
Nor let it remoue from me.

BORRIL.

Remoue from thee? Alas, poore ſilly Lad,
To ſoone ſhalt thou be weary of thy Gheſt:
For where he rules, no Reaſon can be had,
That is an open enemie to reſt:
I grieue to thinke, ere many yeeres be ſpent,
How much thou ſhalt thy time in loue repent.

BATTE.

Gramercie, BORRIL, for thy companie,
For all thy Ieſts, and all thy merrie Bourds,
Vpon thy iudgement much I ſhall relie,
Becauſe I find ſuch Wiſdome in thy words:
Would I might watch, when euer thou doſt ward,
So much thy loue and Friendſhip I regard.

THE

THE EIGHTH EGLOGVE.

PERKIN.

IT ioyes me, GORBO, yet we meet at laſt,
'Tis many a Mon'th ſince I the Shepheard ſaw,
Me thinkes thou look'ſt as thou wert much agaſt,
What is't ſo much that ſhould thy courage awe?
What, man? Haue Patience, Wealth will come and go,
And to the end the World ſhall ebbe and flow.

The valiant man, whoſe thoughts be firmly placed,
And ſees ſometime how Fortune liſt to rage,
That by her frownes he would not be diſgraced,
By Wiſdome his ſtraight Actions ſo doth gage,
That when ſhe fawnes, and turnes her ſquinting eye,
He laughes to ſcorne her looſe Inconſtancie.

When as the Cullian, and the viler Clowne,
That like the Swine on Draffe ſets his deſire,
Feeling the tempeſt, ſadly layes him downe,
Whilſt that blind Strumpet treads him in the mire:
Yet taſting Weale, the Beaſt will quickly bray,
But feeling wo, as ſoone conſumes away.

GORBO.

PERKIN, I thy Philoſophie approue,
And know who well hath learn'd her ſacred wayes,
The ſtormes of Fortune not ſo eaſly moue,
With her high Precepts arm'd at all aſſayes,
When other ſolke her force may not indure,
Becauſe they want that Med'cine for their cure.

Yet altogether blam'd let me not paſſe,
Though often I, and worthily admire,
Wiſemen diſgraced, and the barbarous Aſſe
Vnto high place and dignitie aſpire:
What ſhould I ſay, that Fortune is to blame?
Or vnto what ſhould I impute the ſhame?

PERKIN.

Why, ſhe is Queene here of this World below,
That at her pleaſure all things doth diſpoſe,
And blind, her gifts as blindly doth beſtow,
Yet where ſhe raiſes, ſtill ſhe ouerthrowes:
Therefore her Embleme is a turning Wheele,
From whoſe high top the high ſoon'ſt downward reele.

Gaue

Gaue ſhe her gifts to vertuous men and wiſe,
Shee ſhould confirme this worldly ſtate ſo ſure,
That very Babes her Godhead would deſpiſe,
Nor longer here her Gouernment endure:
Beſt ſhe may giue from whom ſhe euer takes,
Fooles ſhe may marre, for Fooles ſhe euer makes.

For her owne ſake we Wiſdome muſt eſteeme,
And not how other baſely her regard:
For howſoe'r diſgraced ſhe doth ſeeme,
Yet ſhe her owne is able to reward,
And none are ſo eſſentially hie,
As thoſe that on her bountie doe relie.

GORBO.

O but, good Shepheard, tell me where beene they,
That as a God did Vertue ſo adore?
And for her Impes did with ſuch care puruey?
Ah, but in vaine, their want we doe deplore,
Long time ſince ſwaddled in their winding Sheet:
And ſhe I thinke is buried at their feet.

PERKIN.

Nay, ſtay, good GORBO, Vertue is not dead,
Nor beene her friends gone all that wonned here,
But to a Nymph, for ſuccour ſhe is fled,
Which her doth cheriſh, and moſt holdeth deare,
In her ſweet boſome ſhe hath built her Neſt,
And from the World, there doth ſhe liue at reſt.

This is that Nymph, on that great Weſterne Waſte
Her Flocks far whiter then the driuen Snow,
Faire Shepherdeſſe, cleere * *Willies* bankes that grac'd,
Yet ſhe them both for pureneſſe doth out-goe:
To whom all Shepheards dedicate their Layes,
And on her Altars offer vp their Bayes.

* *A Riuer running by* Wilton, *neere to the Plaine of* Saliſburie.

Siſter, ſometime ſhe to that Shepheard was,
That yet for piping neuer had his Peere,
ELPHIN, that did all other Swaines ſurpaſſe,
To whom ſhe was of liuing things moſt deare,
And on his Death-bed by his lateſt Will,
To her bequeath'd the Secrets of his Skill.

GORBO.

May we yet hope then in their weaker kind,
That there be ſome, poore Shepheards that reſpect:
The World elſe vniuerſally inclin'd,
To ſuch an inconſiderate neglect,
And the rude times their ord'rous matter ſling,
Into the ſacred and once hallowed Spring.

Women be weake, and ſubiect moſt to change,
Nor long to any can they ſtedfaſt bee,
And as their Eyes, their Minds doe euer range,
With euery obiect varying that they ſee:
Think'ſt thou in them that poſsibly can liue,
Which Nature moſt denyeth them to giue?

No other is the ſtedfaſtneſſe of thoſe,
On whom euen Nature wills vs to rely,
Fraile is it that the Elements compoſe,
Such is the ſtate of all mortalitie,
That as the humour in the bloud doth moue,
Laſtly doe hate, what lately they did loue.

So did great OLCON, which a PHŒBVS ſeem'd,
Whom all good Shepheards gladly flock'd about,
And as a God of ROWLAND was eſteem'd,
Which to his prayſe drew all the rurall Rout:
For, after ROWLAND, as it had beene PAN,
Onely to OLCON euery Shepheard ran.

But he forſakes the Heard-groome and his Flocks,
Nor of his Bag-pipes takes at all no keepe,
But to the ſterne Wolfe and deceitfull Fox,
Leaues the poore Shepheard and his harmleſſe Sheepe,
And all thoſe Rimes that he of OLCON ſung,
The Swayne diſgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

Then ſince the Worlds diſtemp'rature is ſuch,
And Man made blind by her deceitfull ſhow,
Small Vertue in their weaker Sexe is much,
And to it in them much the *Muſes* owe,
And prayſing ſome may happily inflame,
Others in time with liking of the ſame.

As thoſe two Siſters moſt diſcreetly wiſe,
That Vertues hests religiouſly obey,
Whoſe prayſe my skill is wanting to comprize,
Th'eld'ſt of which is that good PANAPE,
In ſhadie * *Arden* her deare Flocke that keepes,
Where mournefull *Anker* for her ſickneſſe weepes.

* *A Riuer in the confines of* Warwick *and* Leſterſhire, *in ſome parts deuiding the Shires.*

The yonger then, her Siſter not leſſe good,
Bred where the other laſtly doth abide,
Modeſt IDEA, flowre of Womanhood,
That ROWLAND hath ſo highly Deifide:
Whom PHŒBVS Daughters worthily prefer,
And giue their gifts aboundantly to her.

Driuing her Flocks vp to the fruitfull [a] *Meene*,
Which daily lookes vpon the louely *Stowre*,
Neere to that [b] Vale, which of all Vales is Queene,
Laſtly, forſaking of her former Bowre:
And of all places holdeth *Cotſwold* deere,
Which now is proud, becauſe ſhee liues it neere.

[a] *A Mountaine neer* Cotſwold.

[b] *The Vale of* Euſham.

Then is deere SYLVIA one the beſt aliue,
That once in [c] *Moreland* by the ſiluer *Trent*,
Her harmeleſſe Flockes as harmeleſly did driue,
But now allured to the Fields of *Kent*:
The faithfull'ſt Nymph where euer that ſhee wonne,
That at this day, doth liue vnder the Sunne.

[c] *A part of* Staffordſhire, *famous for breeding Cattell.*

Neere [d] *Rauentburne* in Cotage low ſhee lyes,
There now content her calme repoſe to take,
The perfect cleereneſſe of whoſe louely eyes,
Hath oft inforc'd the Shepheards to forſake
Their Flocks, and Folds, and on her ſet their keepe,
Yet her chaſte thoughts ſtill ſettled on her Sheepe.

[d] *A Riuer falling at* Dertford, *into the* Thames.

Then that deare Nymph that in the Muſes ioyes,
That in wild [e] *Charnwood* with her Flocks doth goe,
MIRTILLA, Siſter to thoſe hopefull Boyes,
My loued THIRSIS, and ſweet PALMEO:
That oft to [f] *Soar* the Southerne Shepheards bring,
Of whoſe cleere waters they diuinely ſing.

[e] *A Forreſt in* Leſterſhire.

[f] *A Riuer vnder the ſame Forreſt.*

So good ſhee is, ſo good likewiſe they bee,
As none to her might brother be but they,
Nor none a Siſter vnto them, but ſhee,
To them for wit few like, I dare well ſay:
In them as nature truely meant to ſhow,
How neere the firſt, ſhee in the laſt could goe.

GORBO.

Shepheard, their prayſe thou doſt ſo cleerely ſing,
That euen when Groues their Nightingales ſhall want,
Nor Valleyes heard with rurall notes to ring:
And euery-where when Shepheards ſhall be ſcant:
Their names ſhall liue from memorie vnrazed,
Of many a Nymph and gentle Shepheards praiſed.

THE

THE NINTH EGLOGVE.

LAte 'twas in *Iune*, the Fleece when fully growne,
In the full compaſſe of the paſſed yeere,
The Seaſon well by skilfull Shepheards knowne,
That them prouide immediately to ſheere.

Their Lambes late wax't ſo luſty and ſo ſtrong,
That time did them their Mothers Teats forbid,
And in the fields the common flocks among,
Eate of the ſame Graſſe that the greater did.

When not a Shepheard any thing that could,
But greaz'd his ſtart-ups blacke as *Autumns* Sloe,
And for the better credit of the Wold,
In their freſh Ruſſets euery one doth goe.

Who now a Poſie pins not in his Cap?
And not a Garland Baldricke-wiſe doth weare?
Some, of ſuch Flowers as to his hand doth hap,
Others, ſuch as a ſecret meaning beare:

He from his Laſſe him Lauander hath ſent,
Shewing her Loue, and doth requitall craue,
Him Roſemary his Sweet-heart, whoſe intent,
Is that, he her ſhould in remembrance haue.

Roſes, his youth and ſtrong deſire expreſſe,
Her Sage, doth ſhew his ſouerainty in all,
The *Iuly*-Flowre declares his gentleneſſe,
Time, Truth, the Panſie, Harts-eaſe Maydens call:

In Cotes ſuch ſimples, ſimply in requeſt,
Wherewith proud Courts in greatneſſe ſcorne to mell,
For Countrey toyes become the Countrey beſt,
And pleaſe poore Shepheards, and become them well.

When the new-waſh'd flocke from the riuers ſide,
Comming as white as *Ianuaries* Snow,
The Ram with Noſe-gaies beares his Hornes in pride,
And no leſſe braue, the Bell-wether doth goe.

After their faire flocks in a luſty rowt,
Came the gay Swaynes with Bag-pipes ſtrongly blowne,
And buſied, though this ſolemne ſport about,
Yet had each one an eye vnto his owne.

And by the ancient Statutes of the Field,
He that his Flocks the earlyeſt Lambe ſhould bring,
(As it fell out then, ROWLANDS charge to yeeld)
Alwayes for that yeere was the Shepheards King.

And ſoone preparing for the Shepheards Boord,
Vpon a Greene that curiouſly was ſquar'd,
With Country Cates be'ng plentifully ſtor'd:
And 'gainſt their comming handſomely prepar'd:

New Whig, with Water from the cleereſt ſtreame,
Greene Plummes, and Wildings, Cherries chiefe of Feaſt,
Freſh Cheeſe, and Dowſets, Curds and clowted Creame,
Spic'd Syllibubs, and Sider of the beſt:

And to the ſame downe ſolemnely they ſit,
In the freſh ſhaddow of their Summer Bowres,
With ſundrie ſweets them euery way to fit,
The Neighb'ring Vale diſpoyled of her Flowres.

And whil'ſt together merry thus they make,
The Sunne to Weſt a little 'gan to leane,
Which the late feruour, ſoone againe did ſlake,
When as the Nymphs came forth vpon the Plaine,

Here might you many a Shepheardeſſe haue ſeene,
Of which no place, as *Cotſwold*, ſuch doth yeeld,
Some of it natiue, ſome for loue I weene,
Thither were come from many a fertill Field.

There was the Widdowes Daughter of the *Glen*,
Deare ROSALYND, that ſcarſly brook'd compare,
The *Moreland*-Mayden, ſo admir'd of Men,
Bright GOLDY-LOCKS, and PHILLIDA the faire.

LETTICE and PARNEL, pretty louely Peates,
CVSSE of the Fold, the Virgin of the Well,
Faire AMBRY with the Alablaſter Teates,
And more, whoſe Names were here to long to tell.

Which now came forward following their Sheepe,
Their batning Flocks on graſſy Leaes to hold,
Thereby from skathe, and perill them to keepe,
Till Euening come that it were time to fold.

When now, at laſt, as lik'd the Shepheards King,
(At whoſe command they all obedient were)
Was pointed, who the Roundelay ſhould ſing,
And who againe the vnder-Song ſhould beare:

The

The first whereof he BATTE doth bequeath,
A wittier Wag on all the Wold's not found,
GORBO, the Man, that him should sing beneath,
Which his lowd Bag-pipe skilfully could sound.

Who amongst all the Nymphs that were in sight,
BATTE his daintie DAFFADIL there mist,
Which, to enquire of, doing all his might,
Him his Companion kindly doth assist.

BATTE.

GORBO, *as thou cam'st this way,*
By yonder little Hill,
Or, as thou, through the Fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my DAFFADIL?

Shee's in a Frocke of Lincolne *greene,*
Which colour likes her sight,
And neuer hath her beautie seene,
But through a vale of white.

Then Roses richer to behold,
That trim vp Louers Bowres,
The Pansie and the Marigold,
Tho PHŒBVS *Paramours.*

GORBO. *Thou well describ'st the Daffadill,*
It is not full an houre,
Since, by the Spring, neere yonder Hill,
I saw that lonely Flowre.

BATTE. *Yet my faire Flowre thou didst not meet,*
Nor newes of her didst bring,
And yet my DAFFADIL'S *more sweet,*
Then that by yonder Spring.

GORBO. *I saw a Shepheard that doth keepe,*
In yonder Field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his Sheepe)
A Wreathe of Daffadillies.

BATTE. *Yet,* GORBO, *thou deludst me still,*
My Flowre thou didst not see,
For, know, my pretty DAFFADIL
Is worne of none but mee.

To shew it selfe but neere her seate,
No Lilly is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the cold.

GORBO.

GORBO. *Through yonder Vale as I did paſſe,*
Deſcending from the Hill,
I met a ſmerking bonny Laſſe,
They call her DAFFADIL:

Whoſe preſence, as along ſhee went,
The pretty Flowres did greet,
As though their Heads they downeward bent,
With homage to her feet.

And all the Shepheards that were nie,
From top of euery Hill,
Vnto the Valleyes lowd did crie,
There goes ſweet DAFFADIL.

GORBO. *I, gentle Shepheard, now with ioy*
Thou all my Flocks doſt fill,
That's ſhee alone, kind Shepheards Boy,
Let vs to DAFFADIL.

The eaſie turnes and queyntneſſe of the Song,
And ſlight occaſion whereupon 'twas rays'd,
Not one this iolly company among,
(As moſt could well iudge) highly that not prays'd.

When MOTTO next with PERKIN pay their debt,
The *Moreland* Mayden SYLVIA that eſpy'd,
From th'other Nymphes a little that was ſet,
In a neere Valley by a Riuers ſide.

Whoſe ſoueraigne Flowres her ſweetneſſe well expres'd,
And honour'd ſight a little them not moued:
To whom their Song they reuerently addres'd,
Both as her louing, both of her beloued.

MOTTO. *Tell me, thou skilfull Sepheards Swayne,*
Who's yonder in the Valley ſet?
PERKIN. *O, it is ſhee, whoſe ſweets doe ſtayne*
The Lilly, Roſe, the Violet.

MOTTO. *Why doth the Sunne againſt his kind,*
Stay his bright Chariot in the Skies?
PERKIN. *He pawſeth, almoſt ſtrooken blind,*
With gazing on her heauenly Eyes.

MOTTO. *Why doe thy Flocks forbeare their food,*
Which ſometime was their chiefe delight?
PERKIN. *Becauſe they neede no other good,*
That liue in preſence of her ſight.

MOTTO.

MOTTO. *How come thoſe Flowres to flouriſh ſtill,*
Not withering with ſharpe Winters breath?
PERKIN. *Shee hath rob'd Nature of her skill,*
And comforts all things with her breath.

MOTTO. *Why ſlide theſe Brookes ſo ſlow away,*
As ſwift as the wild Roe that were?
PERKIN. *O, muſe not Shepheard, that they ſtay,*
When they her Heauenly voice doe heare.

MOTTO. *From whence come all theſe goodly Swaynes,*
And louely Girles attyr'd in Greene?
PERKIN. *From gathering Garlands on the Playnes,*
To crowne thy SYL: *our Shepheards Queene.*

MOTTO. *The Sunne that lights this World below,*
Flocks, Brooks, and Flowres, can witneſſe beare.
PERKIN. *Theſe Shepheards, and theſe Nymphs doe know,*
Thy SYLVIA *is as chaſte, as faire.*

Laſtly, it came vnto the Clowniſh King,
Who, to conclude, this Shepheards yeerely feaſt,
Bound as the reſt, his Roundelay to ſing,
As all the other him were to aſsiſt.

When ſhee (whom then, they little did expect,
The fayreſt Nymph that euer kept in field)
IDEA, did her ſober pace direct
Towards them, with ioy that euery one beheld.

And whereas other drawe their carefull keepe,
Hers did her follow, duely at her will,
For, through her patience ſhee had learnt her Sheepe,
Where ere ſhee went, to wait vpon her ſtill.

A Milke-white Doue vpon her hand ſhee brought,
So tame, 'twould goe, returning at her call,
About whoſe necke was in a Choller wrought,
Only like Me, my Miſtris hath no Gall.

To whom her Swayne (vnworthy though he were)
Thus vnto her his Roundelay applyes,
To whom the reſt the vnder part did beare,
Caſting vpon her their ſtill-longing Eyes.

ROWLAND. *Of her pure Eyes (that now is seene,)*
CHORVS. *Come, let vs sing, yee faithfull Swaynes.*
ROWLAND. *O, shee alone the Shepheards Queene.*
CHORVS. *Her Flocke that leades,*
The Goddesse of these Meades,
These Mountaynes and these Playnes.

ROWLAND. *Those Eyes of Hers that are more cleere,*
CHORVS. *Then can poore Shepheards Songs expresse,*
ROWLAND. *Then be his Beames that rules the Yeere.*
CHORVS. *Fie on that prayse,*
In striuing things to rayse:
That doth but make them lesse.

ROWLAND. *That doe the Flowry Spring prolong.*
CHORVS. *So all things in her sight doe ioy,*
ROWLAND. *And keepes the plenteous Summer young:*
CHORVS. *And doe asswage*
The wrathfull Winters rage,
That would our Flocks annoy.

ROWLAND. IOVE *saw her brest that naked lay,*
CHORVS. *A sight most fit for* IOVE *to see:*
ROWLAND. *And swore it was the Milkie way,*
CHORVS. *Of all most pure,*
The Path (we vs assure)
To his bright Court to bee.

ROWLAND. *He saw her Tresses hanging downe,*
CHORVS. *That moued with the gentle Ayre,*
ROWLAND. *And said that* ARIADNES *Crowne,*
CHORVS. *With those compar'd,*
The Gods should not regard,
Nor BERENICES *Haire.*

ROWLAND. *When shee hath watch'd my Flocks by night,*
CHORVS. *O happy Flocks that shee did keepe,*
ROWLAND. *They neuer needed* CYNTHIA'S *light,*
CHORVS, *That soone gaue place,*
Amazed with her grace,
That did attend thy Sheepe.

ROWLAND. *Aboue, where Heauens high glories are,*
CHORVS. *When shee is placed in the skies,*
ROWLAND. *Shee shall be call'd the Shepheards Starre,*
CHORVS. *And euermore,*
We Shepheards will adore
Her setting and her rise.

THE

THE TENTH EGLOGVE.

WHat time the wearie weather-beaten Sheepe,
To get them Fodder, hie them to the Fold,
And the poore Heards that lately did them keepe,
Shuddred with keenenesse of the Winters cold:
The Groues of their late Summer pride forlorne,
In mossie Mantles sadly seem'd to mourne.

That silent time, about the vpper World,
PHŒBVS had forc'd his fierie-footed Teame,
And downe againe the steepe *Olympus* whurld,
To wash his Chariot in the Westrene streame,
In Nights blacke shade, when ROWLAND all alone,
Thus him complaines his fellow Shepheard's gone.

You flames, quoth he, where with thou Heauen art dight,
That me (aliue) the wofull'st Creature view,
You, whose aspects haue wrought me this despight,
And me with hate, yet ceaslesly pursue,
For whom too long I tarryed for reliefe,
Now aske but Death, that onely ends my griefe.

Yearly my Vowes, O Heauens, haue I not paid,
Of the best Fruits, and Firstlings of my Flock?
And oftentimes haue bitterly inuayde,
'Gainst them that you prophanely dar'd to mock?
O, who shall euer giue what is your due,
If mortall man be vprighter then you?

If the deepe sighes of an afflicted breast,
O'rwhelm'd with sorrow, or th'erected eyes
(Of a poore Wretch with miseries oppreast)
For whose complaints, teares neuer could suffice,
Haue not the power your Deities to moue,
Who shall e'r looke for succour from aboue?

O Night, how still obsequious haue I beene
To thy slow silence whispering in thine eare,
That thy pale Soueraigne often hath beene seene,
Stay to behold me sadly from her Spheare,
Whilst the slow minutes duly I haue told,
With watchfull eyes attending on my Fold.

How oft by thee the ſolitary Swayne,
Breathing his paſſion to the early ſpring,
Hath left to heare the Nightingale complaine,
Pleaſing his thoughts alone, to heare me ſing!
The Nymphes forſooke their places of abode,
To heare the ſounds that from my Muſicke flow'd.

To purge their Springs and ſanctifie their Grounds,
The ſimple Shepheards learned I the meane,
And Soueraine ſimples to their vſe I found,
Their teeming Eawes to helpe when they did yeane:
Which when againe in ſummer time they ſhare,
Their wealthy Fleece my cunning did declare.

In their warme Coates whilſt they haue ſoundly ſlept,
And paſs'd the Night in many a pleaſant Bowre,
On the Bleake Mountaines I their Flocks haue kept,
And bid the Brunt of many a cruell ſhowre,
Warring with Beaſts in ſafety mine to keepe;
So true was I, and carefull of my Sheepe.

Fortune and Time, why tempted you me forth,
With thoſe your flattering promiſes of Grace,
Fickle, ſo falſly to abuſe my worth,
And now to flie me, whom I did imbrace?
Both that at firſt incourag'd my deſire,
Laſtly againſt me lewdly doe conſpire.

Or Nature, didſt thou prodigally waſte
Thy gifts on me infortunateſt Swayne,
Only thereby to haue thy ſelfe diſgrac'd?
Vertue in me why was thou plac'd in vaine?
If to the World predeſtined a prey,
Thou wert too good to haue beene caſt away.

Ther's not a Groue that wondreth not my wo,
Nor not a Riuer weepes not at my tale,
I heare the Eccho's (wandring to and fro)
Reſound my griefe through euery Hill and Dale,
The Birds and Beaſts yet in their ſimple kinde
Lament for me, no pittie elſe that finde.

None elſe there is giues comfort to my griefe,
Nor my miſ-haps amended with my mone,
When Heauen and Earth haue ſhut vp all reliefe,
Nor care auailes what cureleſſe now is growne:
And teares I finde doe bring no other good,
But as new Showres increaſe the riſing Floud.

When

When on an old Tree, vnder which ere now,
He many a merry Roundelay had ſung,
Vpon a leaueleſſe Canker-eaten Bow,
His well-tun'd Bag-pipe careleſly he hung:
And by the ſame, his Sheepe-Hooke, once of price,
That had beene caru'd with many a rare deuice.

He call'd his Dog, (that ſometime had the prayſe)
WHITEFOOTE, well knowne to all that kept the Playne,
That many a Wolfe had werried in his dayes,
A better Curre, there neuer followed Swayne:
Which, though as he his Maſters ſorrowes knew,
Wag'd his cut Taile, his wretched plight to rue.

Poore Curre, quoth he, and him therewith did ſtroke,
Goe, to our Cote, and there thy ſelfe repoſe,
Thou with thine Age, my Heart with ſorrow broke:
Be gone, ere Death my reſtleſſe Eyes doe cloſe,
The Time is come, thou muſt thy Maſter leaue,
Whom the vile World ſhall neuer more deceaue.

With folded Armes thus hanging downe his Head,
He gaue a grone, his Heart in ſunder cleft,
And as a Stone, alreadie ſeemed dead,
Before his Breath was fully him bereft:
The faithfull Swayne, here laſtly made an end,
Whom all good Shepheards euer ſhall defend.

FINIS.

THE MAN IN THE MOONE.

OF all the Tales that euer haue beene told,
By homely Shepheards lately, or of old,
The *Mooned Man*, although the last in place,
Is not the last, And thus befell the case.
It was the time when (for their good Estate)
The thankefull Shepheards yeerely celebrate
A Feast, and Bone-fires on the Vigills keepe,
To the Great PAN, preseruer of their Sheepe:
Which whilst in high solemnity they spend,
Lastly the long day grew vnto an end:
When as by Night with a deuout intent,
About the Field Religiously they went,
With hollowing Charmes the *Wyrwolfe* thence to fray,
That them and theirs awayted to betray.

Men by sorcerie turning themselues into Wolues.

And now the Sunne neere halfe his course had run
Vnder the Earth, when comming euery one,
Backe to the place where vsually they met,
And on the Ground together being set:
It was agreed to passe away the time,
That some one Shepheard should rehearse some Rime:
Long as they could their drowping hearts to glad,
Blame not poore Swaynes, though inly they were sad,
For some amongst them perfectly there knew,
That the sad tymes were shortly to ensue,
When they of all the sorts of men neglected,
In barren Fields should wander vnrespected.
For carefull Shepheards that doe watch by Night,
In the vast Ayre see many a fearefull sight:
From whose obseruance they doe wisely gather
The change of Times, as well as of the weather.
But whilst they stroue this Story who should tell,
Amongst the rest to ROWLANDS Lot it fell,
By generall voyce, in time that then was growne,
So excellent, that scarce there had bin knowne
Him that exceld in Piping or in Song:
When not a Man the company among
That was not silent. Now the goodly Moone
Was in the Full, and at her Nighted Noone,
Shew'd her great Glory, shining now so bright,
Quoth ROWLAND, Shee that gently lends vs light

Shall

Shall be our Subiect, and her Loue alone,
Borne to a Shepheard, Wiſe ENDIMION,
Sometime on *Latmus* that his Flocke did keepe,
Rapted that was in admiration deepe
Of her perfections, that he vs'd to ly,
All the long night contemplating the Sky,
At her high beauties : often of his ſtore,
As to the God he only did adore,
And ſacrific'd : ſhee perfect in his loue,
" For the high Gods inthronized aboue :
" From their cleere Manſions plainly doe behold,
" All that frayle man doth in this groſſer Mold :
For whom bright CYNTHIA gliding from her Spheare,
Vſed oft times to recreate her there :
That oft her want vnto the World was ſtrange,
Fearing that Heauen the wonted courſe would change,
And PHŒBVS, her oft miſſing did inquire,
If that elſewhere ſhe borrowed other fire :
But let them doe to croſſe her what they could,
Downe vnto *Latmus* euery Month ſhee would.
So that in Heauen about it there was ods,
And as a queſtion troubled all the Gods,
Whether without their generall conſent,
She might depart, but nath'leſſe, to preuent
Her Lawleſſe courſe, they laboured all in vayne,
Nor could their Lawes her liberty reſtraine :
For of the Seuen, ſince ſhee the loweſt was,
Vnto the Earth nought hindred her to paſſe :
Before the reſt of which ſhe had the Charge,
No leſſe her Power was in the Waters large :
From her deriuing naturally their Source :
Beſides ſhee being ſwifteſt in her courſe,
Of all the Planets, therefore him defies,
That her, her ancient liberty denies.
That many a time apparelled in Greene,
Arm'd with her Dart, ſhe Huntreſſe-like was ſeene :
Her Hayre tuck'd vp in many a curious pleate,
Sometimes in Fields found feeding of her Neate,
A Countrey Mayden, then amongſt the Swaynes,
A Shepheardeſſe, ſhe kept vpon the Playnes ;
Yet no diſguiſe her Deity could ſmother,
So farre in beauty ſhee excelled other :
Such was the Vertue of the World, that then
The Gods did vſe t'accompany with Men,
In Humane Shapes, deſcending from their Powers,
Often were ſeene in homely Shepheards Bowers.

A Mountayne of Ionia: *where* Endimion *is fayned to haue enioyed the Moone.*

But

But he her course that studied still to know,
Muse not though oft he malcontent did goe,
Seldome in one state that her euer found,
Pro vario ad solem aspectu varias induit figuras. Horned sometime, now halfe-fac'd, and then round,
Shining on that part, then another more,
Then there most darkned, where most light before,
Now all Night shining, now a piece and then,
Obserues the Day, and in her course agen,
Sometime to South, then Northward she doth stirre,
Him so amazing, he suppos'ed her
Vayne and inconstant, now her selfe t'attyre,
And helpe her beauties with her Brothers fire,
When most of all accomplish'd is her face,
A sudden darkenesse doth her quite disgrace.
For that the earth by nature cold and dry,
By the much grosenesse and obscurity,
Eclip. Lunæ. Whose Globe exceeds her compasse being fixt,
Her Surface and her Brothers Beames betwixt:
Within whose shaddow when she haps to fall,
Forceth her Darkenesse to be generall;
That he resolu'd she euer would be strange:
Yet marking well he found vpon her change,
If that her Brow with bloudy Red were staynd,
Tempests soone after, and if blacke, it raind:
By his obseruance that he well discern'd,
That from her course things greater might be learn'd.
Whilst that his brayne he busied yet doth keepe,
Now from the Splene the Melancholy deepe,
Pierceth the Veynes, and like a raging Floud,
Rudely it selfe extending through the Bloud,
The depth of Contemplation. Appaulls the spirits denying their defence,
Vnto the Organs, when as euery sence
Ceaseth the Office, then the labouring Minde,
Strongest in that which all the Powers doth binde,
Striues to high knowledge, being in this plight,
Now the Sunnes Sister, Mistris of the Night,
His sad desires long languishing to cheare,
Thus at the last on *Latmus* doth appeare,
Her Brothers Beames inforc'd to lay aside,
Her selfe for his sake seeming to diuide.
The exaltation of the Moone in *Taurus*, therefore not improperly said to ride vpon a Bull. For had she come appareld in her light,
Then should the Swayne haue perish'd in her sight.
Vpon a Bull as white as Milke she rode,
Which like a Huntresse brauely shee bestrode,
Her Brow with beautie gloriously repleat,
Her count'nance louely with a swelling Teat;

Gracing

Gracing her broad Breſt curiouſly inchaſte,
With branched Veynes all bared to the Waſte.
Ouer the ſame ſhe ware a Vapour thin,
Thorow the which her Cleere and dainty Skin,
To the beholder amiably did ſhow,
Like Damarke Roſes lightly clad in Snow.
Her Bow and Quiuer at her Backe behinde,
That eaſly mooving with the wanton Winde,
Made a ſoft ruſtling, ſuch as you doe heare,
Amongſt the Reedes ſomegliding Riuer neare,
When the fierce BOREAS thorow them doth Ride,
Againſt whoſe Rage the hollow Canes doe chide;
Which breath, her Mantle amorouſly did ſwell,
From her ſtraight Shoulders careleſly that fell.
Now here, now there, now vp and downe that flew,
Of ſundry Coloures, wherein you might view
A Sea, that ſomewhat ſtraitned by the Land,
Two furious Tydes raiſe their ambitious Hand,
One 'gainſt the other, warring in their Pride,
Like two fond Worldlings that themſelues deuide
For ſome ſlight Trifle, oppoſite in all,
Till both together ruined, they fall.
Some comming in, ſome out againe doe goe,
And the ſame way, and the ſame Winde doth blowe,
Both Sayles their courſe each labouring to prefer,
By th'Hand of either helpefull Marriner:
Outragious Tempeſt, Shipwracks ouer-ſpread
All the rude NEPTVNE, whilſt that pale-fac'd dread
Ceaſeth the Ship-boy, that his ſtrength doth put
The Ancored Cable preſently to cut.
All aboue Boord, the ſturdy EOLOVS caſts
Into the wide Seas, whilſt on Planks and Maſts
Some ſay to ſwim: and there you might behold,
Whilſt the rude Waters enuiouſly did ſcold,
Others vpon a Promontory hie,
Thruſting his Blue top through the bluer Skie,
Looking vpon thoſe loſt vpon the Seas,
Like Worldly Rich men that doe ſit at eaſe,
Whilſt in this vayne World others liue in ſtrife,
Warring with ſorrow euery-where ſo rife:
And oft amongſt the Monſters of the Maine,
Their horrid Foreheads through the Billows ſtraine,
Into the vaſt Aire driuing on their Breſts,
The troubled Water, that ſo ill diſgeſts
Their ſway, that it them enuiouſly aſſailes,
Hanging with white Iawes on their Marble Scales;

In this ſuppoſed Mantle is deſcribed the ſurface of a Sea and Land in Lantskip.

And

And in another in-land part agen,
Were Springs, Lakes, Riuers, Mariſhes and Fen,
Wherein all kinds of Water-fowle did wonne,
Each in their colours excellently done,
The greedie *Sea-maw* fiſhing for the fry,
The hungry *Shell-fowle*, from whoſe rape doth flye
Th'vnnumbred ſholes, the *Mallard* there did feed.
The *Teale* and *Morecoot* raking in the Weed,
And in a Creeke where waters leaſt did ſtirre,
Set from the reſt the nimble *Dinedopper*,
That comes and goes ſo quickly and ſo oft,
As ſeemes at once both vnder and aloft:
The iealous *Swan*, there ſwimming in his pride,
With his arch'd breſt the Waters did diuide,
His ſaily wings him forward ſtrongly puſhing,
Againſt the billowes with ſuch furie ruſhing,
As from the ſame, a fome ſo white aroſe,
As ſeem'd to mocke the breſt that them oppoſe:
And here and there the wandring eye to feed,
Oft ſcattered tufts of Bul-ruſhes and Reed,
Segges, long-leau'd Willow, on whoſe bending ſpray,
The pide *Kings-fiſher*, hauing got his prey,
Sate with the ſmall breath of the water ſhaken,
Till he deuour'd the Fiſh that he had taken.
The long-neck'd *Herne*, there watching by the brimme,
And in a Gutter neere againe to him
The bidling *Snite*, the *Plouer* on the Moore,
The *Curlew*, ſcratching in the Ooſe and Ore:
And there a Fowler ſet his Lime and ginne,
Watching the Birds vnto the ſame to winne;
Sees in a Boat a Fiſher neere at hand,
Tugging his Net full laden to the Land,
Keepe off the Fowle, whereat the others bloud
Chaf'd; from the place where ſecretly he ſtood,
Makes ſignes, and cloſely beckneth him away,
Shaketh his hand, as threatning if he ſtay,
In the ſame ſtayned with ſuch naturall grace,
That rage was liuely pictured in his face:
Whilſt that the other eagerly that wrought,
Hauing his ſence ſtill ſettled on his draught
More than before, beats, plunges, hales the cord,
Nor but one looke the other can afford.
Buskins ſhe ware, which of the Sea did beare
The pale greene colour, which like waued were
To that vaſt NEPTVNE, of two colours mixt,
Yet none could tell the difference was betwixt,

With

With Rockes of Chriſtall liuely that were ſet,
Couering whoſe feet with many a curious fret,
Were Groues of *Corall*, which not feeling weather,
Their limber branches were ſo lap'd together,
As one inamour'd had of other beene,
Iealous the Ayre t'haue intercourſe betweene:
'Mongſt which, cleere *Amber* iellyed ſeem'd to bee,
Through whoſe tranſparence you might eaſly ſee,
The beds of *Pearle* whereon the Gum did ſleepe,
Cockles, broad *Scallops*, and their kind that keepe
The precious Seed which of the waters come,
Some yet but thriuing, when as other ſome,
More then the reſt that ſtrangely ſeeme to ſwell,
With the deare fruit that grew within the ſhell;
Others againe wide open there did yawne,
And on the Grauell ſpew'd their orient ſpawne:
That he became amazed at her ſight,
Euen as a man is troubled at the light
Newly awaked, and the white and red,
With his eyes twinkling, gathered and fled:
Like as a Mirrour to the Sunne oppos'd,
Within the margent equally inclos'd,
That being moued, as the hand directs,
It at one inſtant taketh and reflects:
For the affection by the violent heat,
Forming it paſſion, taketh vp the ſeat
In the full heart, whereby the ioy or feare,
That it receiues either by the eye or eare,
Still as the obiect altereth the moode,
Either attracts, or forceth forth the bloud:
That from the chiefe part violently ſent,
In either kind thereby is vehement.
Whilſt the ſad Shepheard in this woſull plight
Perplex'd, the Goddeſſe with a longing ſight
Him now beheld, for worſhipped by men:
The heauenly powers ſo likewiſe loue agen
To ſhew themſelues and make their glories knowne:
And one day marking when he was alone,
Vnto him comming, mildly him beſpake:
Quoth ſhe, Know, Shepheard, only for thy ſake,
I firſt choſe *Latmus*, as the onely place
Of my abode, and haue refus'd to grace
My *Menalus*, well knowne in euery Coaſt,
To be the Mount that once I loued moſt:
And ſince alone of wretched mortals, thou
Haſt laboured firſt my wandring courſe to know;

Amber found in the Liguſtick Deepes.
Pearles bred in ſhells.

Endimion *first found out the course of the Moone.*

To Times succeeding thou alone shalt bee,
By whom my motion shall be taught, quoth she,
For those first simple that my face did marke,
In the full brightnesse suddenly made darke,
Ere Knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,
To be inchanted long did and suppose:
With sounding Brasse and all the while did ply,
The incantation thereby to vntye.

Tibul. Elegia 8. *Iuuen.* Satyr. 6. *Plutar.* vi. *Æmi.* Apollo *and* Phœbe, *fained to bee the Twins of* Iupiter, *and* Latona. Vide *Ouidium*, I. sexto Metam. & *Plin.* l. 27. c. 44

But to our purpose, when my Mother went,
The bright LATONA (and her wombe distent)
With the great burden that by IOVE she bare,
Me and my Brother, the great *Thunderer's* care:
Whom floting DELOS wandring in the Maine,
From iealous IVNO, hardly could containe:
Then much distress'd, and in a hard estate,
Cæus, faire Daughter by our Stepdames hate,
Betwixt a *Lawrell*, and an *Oline* Tree,
Into the World did bring the Sunne and mee.
When I was borne (as I haue heard her say)
Nature alone did rest her on that day:
In IOVES high House the Gods assembled all,
To whom he held a sumptuous festiuall:
The Well wherein my Mother bath'd me first,
Hath that high vertue, that he shall not thirst,
Thereof that drinkes, and hath the paine appeased
Of th'inward grieu'd, and outwardly diseased:
And being young, the Gods that haunt the Deepe,
Stealing to kisse me softly laid to sleepe:
And hauing felt the sweetnesse of my breath,
Missing me, mourn'd and languished to death:
I am the Rectresse of this Globe below,
And with my course the Sea doth ebbe and flow,
When from aloft my beames I oblique cast,
Straightwayes it ebbes, and floweth then as fast,
Downward againe my motion when I make:
Twice doth it swell, twice euery day doth slake,
Sooner or latter shifting of the tyde
As farre or neere my wandring course doth guide.

Secundum motum diurnum singulis diebus bis fluens, bis refluens.

That kindly moysture that doth life maintayne,
In euery Creature prooues how I doe raigne
In fluxiue humour, which is euer found,
As I doe wane, or wax vp to my round;
Those fruitfull Trees of Victorie and Peace,
The *Palme*, and *Oliue*, still with my increase
Shoote forth new branches: and to tell my power,
As my great Brother, so haue I a * Flowre

*Selenetropiũ, *the Flowre of the Moone.*

To

To me peculiar, that doth ope and cloſe,
When as I riſe, and when I me repoſe.
No leſſe then theſe that greene and liuing be,
The precious Gemmes doe ſympathize with me:
As moſt that * ſtone that doth the name deriue
From me, with me that leſſeneth or doth thriue,
Darkneth and ſhineth, as I doe, her Queene.
And as in theſe, in beaſts my power is ſeene.
As he whoſe grimme face all the leſſer feares,
The cruell Panther, on his ſhoulder beares
A ſpot, that dayly changeth as I doo,
And as that creature me affecteth too,
It whoſe deepe craft ſcarce any creature can,
Seeming in reaſon to deuide with man,
The nimble * Babion mourning all the time,
Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.
The ſpotted Cat, whoſe ſharpe and ſubtill ſight
Pierceth the vapour of the blackeſt night,
My want and fulneſſe in her eye doth find,
So great am I and powerfull in that kind.
As thoſe great burgers of the forreſt wild,
The *Hart*, the *Goate*, and * he that ſlew the child
Of wanton *Mirrah*, in their ſtrength doe know
The due obſeruance nature doth me owe.
And if thou thinke me heauenly not to bee,
That in my face thou often ſeem'ſt to ſee,
A paleneſſe, where thoſe other in the skie
Appeare ſo purely glorious in thine eye:
Thoſe freckles thou ſuppoſeſt me diſgrace,
Are thoſe pure parts that in my louely face,
By their ſo much tenuity doe ſlight,
My Brothers Beames aſſiſting me with light,
And keepe that cleereneſſe as doth me behoue,
Of that pure Heauen me ſet wherein to moue.
My leaſt ſpot ſeene vnto the Earth ſo neare,
Wherefore that compaſſe that doth oft appeare
About my Body, is the dampy Miſt,
From earth ariſing, ſtriuing to reſiſt
The Rayes my full Orbe plentiouſly proiects,
On the groſſe Cloud, whoſe thickneſſe it reflects,
And mine owne light about my ſelfe doth fling
In equall parts, in faſhion of a Ring;
For neer'ſt to Mortals though my ſtate I keepe,
Yet not the colour of the troubled Deepe,
Thoſe ſpots ſuppoſed, nor the Fogs that riſe
From the dull Earth, me any whit agrize;

* *The Selenite of σελήνη.*

* Cinocephal' *the* Babion, *or* Baboon.

* Adonis *ſlaine by a Bore.*

Partes Lunæ rariores & proinde minus lucidæ.

The cauſe of that circle which the Philoſophers *call* Halo, *which we oft ſee about the Moone.*

Whoſe perfect beauty no way can indure,
But what like me is excellently pure;
Lunalumen habet congenitum. For moyſt and cold although I doe reſpire,
Yet in my ſelfe had I not Genuine Fire,
When the groſſe Earth deuided hath the ſpace,
Betwixt the full Orbe and my Brothers Face;
Though I confeſſe much leſſned be my light,
I ſhould be taken vtterly from ſight,
And for I ſo irregularly goe,
Therein wiſe nature moſt of all doth ſhow
Her ſearchleſſe iudgement: for did I in all,
Keepe on in that way, which Star-gazers doe call
The Line ſuppoſed to deuide the Zodiake. The Lyne Ecliptick, as my glorious Brother
Doth in his courſe, one oppoſite to other;
Twiſe euery Month, the Eclipſes of our light,
Poore Mortals ſhould prodigiouſly affright;
Yet by proportion certainely I moue,
In rule of Number, and the moſt I loue,
That which you call Full, that moſt perfect ſeuen,
Of three and foure made, which for odde and euen,
Numerus impar mea par fœmina. Are Male and Female, which by mixture frame,
It moſt Myſterious, that as mine I clayme;
Quartered thereby, firſt of which Seuen my Prime,
The ſecond Seuen accompliſheth the time
Vnto my Fulneſſe, in the third I range,
Leſning againe, the fourth then to my change:
The moneth of the Yeere, of the Moone. The which foure Seuens the Eight and Twenty make,
The foure quarters of the moneth, reſemble the foure Seaſons of the Yeere, Macro. Through the bright Girdle of the Zodiake,
In which I paſſe; whoſe Quarters doe appeare,
As the Foure Seaſons of my Brothers Yeere.
Firſt in my Birth am moyſtned as his Spring,
Hot as his Summer, he illumining
My Orbe, the Second: my Third Quarter Dry,
As is his *Autumne*, when from him I flye,
Depriu'd his bright Beames, and as waxing old,
Laſtly, my Wane is as his Winter Cold.
Whereat ſhee paus'd; who all the while ſhe ſpake,
The buſtling Winds their murmur often brake;
And being ſilent ſeemed yet to ſtay,
To liſten if ſhe ought had elſe to ſay.
When now the while much troubled was his thought,
And her fayre ſpeech ſo craftily had caught
Him, that the Spirits ſoone ſhaking off the loade
Of the groſſe Fleſh, and hating her abode;
Being throughly heated in theſe amorous Fires,
Wholly tranſported with the deare deſires

Of

Of her imbraces : for the liuing ſoule,
Being indiuiduall, vniforme and whole,
By her vnwearied faculties doth find,
That which the fleſh of duller Earth by kind,
Not apprehends, and by her function makes
Good her owne ſtate ; ENDIMION now forſakes
All the delights that Shepheards doe preferre,
And ſets his minde ſo gen'rally on her,
That all neglected to the Groues and Springs,
He followes PHŒBE, that him ſafely brings
(As their great Queene) vnto the nymphiſh Bowres,
Wherein cleere Riuers beautified with Flowres,
The ſiluer *Naydes* bathe them in the bracke.
Sometime with her the Sea-horſe he doth backe,
Amongſt the blue *Nereides*, and when
Wearie of waters, Goddeſſe like agen,
She the high Mountaynes actiuely aſſayes,
And there amongſt the light *Oriades*,
That ride the ſwift *Roes*, PHŒBE doth reſort,
Sometime amongſt thoſe that with them comport,
The *Hamadriades* doth the Woods frequent,
And there ſhe ſtayes not ; but incontinent,
Calls downe the Dragons that her Chariot draw,
And with ENDIMION pleaſed that ſhe ſaw,
Mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an eye,
Stripping the winds, beholding from the Skye,
The Earth in roundneſſe of a perfect Ball,
Which as a point but of this mightie All,
Wiſe Nature fix'd, that permanent doth ſtay,
Whereas the Spheares by a diurnall ſway,
Of the firſt Moouer carryed are about.
And how the ſeuerall Elements throughout,
Strong'ly infolded, and the vaſt Ayre ſpred
In ſundry Regions, in the which are bred
Thoſe ſtrange Impreſſions often that appeare
To fearefull Mortalls, and the cauſes there,
And lightned by her piercing beames, he ſees
The powerfull Planets, how in their degrees,
In their due ſeaſons they doe fall and riſe :
And how the Signes in their Triplicities,
Be ſimpathizing in their Trine conſents,
With whoſe inferiour forming Elements,
From which our bodies the complexions take,
Natures and number : ſtrongly and doe make
Our diſpoſitions like them, and on Earth
The Power, the Heauens haue ouer mortall Birth :

The Nymphes of the Waters.
Nymphes of the Sea.
Nymphes of the Mountaynes.
Nymphes of the Woods.

The Signes in their triplicities, ſimpathize with the Elements.

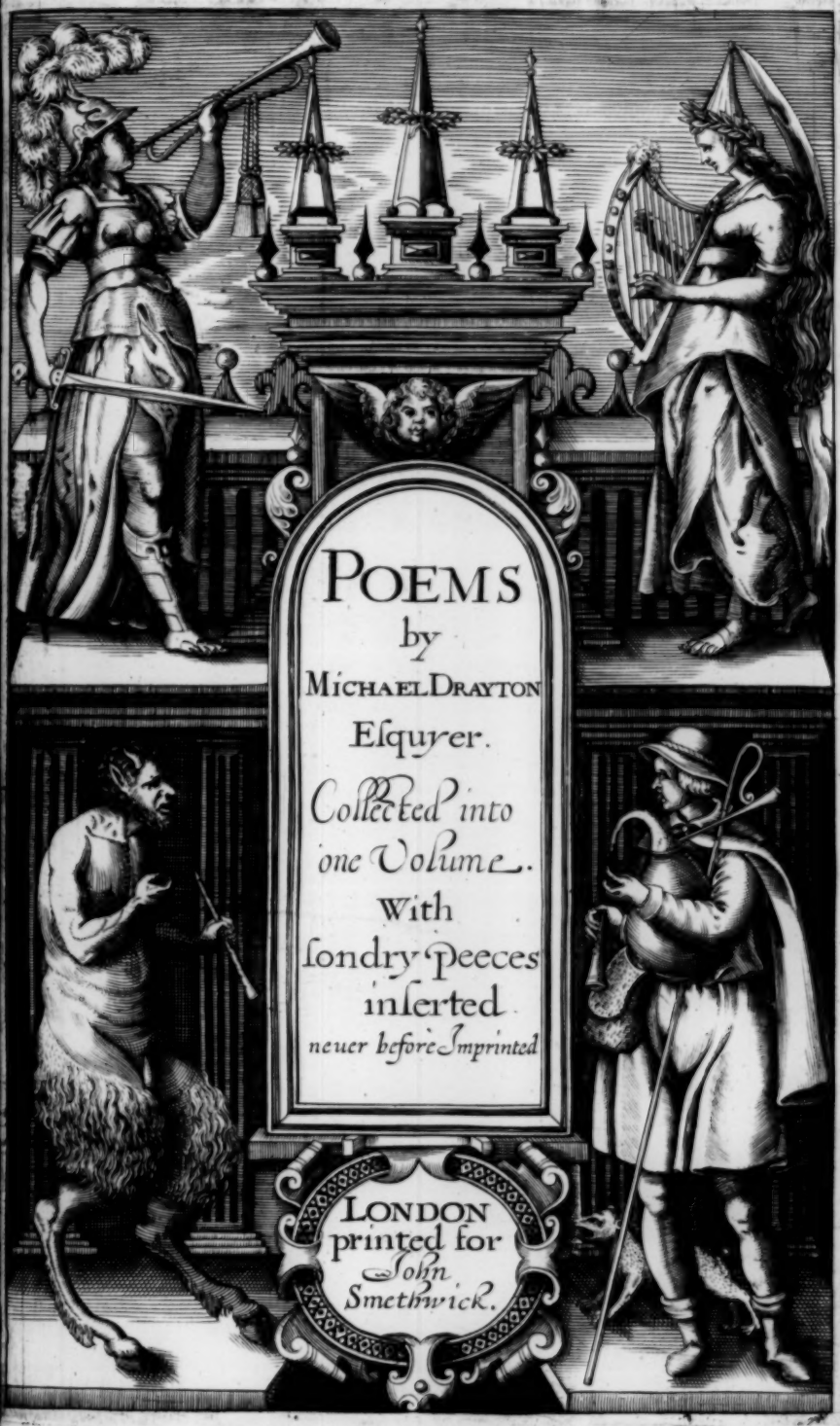
That

That their effects which men call Fortune, are
As is that good or in-auſpicious Starre,
Which at the fraile Natiuitie doth raigne.
Yet here her Loue could PHŒBE not containe,
And knowledge him ſo ſtrongly doth inſpire,
That in moſt plentie, more he doth deſire;
Rayſing him vp to thoſe excelling ſights,
The glorious Heauen, where all the fixed lights,
Whoſe Images ſuppos'd to be therein,
Are fram'd of Starres, whoſe names did firſt begin
By thoſe wiſe Ancients, not to ſtellifie
The firſt Worlds Heroes only, but imply
To teach their courſes, for diſtinguiſhed
In Conſtellations, a delight firſt bred
In ſlothfull Man, into the ſame to looke,
That from thoſe Figures nomination tooke,
Which they reſembled here on Earth below,
And the bright PHŒBE ſubtilly doth know,
The heauenly Motions high her Orbe aboue,
Aſwell as thoſe that vnder her doe moue.
For with long Titles doe we her inueſt,
So theſe great three moſt powerfull of the reſt,
PHŒBE, DIANA, HECATE, doe tell,
Her Soueraigntie in Heauen, in Earth and Hell,
And wiſe *Apollo*, that doth likewiſe ſend
Her his pure beames, with them doth likewiſe ſend
His wondrous knowledge, for that God moſt bright,
Sol, fons lucis. King of the Planets, Fountaine of the Light:
That ſeeth all things, will haue her to ſee,
Nine the moſt holy number. So farre as where the ſacred Angels bee.
The nine Orders of the Angels. Thoſe Hierarchies that IOVES great will ſupply,
Whoſe Orders formed in triplicitie,
Holding their places by the treble Trine,
Make vp that holy Theologike nine:
Thrones, Cherubin, and Seraphim that riſe,
As the firſt three; when Principalities,
With Dominations, Poteſtates are plac'd
The ſecond: and the Ephionian laſt,
Which Vertues, Angels, and Archangels bee.
Thus yonder Man that in the Moone you ſee,
Rapt vp from *Latmus*, thus ſhe doth preferre,
And goes about continually with her:
Ouer the World that euery moneth doth looke,
And in the ſame there's ſcarce that ſecret nooke,
That he ſuruayes not, and the places hidden,
Whence ſimple Truth and Candle light forbidden,

Dare

Dare not approch: he peepeth with his light,
Whereas ſuſpicious policie by night,
Conſults with Murther, baſeneſſe at their hand,
Armed to act what euer they command:
With guiltie conſcience and intent ſo foule,
That oft they ſtart at whooping of an Owle,
And ſlily peering at a little pore,
See one ſometimes content to keepe the doore:
One would not thinke the Bawd that did not know,
Such a braue bodie could deſcend ſo low.
And the baſe Churle, the Sunne that dare not truſt,
With his old Gold, yet ſmelling it doth ruſt,
Layes it abroad, but lockes himſelfe within
Three doubled lockes, or ere he dare begin
To ope his Bags, and being ſure of all;
Elſe, yet therewith dare ſcarcely truſt the wall:
And with a Candle in a filthy ſtick,
The greaſe not fully couering the wick;
(Pores o'r his baſe God) forth a flame that fryes,
Almoſt as dimme as his foule bleared eyes:
Yet like to a great Murtherer, that gaue
Some ſlight reward vnto ſome bloudie Knaue,
To kill: the ſecond ſecretly doth ſlay,
Fearing leſt he the former ſhould betray:
He the poore Candle murth'reth ere burnt out,
Becauſe that he the ſecreſie doth doubt;
And oftentimes the *Mooned Man* out-ſpyes,
The Eue-dropper, and circumſpectly eyes
The Thiefe and Louer, ſpecially which two,
With Night and Darkneſſe haue the moſt to doe.
And not long ſince, beſides this, did behold
Some of you here, when you ſhould tend your Fold,
A Nights were wenching: thus he me doth tell.
With that, they all in ſuch a laughter fell,
That the Field rang, when from a Village neere,
The watchfull *Cocke* crew, and with Notes full cleere,
The early *Larke* ſoone ſummoned the Day,
When they departed euery one their way.

FINIS.


POEMS
by
MICHAEL DRAYTON
Esquyer.
Collected into
one Volume.
With
sondry peeces
inserted
neuer before Imprinted
LONDON
printed for
John
Smethwick.

1627

POEMS:

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

ESQVIRE.

Viz.
- The Barons Warres,
- Englands Heroicall Epiſtles,
- Idea,
- Odes,
- The Legends
  - Of *Robert*, Duke of Normandie,
  - *Matilda*,
  - *Pierce Gaueſton*,
  - And, Great *Cromwell*,
- The Owle,
- Paſtorals, *Contayning*
  - Eglogues,
  - With the *Man* in the Moone.

LONDON,

Printed by W. STANSBY *for* IOHN SMETHVVICKE.

¶ Annotations of the Chronicle HISTORIE.

Nor of *Ket* conquer'd, adding to our fame.

IOhn, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when before he was Earle of* Warwicke, *in his Expedition againſt* Ket, *ouerthrew the Rebels of* Norfolke *and* Suffolke, *incamped at* Mount-Surrey *in* Norfolke.

Nor of my Brothers, from whoſe naturall grace.

Gilford Dudley, *as remembring in this place the towardneſſe of his Brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue rayſed that Houſe of the* Dudleyes, *of which he was a fourth Brother, if not ſuppreſſed by their Fathers Ouerthrow.*

Nor of *Grayes* Match, my Children borne by thee.

Noting in this place the Alliance of the Lady Iane Gray *by her Mother, which was* Francis, *the daughter of* Charles Brandon, *by* Mary *the* French *Queene, daughter to* Henry *the ſeuenth, and ſiſter to* Henry *the eight.*

To haue beene heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldome hath it euer beene knowne of any Woman indued with ſuch wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her Wiſdome and Learning: Of whoſe skill in the Tongues, one reporteth by this Epigram;

Miraris *Ianam Graio* ſermone valere?
Quo primùm nata eſt tempore *Graia* fuit.

When *Dudley* led his Armie to the Eaſt.

The Duke of Northumberland *prepared his Power at* London, *for his Expedition againſt the Rebels in* Norfolke, *and making haſte away, appointed the reſt of his Forces to meet him at* New-Market Heath: *of whom, this ſaying is reported, That paſſing thorow* Shoreditch, *the Lord* Gray *in his companie, ſeeing the People in great numbers came to ſee him, he ſaid; The People preſſe to ſee vs, but none bid God ſpeed vs.*

Whom a graue Councell freely did abet.

Iohn Dudley, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when hee went out againſt Queene* Mary, *had his Commiſſion ſealed for the Generalſhip of the Armie, by the conſent of the whole Councell of the Land: inſomuch, that paſſing thorow*

throw the Councell-Chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arundel *wiſhed, That he might haue gone with him in that Expedition, and to ſpend his Bloud in the Quarrell.*

When *Suffolkes* Pow'r doth *Suffolkes* Hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland.*

The Suffolke *men were the firſt that euer reſorted to Queene* Marie *in her Diſtreſſe, repayring to her Succours, whileſt ſhee remayned both at* Keningall, *and at* Fremingham *Caſtle, ſtill increaſing her Aides, vntill the Duke of* Northumberland *was left forſaken at* Cambridge.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of the Heroicall Loves.

THe World's faire Roſe, and HENRIES froſty fire,
IOHN's tyranny, and chaſte MATILDA's wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious MORTIMER,
The Scourge of *France*, and his chaſte Loue I ſung,
Depoſed RICHARD, ISABEL exil'd,
The gallant TVDOR, and faire KATHERINE,
Duke HVMPHREY, and old COBHAMS hapleſſe Child,
Couragious POOLE, and that braue ſpiritfull Queene,
EDWARD, and the delicious *London* Dame,
BRANDON, and that rich Dowager of *France*,
SVRREY, with his faire Paragon of Fame,
DVDLEY's Mis-hap, and vertuous GRAY's Miſchance:
Their ſeu'rall Loues ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now giue me leaue, at laſt, to ſing mine owne.

FINIS.

IDEA.

IN

SIXTIE THREE

SONNETS.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

ESQVIRE.



LONDON,

Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICKE.

1619.

To the Reader of theſe SONNETS.

INto theſe Loues, who but for Paſſion lookes,
At this firſt ſight, here let him lay them by,
And ſeeke elſe-where, in turning other Bookes,
Which better may his labour ſatisfie.
No farre-fetch'd Sigh ſhall euer wound my Breſt,
Loue from mine Eye a Teare ſhall neuer wring,
Nor in Ah-mees *my whyning Sonnets dreſt,*
(A Libertine) fantaſtickly I ſing:
My Verſe is the true image of my Mind,
Euer in motion, ſtill deſiring change;
And as thus to Varietie inclin'd,
So in all Humors ſportiuely I range:
My Muſe is rightly of the Engliſh *ſtraine,*
That cannot long one Faſhion intertaine.

IDEA.

1.

Like an aduenturous Sea-farer am I,
Who hath ſome long and dang'rous Voyage beene,
And call'd to tell of his Diſcouerie,
How farre he ſayl'd, what Countries he had ſeene,
Proceeding from the Port whence he put forth,
Shewes by his Compaſſe, how his Courſe he ſteer'd,
When Eaſt, when Weſt, when South, and when by North,
As how the Pole to eu'ry place was rear'd,
What Capes he doubled, of what Continent,
The Gulphes and Straits, that ſtrangely he had paſt,
Where moſt becalm'd, wherewith foule Weather ſpent,
And on what Rocks in perill to be caſt?
Thus in my Loue, Time calls me to relate
My tedious Trauels, and oft-varying Fate.

2.

MY Heart was ſlaine, and none but you and I:
Who ſhould I thinke the Murther ſhould commit?
Since, but your ſelfe, there was no Creature by,
But onely I, guiltleſſe of murth'ring it.
It ſlew it ſelfe; the Verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not acceſſarie:
Well, well, I feare it will be prou'd by you,
Th'euidence ſo great a proofe doth carrie.
But O, ſee, ſee, we need inquire no further,
Vpon your Lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your Eye, the Boy that did the Murther,
Your Cheekes yet pale, ſince firſt he gaue the Wound.
By this I ſee, how-euer things be paſt,
Yet Heau'n will ſtill haue Murther out at laſt.

Taking

3.

TAking my Penne, with Words to caſt my Woe,
Duely to count the ſumme of all my cares,
I finde, my Griefes innumerable growe,
The reck'nings riſe to millions of Deſpaires,
And thus diuiding of my fatall Houres,
The paiments of my Loue, I read, and croſſe,
Subſtracting, ſet my Sweets vnto my Sowres,
My Ioyes arrerage leades me to my loſſe:
And thus mine Eies, a debtor to thine Eye,
Which by Extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My heart hath paid ſuch grieuous Vſurie,
That all their Wealth lies in thy beauties Bookes,
And all is Thine which hath been due to Me,
And I a Bankrupt, quite vndone by Thee.

4.

BRight ſtarre of Beauty, on whoſe eye-lids ſit
A thouſand Nimph-like and inamor'd Graces,
The Goddeſſes of Memory and Wit,
Which therein order take their ſeuerall places,
In whoſe deare Boſome, ſweet delicious Loue
Layes downe his Quiuer, which he once did beare:
Since he that bleſſed Paradiſe did proue,
And leaues his Mothers lap to ſport him there,
Let others ſtriue to entertaine with Words,
My Soule is of a brauer Mettle made,
I hold that vile, which Vulgar wit affords;
In Me's that Faith which Time cannot inuade.
Let what I praiſe, be ſtill made good by you:
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I am moſt true.

5.

NOthing but No and I, and I and No,
How fals it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell yee (Faire) ile not be anſwered ſo,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I ſay, I Loue, you ſleightly anſwere I:
I ſay, You Loue, you peule me out a No:
I ſay, I Die, you Eccho me with I:
Saue mee I Crie, you ſigh me out a No;
Muſt Woe and I, haue naught but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can haue;
Anſwere no more, with Silence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I doe craue,
Let No and I, with I and you be ſo:
Then anſwere No and I, and I and No.

How

6.

HOw many paltry, fooliſh, painted things,
That now in Coaches trouble eu'ry Street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no Poet ſings,
Ere they be well wrap'd in their winding Sheet?
Where I to thee Eternitie ſhall giue,
When nothing elſe remayneth of theſe dayes,
And Queenes hereafter ſhall be glad to liue
Vpon the Almes of thy ſuperfluous prayſe;
Virgins and Matrons reading theſe my Rimes,
Shall be ſo much delighted with thy ſtory,
That they ſhall grieue, they liu'd not in theſe Times,
To haue ſeene thee, their Sexes onely glory:
So ſhalt thou flye aboue the vulgar Throng,
Still to ſuruiue in my immortall Song.

7.

LOue, in a Humor, play'd the Prodigall,
And bad my Senſes to a ſolemne Feaſt;
Yet more to grace the Company withall,
Inuites my Heart to be the chiefeſt Gheſt:
No other Drinke would ſerue this Gluttons turne,
But precious Teares diſtilling from mine Eyne,
Which with my Sighes this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing Carowſes in this coſtly Wine;
Where, in his Cups o'recome with foule Exceſſe,
Straight wayes he play's a ſwagg'ring Ruffins part,
And at the Banquet, in his Drunkenneſſe,
Slew his deare Friend, my kind and trueſt Heart:
A gentle warning (Friends) thus may you ſee,
What 'tis to keepe a Drunkard companie.

8.

THere's nothing grieues me, but that Age ſhould haſte,
That in my dayes I may not ſee thee old,
That where thoſe two cleare ſparkling Eyes are plac'd,
Onely two Loope-holes, then I might behold.
That louely, arched, yuorie, polliſh'd Brow,
Deface'd with Wrinkles, that I might but ſee;
Thy daintie Hayre, ſo curl'd, and criſped now,
Like grizzled Moſſe vpon ſome aged Tree;
Thy Cheeke, now fluſh with Roſes, ſunke, and leane,
Thy Lips, with age, as any Wafer thinne,
Thy Pearly Teeth out of thy Head ſo cleane,
That when thou feed'ſt, thy Noſe ſhall touch thy Chinne:
Theſe Lines that now ſcorn'ſt, which ſhould delight thee,
Then would I make thee read, but to deſpight thee.

As

9.

AS other Men, ſo I my ſelfe doe Muſe,
Why in this ſort I wreſt Inuention ſo,
And why theſe giddy Metaphors I vſe,
Leauing the Path the greater part doe goe:
I will reſolue you; I am Lunaticke,
And euer this in Mad-men you ſhall finde,
What they laſt thought of, when the Braine grew ſicke,
In moſt diſtraction they keepe that in Minde.
Thus talking idly in this Bedlam fit,
Reaſon and I (you muſt conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeeres now ſince firſt I loſt my Wit,
Beare with Me then, though troubled be my Braine;
With Diet and Correction, Men diſtraught,
(Not too farre paſt) may to their Wits be brought.

10.

TO nothing fitter can I Thee compare,
Then to the Sonne of ſome rich Penny-father,
Who hauing now brought on his end with Care,
Leaues to his Sonne all he had heap'd together;
This new rich Nouice, lauiſh of his cheſt,
To one Man giues, doth on another ſpend,
Then heere he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend ſome to one true honeſt Friend.
Thy Gifts thou in Obſcuritie doeſt waſte,
Falſe Friends thy kindneſſe, borne but to deceiue Thee;
Thy Loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy Beautie, which with Age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to Me was lent,
I giue Thee backe, when all the reſt is ſpent.

11.

YOu not alone, when You are ſtill alone,
O God from You, that I could priuate be,
Since You one were, I neuer ſince was one,
Since You in Me, my ſelfe ſince out of Me,
Tranſported from my Selfe, into Your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senſeleſſe with too much Ioy, each other ſeeing,
And onely abſent, when Wee are together.
Giue Me my Selfe, and take your Selfe againe,
Deuiſe ſome meanes, but how I may forſake You,
So much is Mine, that doth with You remaine,
That taking what is Mine, with Me I take You;
You doe bewitch Me, O that I could flie,
From my Selfe You, or from your owne Selfe I.

That

12.

THat learned Father, which ſo firmely proues
The Soule of Man immortall and diuine,
And doth the ſeu'rall Offices define:
Anima Gives her that Name, as ſhe the Body moues,
Amor Then is ſhe Loue, imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a Will in vs, it is the Mind,
Mens Retayning Knowledge, ſtill the ſame in kind;
Memoria As intellectuall, it is Memorie,
Ratio In iudging, Reaſon onely is her Name,
Senſus In ſpeedie apprehenſion, it is Senſe,
Conſcientia In Right or Wrong, they call her Conſcience,
Spiritus The Spirit, when it to God-ward doth inflame:
These of the Soule the ſeu'rall Functions bee,
Which my Heart, lightned by thy Loue, doth ſee.

To the Soule.

13.

LEtters and Lines we ſee are ſoone defaced,
Metals doe waſte, and fret with Cankers Ruſt,
The Diamond ſhall once conſume to Duſt,
And freſheſt Colours with foule ſtaynes d ſgraced:
Paper and Inke can paint but naked Words,
To write with Bloud, of force offenᵈs the Sight;
And if with Teares I find them all too light,
And Sighes and Signes a ſilly Hope affords,
O ſweeteſt Shadow, how thou ſeru'ſt my turne!
Which ſtill ſhalt be, as long as there is Sunne;
Nor whilſt the World is, neuer ſhall be done,
Whilſt Moone ſhall ſhine, or any Fire ſhall burne:
That euery thing whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his Shadow my Loues ſtorie read.

To the Shadow.

14.

IF he, from Heau'n that filch'd that liuing Fire,
Condemn'd by IOVE to endleſſe Torment bee,
I greatly maruell, how you ſtill goe free,
That farre beyond PROMETHEVS did aſpire:
The Fire he ſtole, although of Heau'nly kind,
Which from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liueleſſe Clods, vs liuing Men to make,
He did beſtow in temper of the Mind.
But you broke into Heau'ns immortall ſtore,
Where Vertue, Honour, Wit, and Beautie lay;
Which taking thence, you haue eſcap'd away,
Yet ſtand as free as ere you did before:
Yet old PROMETHEVS puniſh'd for his Rape.
Thus poore Theeues ſuffer, when the greater ſcape.

15.

His Remedie for Loue.

SInce to obtaine thee, nothing me will ſted,
I haue a Med'cine that ſhall cure my Loue,
The powder of her Heart dry'd, when ſhe is dead,
That Gold nor Honour ne'r had pow'r to moue;
Mix'd with her Teares, that ne'r her true-Loue croſt,
Nor at Fifteene ne'r long'd to be a Bride,
Boyl'd with her Sighes, in giuing vp the Ghoſt,
That for her late deceaſed Husband dy'd;
Into the ſame then let a Woman breathe,
That being chid, did neuer word replie,
With one thrice-marry'd's Pray'rs, that did bequeath
A Legacie to ſtale Virginitie.
If this Receit haue not the pow'r to winne me,
Little Ile ſay, but thinke the Deuill's in me.

16.

An Alluſion to the Phœnix.

MOngſt all the Creatures in this ſpacious Round,
Of the Birds kind, the Phœnix is alone,
Which beſt by you, of liuing Things, is knowne;
None like to that, none like to you is found:
Your Beautie is the hot and ſplend'rous Sunne,
The precious Spices be your chaſte Deſire,
Which being kindled by that heau'nly fire,
Your Life ſo like the Phœnix's begun;
Your ſelfe thus burned in that ſacred flame,
With ſo rare ſweetneſſe all the Heau'ns perfuming,
Againe increaſing, as you are conſuming,
Onely by dying, borne the very ſame:
And wing'd by Fame, you to the Starres aſcend,
So you of Time ſhall liue beyond the End.

17.

To Time.

STay, ſpeedy Time, behold, before thou paſſe,
From Age to Age, what thou haſt ſought to ſee,
One, in whom all the Excellencies be,
In whom, Heau'n lookes it ſelfe as in a Glaſſe:
Time, looke thou too, in this Tralucent Glaſſe,
And thy Youth paſt, in this pure Mirrour ſee,
As the World's Beautie in his Infancie,
What it was then, and thou before it was;
Paſſe on, and to Poſteritie tell this,
Yet ſee thou tell, but truly, what hath beene:
Say to our Nephewes, that thou once haſt ſeene,
In perfect humane ſhape, all heau'nly Bliſſe;
And bid them mourne, nay more, deſpaire with thee,
That ſhe is gone, her like againe to ſee.

18.

To the celeſtiall Numbers.

TO this our World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three Nines there are, to euery one a Nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both Diuine,
One Woman now, makes three odde Numbers euen;
Nine orders full of Angels be in Heauen,
Nine Muſes doe with Learning ſtill frequent,
Theſe with the Gods are euer reſident;
Nine worthie Women to the World were giuen:
My worthy, One to theſe Nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muſe, one Muſe vnto the Nine,
And my good Angell (in my Soule diuine)
With one more Order, theſe nine Orders gladdeth:
My Muſe, my Worthy, and my Angel then,
Makes euery One of theſe three Nines a Ten.

19.

To Humour.

YOu cannot loue, my prettie Heart, and why?
There was a time, You told Me that you would,
But now againe You will the ſame denie,
If it might pleaſe You, would to God You could;
What, will You hate? nay that You will not neither,
Nor Loue, nor Hate, how then? what will You doe?
What will You keepe a meane then betwixt either?
Or will You loue Me, and yet hate Me too?
Yet ſerues not This: what next, what other Shift?
You Will, and Will not, what a coyle is here?
I ſee Your craft, now I perceiue Your drift,
And all this while, I was miſtaken there:
Your Loue and Hate is this, I now doe proue You,
You loue in Hate, by Hate to make Me loue You.

20.

AN euill ſpirit your beautie haunts Me ſtill,
Wherewith (alas) I haue beene long poſſeſt,
Which ceaſeth not to tempt Me to each ill,
Nor giues Me once, but one poore minutes reſt:
In Me it ſpeakes, whether I Sleepe or Wake,
And when by Meanes, to driue it out I try,
With greater Torments, then it Me doth take,
And tortures Me in moſt extremity;
Before my Face, it layes downe my Deſpaires,
And haſtes Me on vnto a ſudden Death;
Now tempting Me, to drowne my Selfe in teares,
And then in ſighing, to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I ſtill prouok'd, to euery Euill,
By this good wicked Spirit, ſweet Angell Deuill.

21.

A Witleſſe Gallant, a young Wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull Spirit her not one iot could moue)
Intreated me, as e'r I wiſh'd his good,
To write him but one Sonnet to his Loue:
When I, as faſt as e'r my Penne could trot,
Powr'd out what firſt from quicke Inuention came;
Nor neuer ſtood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his Wit, that was to vſe the ſame:
But with my Verſes he his Miſtres wonne,
Who doted on the Dolt beyond all meaſure.
But ſee, for you to Heau'n for Phraze I runne,
And ranſacke all APOLLO's golden Treaſure;
Yet by my Froth, this Foole his Loue obtaines,
And I loſe you, for all my Wit and Paines.

22.

To Folly.

WIth Fooles and Children good Diſcretion beares;
Then honeſt People, beare with Loue and Me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by yeeres,
Amongſt the reſt of Fooles and Children be:
Loue ſtill a Baby, playes with Gawdes and Toyes,
And like a Wanton, ſports with eu'ry Fether;
And Ideots ſtill are running after Boyes,
Then Fooles and Children fitt'ſt to goe together:
He ſtill as young as when he firſt was borne,
No wiſer I, then when as young as he.
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to ſcorne,
Giue Nature thankes, you are not ſuch as we:
Yet Fooles and Children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhew, more Fooles indeed then they.

23.

LOue baniſh'd Heau'n, in Earth was held in ſcorne,
Wand'ring abroad in Need and Beggerie;
And wanting Friends, though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crau'd the Almes of ſuch as paſſed by:
I, like a Man deuout, and charitable,
Clothed the Naked, lodg'd this wand'ring Gheſt,
With Sighes and Teares ſtill furniſhing his Table,
With what might make the Miſerable bleſt.
But this vngratefull, for my good deſert,
Intic'd my Thoughts, againſt me to conſpire,
Who gaue conſent to ſteale away my Heart,
And ſet my Breſt, his Lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my Friends, when Beggers grow thus bold,
No maruell then though Charitie grow cold.

I heare

24.

IHeare ſome ſay, this Man is not in loue:
Who? can he loue? a likely thing, they ſay;
Reade but his Verſe, and it will eas'ly proue.
O, iudge not raſhly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Becauſe I looſely trifle in this ſort,
As one that faine his Sorrowes would beguile:
You now ſuppoſe me all this time in ſport,
And pleaſe your ſelfe with this Conceit the while;
Yee ſhallow Cenſures, ſometime ſee yee not,
In greateſt Perils ſome Men pleaſant be,
Where Fame by Death is onely to be got,
They reſolute? ſo ſtands the caſe with me;
Where other Men in depth of Paſſion crie,
I laugh at Fortune, as in ieſt to die.

25.

O, Why ſhould Nature niggardly reſtraine!
That Foraine Nations relliſh not our Tongue,
Elſe ſhould my Lines glide on the Waues of *Rhene*,
And crowne the *Piren's* with my liuing Song:
But bounded thus, to *Scotland* get you forth,
Thence take you Wing vnto the *Oreades*,
There let my Verſe get glory in the North,
Making my Sighes to thaw the Frozen Seas;
And let the *Bards* within that *Iriſh* Ile,
To whom my Muſe with fierie Wings ſhall paſſe,
Call backe the ſtiffe-neck'd Rebels from Exile,
And mollifie the ſlaught'ring *Galliglaſſe*;
And when my flowing Numbers they rehearſe,
Let Wolues and Beares be charmed with my Verſe.

26.

IEuer loue, where neuer Hope appeares,
Yet Hope drawes on my neuer-hoping Care, *To Deſpaire.*
And my Liues Hope would die, but for Deſpaire.
My neuer-certaine Ioy breeds euer-certaine Feares,
Vncertaine Dread giues Wings vnto my Hope;
Yet my Hopes Wings are laden ſo with Feare,
As they cannot aſcend to my Hope's Sphere;
Though Feare giues them more then a Heau'nly Scope,
Yet this large Roome is bounded with Deſpaire,
So my Loue is ſtill fett'red with vaine Hope,
And Liberty depriues him of his Scope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the Aire:
Then, ſweet Deſpaire, awhile hold vp thy head,
Or all my Hope for Sorrow will be dead.

27.

IS not Loue here, as 'tis in other Clymes,
And diff'reth it, as doe the ſeu'rall Nations?
Or hath it loſt the Vertue, with the Times,
Or in this Iland alt'reth with the Faſhions?
Or haue our Paſſions leſſer pow'r then theirs,
Who had leſſe Art them liuely to expreſſe?
Is Nature growne leſſe pow'rfull in their Heires,
Or in our Fathers did ſhe more tranſgreſſe?
I am ſure my Sighes come from a Heart as true,
As any Mans, that Memory can boaſt,
And my Reſpects and Seruices to you
Equall with his, that loues his Miſtres moſt:
Or Nature muſt be partiall in my Cauſe,
Or onely you doe violate her Lawes.

28.

TO ſuch as ſay, Thy Loue I ouer-prize,
And doe not ſticke to terme my Prayſes folly;
Againſt theſe Folkes, that thinke themſelues ſo wiſe,
I thus oppoſe my Reaſons forces wholly:
Though I giue more then well affords my ſtate,
In which expence, the moſt ſuppoſe me vaine,
Which yeelds them nothing, at the eaſieſt rate,
Yet at this price returnes me treble gaine.
They value not, vnskilfull how to vſe,
And I giue much, becauſe I gaine thereby:
I that thus take, or they that thus refuſe,
Whether are theſe deceiued then, or I?
In eu'ry thing I hold this Maxim ſtill,
The Circumſtance doth make it good, or ill.

29.

To the Senſes.

WHen conqu'ring Loue did firſt my Heart aſſayle,
Vnto mine aid I ſummon'd eu'ry Senſe,
Doubting, if that proud Tyrant ſhould preuayle,
My Heart ſhould ſuffer for mine Eyes Offence;
But he with Beautie firſt corrupted Sight,
My Hearing brib'd with her Tongues Harmonie,
My Taſte by her ſweet Lips drawne with Delight,
My Smelling wonne with her Breath's Spicerie:
But when my Touching came to play his part,
(The King of Senſes, greater then the reſt)
He yeelds Loue vp the Keyes vnto my Heart,
And tells the other, how they ſhould be bleſt.
And thus by thoſe of whom I hop'd for ayd,
To cruell Loue my Soule was firſt betray'd.

Thoſe

30.

To the Veſtals.

THoſe Prieſts which firſt the Veſtall Fire begun,
Which might be borrow'd from no Earthly flame,
Deuis'd a Veſſell to receiue the Sunne,
Being ſtedfaſtly oppoſed to the ſame:
Where, with ſweet Wood, layd curiouſly by Art,
On which the Sunne might by reflection beat,
Receiuing ſtrength from eu'ry ſecret part,
The Fuell kindled with Celeſtiall Heat.
Thy bleſſed Eyes, the Sunne which lights this Fire,
My holy Thoughts, they be the Veſtall flame,
The precious Odors be my chaſte Deſires,
My Breſt's the Veſſell, which includes the ſame:
Thou art my VESTA, thou my Goddeſſe art,
Thy hallow'd Temple onely is my Heart.

31.

To the Criticke.

ME thinkes I ſee ſome crooked Mimicke ieere,
And taxe my Muſe with this fantaſticke Grace,
Turning my Papers, askes, What haue we heere?
Making withall ſome filthy Antike Face.
I feare no cenſure, nor what thou canſt ſay,
Nor ſhall my Spirit one iot of vigour loſe.
Think'ſt thou, my Wit ſhall keepe the pack-Horſe Way,
That eu'ry Dudgen low Inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in Bundles are impreſt,
And eu'ry Drudge doth dull our ſatiate Eare;
Think'ſt thou my Loue ſhall in thoſe Ragges be dreſt,
That eu'ry Dowdy, eu'ry Trull doth weare?
Vp, to my Pitch, no common Iudgement flyes,
I ſcorne all Earthly Dung-bred Scarabies.

32.

To the Riuer Ankor.

OVr Flouds-Queen *Thames*, for Ships & Swans is crowned,
And ſtately *Seuerne* for her Shoare is prayſed,
The Cryſtall *Trent*, for Foords and Fiſh renowned,
And *Auons* Fame, to *Albions* Cliffes is rayſed,
Carlegion Cheſter vaunts her holy *Dee*,
Yorke many Wonders of her *Owſe* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Done*, whoſe Bankes ſo fertile be,
And *Kent* will ſay, her *Medway* doth excell,
Cotſwold commends her *Iſis* to the *Tame*,
Our Northerne Borders boaſt of *Tweeds* faire Floud,
Our Weſterne Parts extoll their *Wilis* Fame,
And the old *Lea* brags of the *Daniſh* Bloud;
Ardens ſweet *Ankor*, let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* onely liues by thee.

Whilſt

33.

To Imagination.

WHilſt yet mine Eyes doe ſurfet with Delight,
My wofull Heart, impriſon'd in my Breſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed to my Sight,
That it, like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt:
But whilſt mine Eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their Obiects ouer-ſoone depart,
Theſe now the others Happineſſe doe prayſe,
Wiſhing themſelues, that they had beene my Heart;
That Eyes were Heart, or that the Heart were Eyes,
As couetous the others vſe to haue:
But finding Nature their requeſt denyes,
This to each other mutually they craue;
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That Eyes could thinke of that my Heart could ſee.

34.

To Admiration.

MAruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Rauiſh'd a World beyond the fartheſt Thought,
And knowing more then euer hath beene taught,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Ayming at things exceeding all perfection,
To Wiſedome's ſelfe to miniſter direction,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my Conceit I further ſeeme to bend,
Then poſſibly Inuention can extend,
And yet am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire:
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

35.

To Miracle.

SOme misbeleeuing, and prophane in Loue,
When I doe ſpeake of Miracles by thee,
May ſay, that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onely write, my skill in Verſe to proue;
See Miracles, ye vnbeleeuing, ſee,
A dumbe-borne Muſe made to expreſſe the Mind,
A cripple Hand to write, yet lame by Kind,
One by thy Name, the other touching thee;
Blind were mine Eyes, till they were ſeene of thine,
And mine Eares deafe, by thy Fame healed bee,
My Vices cur'd, by Vertues ſprung from thee,
My Hopes reuiu'd, which long in Graue had lyne:
All vncleane Thoughts, foule Spirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by Vertue that proceeds from thee.

Thou

36.

THou purblind Boy, ſince thou haſt beene ſo ſlacke, Cupid *coniured.*
To wound her Heart, whoſe Eyes haue wounded me,
And ſuff'red her to glory in my Wracke,
Thus to my aid, I lattly coniure thee;
By Helliſh *Styx* (by which the THVND'RER ſweares)
By thy faire Mothers vnauoided Power,
By HECAT'S Names, by PROSERPINE'S ſad Teares,
When ſhe was rapt to the infernall Bower;
By thine owne loued PSYCHES, by the Fires
Spent on thine Altars, flaming vp to Heau'n;
By all true Louers Sighes, Vowes, and Deſires,
By all the Wounds that euer thou haſt giu'n;
I coniure thee by all that I haue nam'd,
To make her loue, or CVPID be thou damn'd.

37.

DEare, why ſhould you command me to my Reſt,
When now the Night doth ſummon all to ſleepe?
Me thinkes this Time becommeth Louers beſt;
Night was ordayn'd, together Friends to keepe:
How happy are all other liuing Things,
Which though the Day diſ-ioyne by ſeu'rall flight,
The quiet Eu'ning yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his Loue at Night?
O, Thou that art ſo courteous elſe to all!
Why ſhould'ſt thou, Night, abuſe me onely thus,
That eu'ry Creature to his kind do'ſt call,
And yet 'tis thou do'ſt onely ſeuer vs?
Well could I wiſh, it would be euer Day,
If when Night comes, you bid me goe away.

38.

SItting alone, Loue bids me goe and write;
Reaſon plucks back, commanding me to ſtay,
Boaſting, that ſhe doth ſtill direct the way,
Or elſe Loue were vnable to indite:
Loue growing angry, vexed at the Spleene,
And ſcorning Reaſon's maymed Argument,
Straight taxeth Reaſon, wanting to inuent,
Where ſhe with Loue conuerſing hath not beene;
Reaſon reproched with this coy Diſdaine,
Deſpiteth Loue, and laugheth at her Folly;
And Loue contemning Reaſons reaſon wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a Graine:
Reaſon put back, doth out of ſight remoue,
And Loue alone picks reaſon out of loue.

39.

SOme, when in Ryme, they of their Loues doe tell,
With Flames and Lightnings their Exordiums paint,
Some call on Heauen, ſome inuocate on Hell,
And Fates and Furies, with their woes acquaint,
Elizium is too high a ſeate for Me,
I will not come in *Stix* or *Phlegeton*,
The thrice-three Muſes but too wanton be,
Like they that Luſt, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull ERINNIS frights Me with her Lookes,
My man-hood dares not with foule ATE mell,
I quake to looke on HECAT's charming Bookes,
I ſtill feare Bug-beares in APOLLO's Cell.
I paſſe not for MINERVA, nor ASTREA,
Onely I call on my diuine IDEA.

40.

MY Heart the Anuile, where my Thoughts doe beate,
My Words the Hammers, faſhioning my deſire,
My Breſt the Forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the Fewell, which maintaines the fire;
My Sighes the Bellowes, which the Flame encreaſeth,
Filling mine Eares with Noiſe, and Nightly groning,
Toyling with Paine, my Labour neuer ceaſeth,
In grieuous Paſſions, my Woes ſtill bemoning:
My Eyes with Teares againſt the fire ſtriuing,
Whoſe ſcorching gleed, my heart to Cinders turneth;
But with thoſe Drops, the Flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more it to my torment burneth:
With SISIPHVS thus doe I role the ſtone,
And turne the Wheele with damned IXION.

41.

Loues Lunacie.

WHy doe I ſpeake of Ioy, or write of Loue,
When my Heart is the very Den of Horror,
And in my Soule the paines of Hell I proue,
With all his Torments and Infernall terror?
What ſhould I ſay? what yet remaines to doe?
My Braine is drie with weeping all too long,
My Sighes be ſpent in vtt'ring of my Woe,
And I want words, wherewith to tell my Wrong:
But ſtill diſtracted in Loues Lunacie,
And Bedlam-like, thus rauing in my Griefe,
Now raile vpon her Haire, then on her Eye;
Now call her Goddeſſe, then I call her Thiefe;
Now I deny Her, then I doe confeſſe Her,
Now doe I curſe Her, then againe I bleſſe Her.

Some

42.

SOme Men there be, which like my Method well,
And much commend the ſtrangeneſſe of my Vaine:
Some ſay, I haue a paſſing pleaſing Straine,
Some ſay, That in my Humor I excell;
Some, who not kindly relliſh my Conceit,
They ſay (As Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my Paſſions paine;
Thus ſundry Men their ſundry Minds repeat:
I paſſe not, I, how Men affected bee,
Nor who commends, or diſcommends my Verſe;
It pleaſeth me, if I my Woes rehearſe,
And in my Lines, if ſhe my loue may ſee:
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
Writing her prayſe, I cannot write amiſſe.

43.

WHy ſhould your faire Eyes with ſuch ſou'raigne grace
Diſperſe their Rayes on eu'ry vulgar Spirit,
Whilſt I in darkeneſſe, in the ſelfe-ſame place,
Get not one glance, to recompence my Merit?
So doth the Plow-man gaze the wand'ring Starre,
And onely reſt contented with the Light,
That neuer learn'd what Conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his vnknowing Sight.
O, why ſhould Beautie (Cuſtome to obey)
To their groſſe Senſe apply her ſelfe ſo ill!
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made vnhappy by my skill;
Onely compell'd on this poore good to boaſt,
Heau'ns are not kind to them, that know them moſt.

44.

WHilſt thus my Pen ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my Lines with Wrinkles in my Face,
Where, in the Map of all my Miſerie,
Is model'd out the World of my Diſgrace;
Whilſt in deſpite of tyrannizing Times,
MEDEA-like, I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my World-out-wearing Rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine:
And though in youth, my Youth vntimely periſh,
To keepe Thee from Obliuion and the Graue,
Enſuing Ages yet my Rimes ſhall cheriſh,
Where I intomb'd, my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this Earthly Body fade and die,
My Name ſhall mount vpon Eternitie.

45.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my Chayre,
Drown'd in the Teares, extorted by my Lines,
With heauie Sighes whilſt thus I breake the Ayre,
Painting my Paſſions in theſe ſad Deſignes;
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happie Verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her liuing Fame,
Euer henceforth my Boſome be your Hearſe,
Wherein the World ſhall now intombe her Name;
Incloſe my Muſike, you poore ſenſeleſſe Walls,
Sith ſhe is deafe, and will not heare my Mones,
Soften your ſelues with eu'ry Teare that falls,
Whilſt I like ORPHEVS ſing to Trees and Stones;
Which with my plaint ſeeme yet with pittie moued,
Kinder then ſhe whom I ſo long haue loued.

46.

PLaine-path'd Experience, th'vnlearneds guide,
Her ſimple Followers euidently ſhewes
Sometimes what Schoole-men ſcarcely can decide,
Nor yet wiſe Reaſon abſolutely knowes:
In making tryall of a Murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the heynous deed
Neere the dead Body happily be brought,
Oft 't'ath been prou'd, the breathleſſe Coarſe will bleed.
She comming neere, that my poore Heart hath ſlaine,
Long ſince departed (to the World no more)
Th'ancient Wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? Should ſhe to death be led,
It furthers Iuſtice, but helpes not the dead.

47.

IN pride of Wit, when high deſire of Fame
Gaue Life and Courage to my lab'ring Pen,
And firſt the ſound and vertue of my Name
Wonne grace and credit in the Eares of Men;
With thoſe the thronged Theaters that preſſe,
I in the Circuit for the Lawrell ſtroue:
Where, the full Prayſe I freely muſt confeſſe,
In heat of Bloud, a modeſt Mind might moue.
With Showts and Claps at eu'ry little pawſe,
When the proud Round on eu'ry ſide hath rung,
Sadly I ſit, vnmou'd with the Applauſe,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publike Glorie vainely I purſue,
All that I ſeeke, is to eternize you.

CVPID,

48.

CVPID, I hate thee, which I'de haue thee know,
A naked Starueling euer may'ſt thou be,
Poore Rogue, goe pawne thy *Faſcia* and thy Bow,
For ſome few Ragges, wherewith to couer thee;
Or if thou'lt not, thy Archerie forbeare,
To ſome baſe Ruſtick doe thy ſelfe preferre,
And when Corne's ſowne, or growne into the Eare,
Practiſe thy Quiuer, and turne Crow-keeper;
Or being Blind (as fitteſt for the Trade)
Goe hyre thy ſelfe ſome bungling Harpers Boy;
They that are blind, are Minſtrels often made,
So may'ſt thou liue, to thy faire Mothers Joy:
That whilſt with MARS ſhe holdeth her old Way,
Thou, her blind Sonne, may'ſt ſit by them, and play.

49.

THou Leaden Braine, which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſay'ſt, my Lines be dull, and doe not moue;
I maruell not, thou feel'ſt not my Delight,
Which neuer felt'ſt my fierie touch of Loue:
But thou, whoſe Pen hath like a Packe-Horſe ſeru'd,
Whoſe Stomack vnto Gall hath turn'd thy Food,
Whoſe Senſes, like poore Pris'ners, hunger-ſtaru'd,
Whoſe Griefe hath parch'd thy Body, dry'd thy Blood;
Thou which haſt ſcorned Life, and hated Death,
And in a moment Mad, Sober, Glad, and Sorrie;
Thou which haſt bann'd thy Thoughts, and curſt thy Birth,
With thouſand Plagues, more then in Purgatorie:
Thou, thus whoſe Spirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaud my Lines.

50.

AS in ſome Countries, farre remote from hence,
The wretched Creature deſtined to die,
Hauing the Iudgement due to his Offence,
By Surgeons beg'd, their Art on him to trie,
Which on the Liuing worke without remorſe,
Firſt make inciſion on each maſt'ring Veine,
Then ſtanch the bleeding, then tranſ-pierce the Coarſe,
And with their Balmes recure the Wounds againe;
Then Poyſon, and with Phyſike him reſtore:
Not that they feare the hope-leſſe Man to kill,
But their Experience to increaſe the more:
Eu'n ſo my Miſtres workes vpon my Ill;
By curing me, and killing me each How'r,
Onely to ſhew her Beauties Sou'raigne Pow'r.

Calling